November, 1903

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.*"*
Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

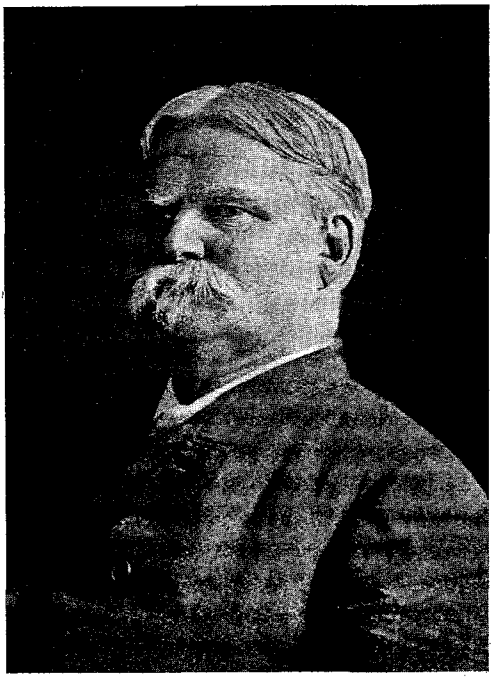
Our esteemed contemporary, the *Critic,* in the "Lounger" of the October number makes the startling announcement of its discovery of the fact that "Frank Danby," the author of *Pigs in Clover,* is a woman.

Colonel Watterson on Compromises.

Although the publication of *The Compromises of Life,* by Henry Watterson, just now is probably a result of the wide newspaper discussion stirred up some months ago by his strictures on what he referred to as "the Four Hundred," the personality of the veteran editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is such as to make a book from him spicy reading at any time. Whether you agree with him or not, and on many points some of us will disagree with him very flatly, you will find him almost always entertaining. The present volume, of which we shall have more to say later, is divided into four parts and an Appendix. The Appendix is probably what the average reader will turn to first, for it deals with "Certain Downward Tendencies in the Smart Set of Fashionable Society." In it are included the various papers which when published last year caused so much controversy.

Miss Mary Moss.

One day, about a year or two ago, among the daily batch of manuscripts of all kinds which the mail brings to THE BOOKMAN office, there was one whose only claim to exception at first sight was due to the fact that it seemed to be particularly unprepossessing. That is, before we had read the article. In the first place, it was, if we are not mistaken, in handwriting. The name of the writer was entirely new to us, and the subject of the paper was not one which had any particular appeal. Nevertheless—and to this point we wish to call the attention of the very many people who maintain stoutly that magazines pay no attention to manuscripts which have not what they term "a pull"—this particular paper, despite its seeming unattractiveness, was speedily set aside from the rest, and soon came up for final decision. We accepted it. We



HENRY WATTERSON.

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MISS MARY MOSS.

did so, not because we wanted it especially, but because it was so good that it literally forced itself upon us—we could not refuse it. We are very glad now that we did take it, because we have since been publishing a number of other articles from the same pen, and because Miss Mary Moss who wrote it, tells us that it was practically the first article of hers that was accepted anywhere. Since then, however, Miss Moss has had comparatively little trouble of that kind. Articles and stories from her have appeared in a number of the magazines and her first novel, *A Sequence in Hearts,* is being reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

"Facts about me are terribly meagre," writes Miss Moss. "If I had to live over again and knew this 'fame' was to be thrust upon me I'd mis-spend every Saturday afternoon, so as to have a dark past to draw on. As it is, I've always lived here and never experienced anything in the least noteworthy. I've always had a great curiosity about people in general, and very little about people in particular, the neighbours for instance. Always, without knowing why, I simply had to explore different kinds of people, had to understand how they felt about things, how they lived. It was imperative, though I did not realise why, or feel conscious of any definite aim. I was always eager to write, but my attempts were unsuccessful. I did not know enough. All my ventures came home, at first with printed slips 'We regret, etc.'—that impersonal kind which the office boy tucks in when he uses your return postage. Then came a bit of criticism or a personal letter. Then one editor said a story contained good material, I had 'better set to work and write it' (I considered this a finished masterpiece). Reading the manuscript two years later, I found he was quite right. At about the fourth rehash it suddenly came into shape as 'Julian Meldohla' (this appeared last year in *Lippincott's Magazine*). Meantime I wrote special newspaper articles and learned the A B C of paragraphing, and not using all p's in one line and all s's in another and a few mechanical details which did not come by instinct. Spelling remains as before, a mystery. The first story left me in despair. I thought no other plots would ever present themselves. Now I'm afraid of not having time to write all that is in my head, a long novel, and five short stories dealing with familiar social conditions, besides several essays. Really this is all. You might add 'Temper bad, mornings. Very fond of talking. Poor listener. Does not smoke (yet). Not so young as she once was, but still pretty active. Likes young girls and boys.' I could answer any number of questions, but this spinning out of nothing is the very mischief. The neighbours have always considered me very ordinary, so that they cherish no legends of interesting traits."

The Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

A book which has been discussed in print comparatively little, but which from month to month has been going on rolling up a real success is *The Lightning Conductor,* by Alice Muriel Williamson and Charles Norris Williamson. It is one of those books which go simply because of the endless chain of people who like it honestly and recommend it to all with whom they may come in contact. Each

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C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON The authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Mrs. ELIA W. PEATTIE. The author of "The Edge of Things."

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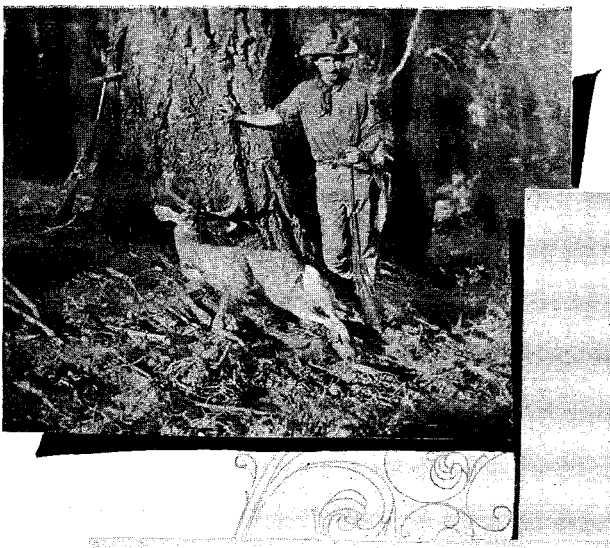

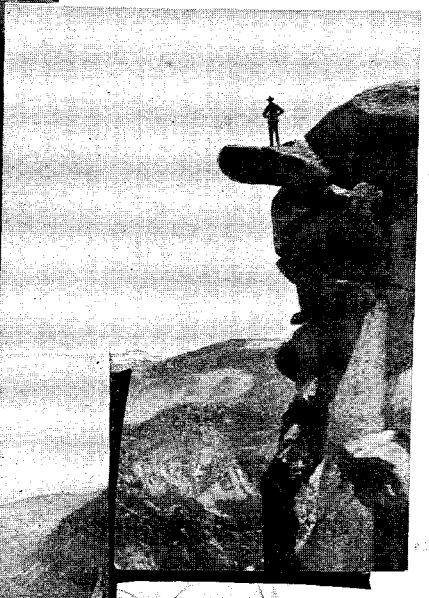

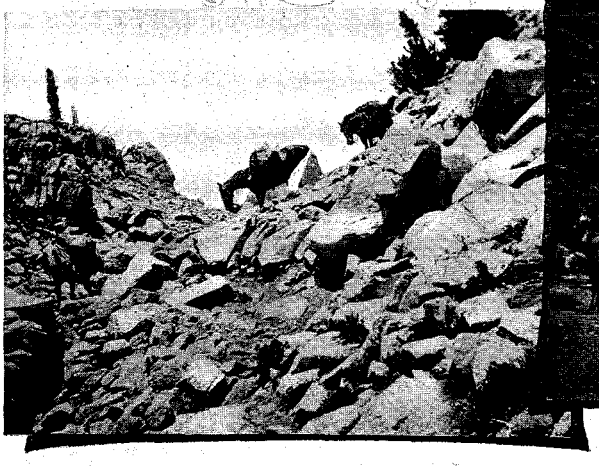

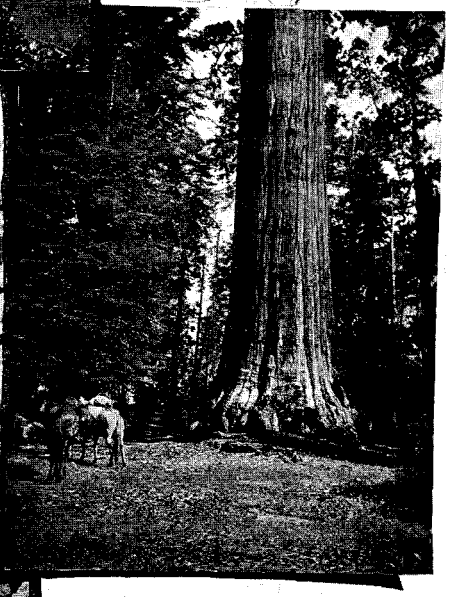

WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE ON HIS LATEST TRAIL.

A Buck Brought Down
The Tunemah Trail.
Hard Travelling.
Glacier Point—Sierras
In the Giant Forrest.

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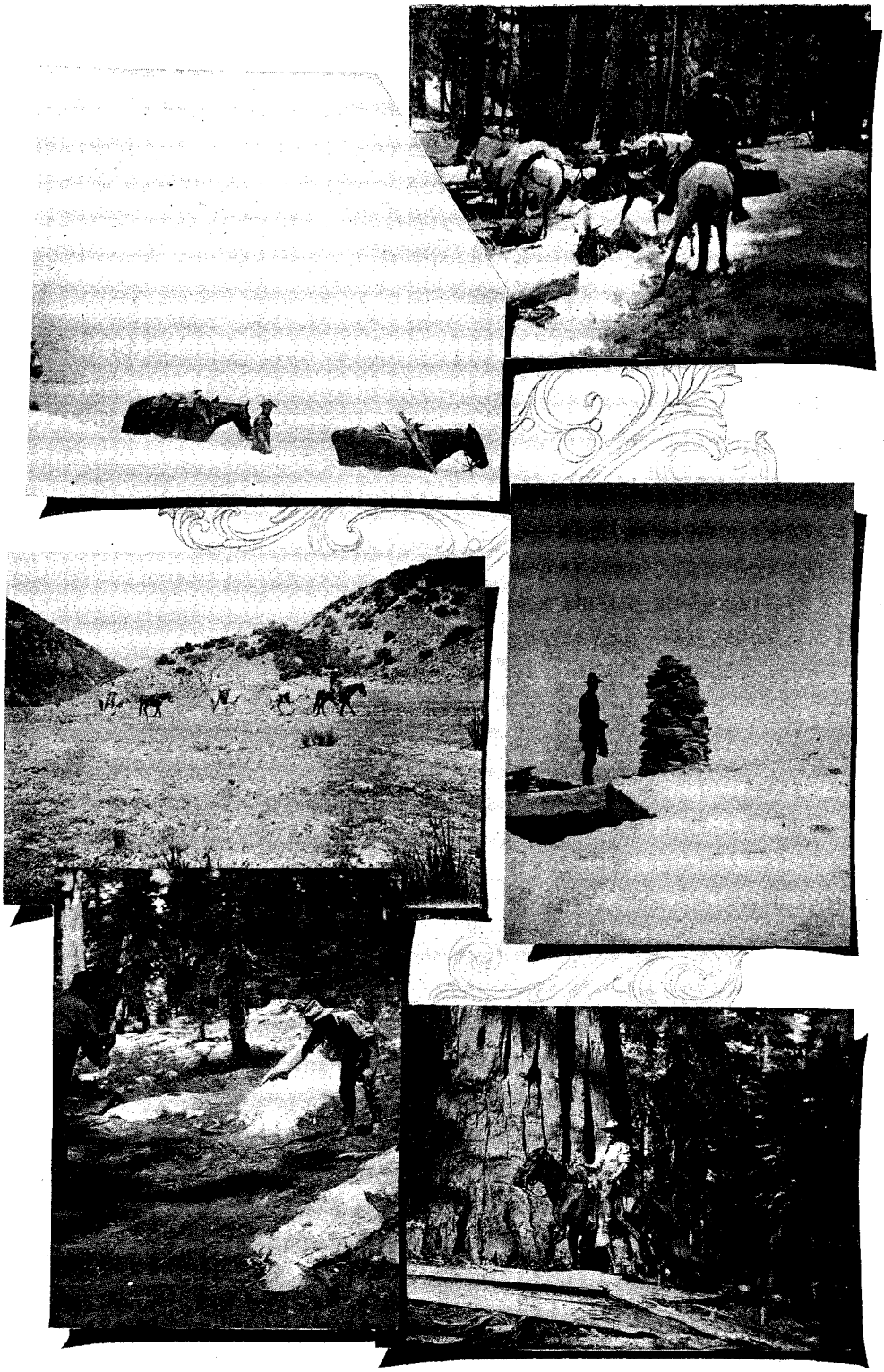

WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE ON HIS LATEST TRAIL.

On the Tunemah Trail.
The Pack Train.
Shooting a Rattler
The Chilualue Trail.
The Top of Mt. Whitney
In the Giant Forest.

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DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE.
Soon to be distroyed.

of the authors, previous to the collaboration upon this story, possessed a reputation of no mean importance. Alice Muriel Williamson was an American girl, having been born near Poughkeepsie. At the age of eighteen she went on the stage, acting with the Frohman companies, and afterwards starring for a time with her own company. Then she turned to journalism, and in 1892 went to England as correspondent of several American papers. Her marriage to Mr. Williamson took place in 1894. Her former publications are: *The Barnstormers,* a novel embodying some of her stage experiences; *Fortune's Sport; A Woman in Grey; Lady Mary of the Dark House; The Newspaper Girl; The House by the Lot; Ordered South; The Adventures of Princess Sylvia; My Lady Cinderella; Queen Sweetheart;* and *The Silent Battle.* None of these earlier books, however, had the success of *The Lightning Conductor.*

Charles Norris Williamson has some reputation in England as a journalist and author of importance. He was born at Exeter in 1859, and was educated at University College, London. After working for a little while at engineering he turned his hand to journalism at the age of twenty-two, joining the staff of the *Examiner.* For eight years he was on the editorial staff of the London *Graphic,* and in 1891 started *Black and White,* and in 1896 *The Minute.* He has written a number of books, his most important work so far being his *Life of Thomas Carlyle,* which was published in two volumes.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, whose novel *The Edge of Things,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, has for some years been the leading book reviewer of the Chicago *Tribune.* She was born in Michigan and has lived most of her life in Chicago, where she has had a thorough newspaper training, having served in almost every position from a reporter to an editorial writer. Among her former publications are a novel, *The Beleagured Forest,* some books of short stories, a volume of ghost tales and some children's stories. Three years ago last summer, her country home in Michigan was destroyed by fire, and with it every record of all the writings that she had ever done. Two unfinished novels, twenty odd short stories, ten lectures, a great quantity of unprepared material, unfinished sketches, and literary notes, went up in smoke.

Mr. White's Latest Trail.

Probably no American writer passed a more adventurous summer than Mr. Stewart Edward White, who from the early spring until September was breaking through practically unexplored regions of California, gathering material for *The Mountains,* which is to be published next year and will be a companion volume to *The Forest,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. In midsummer a story went the rounds of the Western newspapers and found its way East, to the effect that Mr. White's party had been overcome by exhaustion and the lack of water, that all escaped death by a very narrow margin and that Mr. White himself was picked up unconscious lying by the dead body of his favourite dog. The story was only in part an exaggeration. A pleasant feature of the trip was

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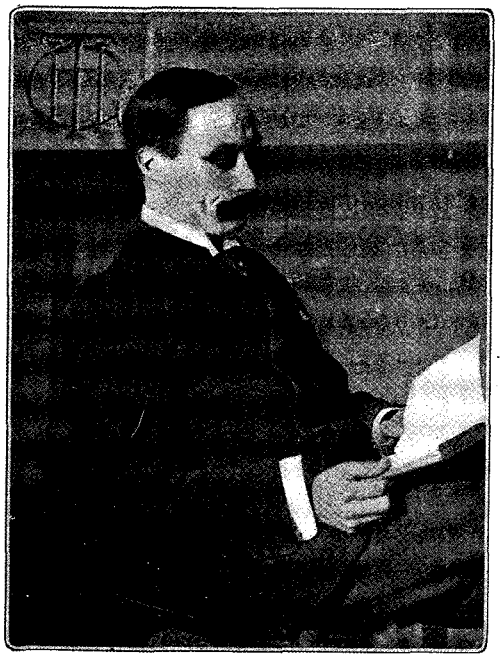

MR. LEWIS HIND.

the entertainment of the party by General Shafter, who owns a large place not far from the trail which they followed. After the hard work of the trip was done Mr. White stayed for a time in Vancouver. An enthusiastic dowager with literary tastes insisted on taking him about introducing him as "the author of *'The Blasted Trail.'*"

The London Academy's Former Editor.

Mr. Lewis Hind, who has held the editorship of the London *Academy* for seven years, has resigned, and has been succeeded by Mr. Teignmouth Shore, son of a well-known Anglican preacher. Under Mr. Hind's care the *Academy* has more than quadrupled its circulation, and he leaves of his own accord, and in the continuance of the cordial relations which have always existed between him and Mr. Morgan Richards, the proprietor. Mr. Hind has worked hard and successfully at the *Academy*, and he wishes first a rest and then a change of labour. He will probably go to Cornwall for some months, and write a book which he has long planned. After that he will return to London and edit a new paper for which the capital has been already provided. Mr. Hind has shown himself a skillful, competent, and scrupulously just editor, and has also displayed fine qualities of imagination in his "Things Seen," and other contributions to his paper. He is as much interested in art as in literature.

During Mr. Hind's editorship the *Academy* has been revolutionised. It was started at first as an organ of the learned, and carried on by Mr. Murray for a year. First published monthly and then fortnightly, it became a weekly about 1874, under the charge of Dr. Appleton. The long reviews were signed, and a very high standard was maintained, some of the most eminent writers and scholars of the time contributing regularly. Under Mr. Cotton the paper was somewhat popularised, but the principle of signed reviews was retained. Mr. Hind introduced many new features, in particular the thoughtful essays, and, generally speaking, has appealed to a wider public, while not failing to maintain a certain literary quality and distinction. He has been well served by able coadjutors, including Mr. Wilfrid

HERBERT PAUL.
The author of A History of Modern England.

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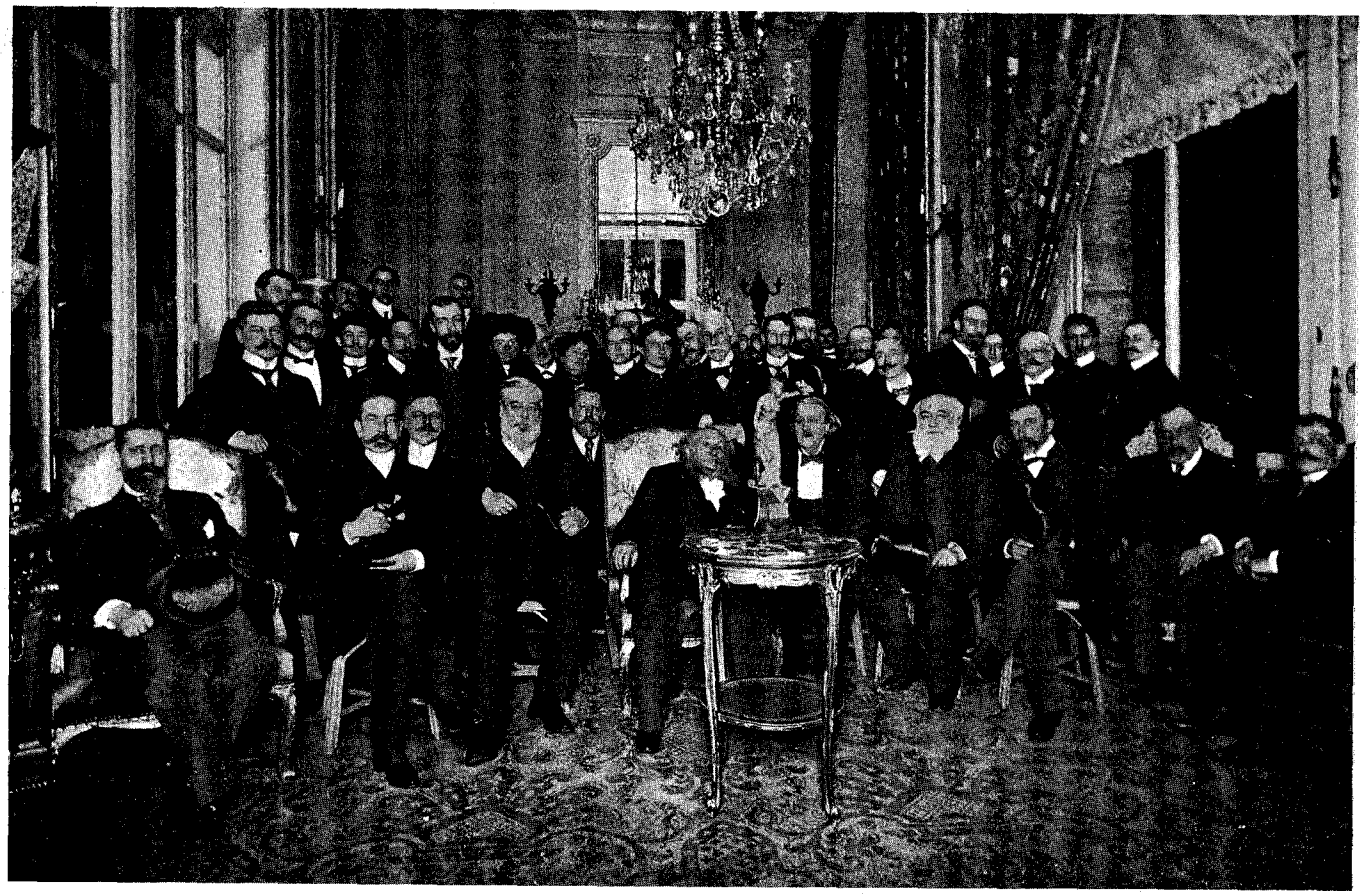

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENTS OF THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PRESS.
Assembly at the Hôtel Retz to do honour to the late M. de Blowitz at the time of his retirement from the service of the London Times last December.
(A review of M. de Blowitz's Memoirs will be found elsewhere in this issue.)

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Whitten and Mr. C. K. Burroughs. Much space has been given to bibliography and literary gossip. There is every prospect that under Mr. Teignmouth Shore the *Academy* will maintain its circulation and influence. Mr. Teignmouth Shore has been connected with the *Times* Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The Author's Side of the Case.

During the past two or three years there has been a great deal printed on the subject of book reviews and book reviewers, and not all of it has impressed us. The publishers have had their say. At great length they have expressed themselves as to what they thought a favourable review did in "booming" the sale of a certain book, and how much a book was really harmed by a review couched in paragraphs of slashing disapproval. The book reviewers themselves have also been approached, and opportunities have been given of telling just how they went to work in constructing a review, what were the lines along which they thought the ideal review should be written and just what a review was or was not anyhow. On its commercial side the idea was pretty well thrashed out. Most of us have grown lately to think of a contemporary book in its relation to "the six best." The only person who seems to have been overlooked in this wholesale expression of opinion—possibly because he was so obvious—was the man who wrote the book that was reviewed. Possibly a certain review did not do much to augment or to injure the sale of a book, but it is very sure that it interested the author. Keats is said to have died of an unfavourable review; and while we do not believe in the story in its entirety, we do not recall that there is any such tradition about a publisher.

In order to get an idea as to what the authors themselves thought of the matter, we recently sent out to various American men and women of letters of distinction, a series of questions with a request that they should be kind enough to answer them. With a very few exceptions all of them acceded at greater or less length, and these replies we are printing, some of them in the present number and some in later issues of THE BOOKMAN. While asking their opinions generally, we also asked specifically of each author: I. "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books?" II. "Do the majority of them write as though they had read the book?" III. "Are their criticisms well founded?" IV. "How do newspaper reviews compare with the reviews in literary magazines?" V. "Do you not often find that, in order to cover up their lack of knowledge about the story, reviewers pick out certain passages in which they have found some unimportant blemishes?" As to the letters, they speak for themselves. Not only do they give the honest opinions of the authors, but to those who like to try to read between the lines they offer excellent opportunities as character studies.

The reply of the author of *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *The Choir Invisible* seems to us exceedingly lucid, kindly, and utterly free from animus:

Some critics seem to understand my books, some do not; but the general result of all criticism has been a very fair and just appreciation of any book that I have ever written. Sometimes a review will contain errors of statement—not of opinion—unaccountable except upon the supposition that the writer of it had not read all of the book in question, and that the part he had read had been read inaccurately. At other times, a review bears evidences of a reading more thoughtful and thorough than could have been believed possible. Some of the best—much the best—criticism is to be found in the newspapers of the country. There are many reasons why this should be true. On the whole, I believe that the reviews in the best newspapers of the country are better than those in the magazines. I have occasionally found instances in which a critic would pick out what he regarded a flaw in a book—even the solitary item of a date—and throw all the rest away. As I do not like to charge motives, I accept the fact and do not philosophise. If he is pleased, so am I. *James Lane Allen.*

From the author of *The Virginian:*

Your pages, from which fear and favour are oftener banished than in many places, provide a strong temptation to speak at length; but a temptation to be resisted.

Let us remember that in our country, at this

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present hour, more people are talking at once, and louder, and faster, than anywhere else in the entire world. It needs must follow that now and then a word of value is uttered; and he that hath hears will hear it.

But I am very sorry indeed for any good American critic—the sort who has for his ideals Sainte Beuve, Sarcey, Lemaître, Anatole France. Such a critic is a lonely man upon our soil, unlistened to, uncared for, wasting his sweetness on an air more desert than anywhere reading and writing are practised. Yes; he is a lonely man, with a small audience, and scanty wages; and every author to whose heart American letters are dear, should bless him for existing and beg him to go on. From such a one blame is more stimulating than all the loose lavish praise by which vanity is nourished and art is starved. To every author I would say, if you are lucky enough to meet such a critic, grapple him to your soul with hoops of steel.

The novel has with us a far readier public; even good ones are not infrequently read.

I have become inadvertently serious. Let me hasten to administer a little antidote which I have found highly efficacious during all sorts of bad quarters-of-an-hour. It was given to me in Boston:

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?

Owen Wister.

From Mrs. Atherton:

It is hard to generalise about reviewers, but as few of them are employed as critics, pure and simple, and have much other work to do I should think it was fairly safe to say—taking this knowledge in connection with certain internal evidence, that no long book, at least, is read consecutively. As to the justice of their criticisms, that being a question upon which no mortal jury would agree—the author is the last person to consult! His principal interest in book reviews is their contribution to his stock of human nature. No one reveals himself so ingenuously as he who writes about the creators. If he is honest, conscientious, spiteful, malicious, disappointed, young and full of hope, blasé and loathing the sight of a book, dyspeptic, successful and optimistic, a failure and intensely annoyed at success or power in woman, he reveals himself as simply and fully as if he was keeping a psychological diary (more so, I should think)! For this reason I am unable to see any difference between the reviews in magazines and newspapers; and, I will add, that my own experience, from first to last, proves that all reviews might just as well remain unwritten.

Gertrude Atherton.

From F. Marion Crawford:

In answer to your note of August 5th, I should find it very hard to give an account of my relations with the critics. I only read such criticisms of my books as I am given to understand deserve attention. These are generally handed to me by one or two or three persons whose opinion I esteem. My experience is therefore limited, but I may honestly say that the criticisms which I read and which certainly belong to the highest class of such work, are generally conscientious and often acute. So far as I am aware, I have more to be grateful for than to resent in what has been written about my work.

F. Marion Crawford.

From Jack London:

Not one reviewer in fifty ever mentions an underlying meaning in my books, much less shows that he understands the underlying meaning. But this may be my fault, not theirs.

Yes, the majority of them write as though they had read the book, though I have in my memory a reviewer who wrote a most enthusiastic review of a collection of Klondike tales, throughout which review he considered it as a collection of sea stories.

Their adverse criticisms are too often well founded for my comfort.

I find newspaper reviews more extravagant, in praise or censure, than magazine reviews. They say nicer things (newspapers), and they say nastier things.

It seems to me a very common practice of reviewers to select slips in grammar, anachronisms, vulgarisms, etc., and to devote their reviews to them rather than to the story itself.

The most hateful trick of the reviewer, and a common one, is to tell the story over again, and most inadequately, and in telling it over again to use the author's language as though it were his (the reviewer's) language.

I must say, however, that I have seen some newspaper reviews which, for seriousness, dignity, and comprehension, compared favourably with literary magazine reviews.

Jack London.

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From Charles Major:

In reply to your first question I would say: I feel sure a large majority of reviewers understand the underlying meaning of my books, if there is any. Reviewers, like other persons, vary in the matter of intelligence, and, of course, we are apt to consider those who abuse us very dull.

To your second: I believe a large majority of those who review my books write as though they had read them.

To your third: Criticisms by intelligent reviewers, as a rule, are well founded, I am sorry to confess.

Sometimes faults that do not exist are discovered by reviewers. A lady reviewing a book for a Philadelphia paper, said among other things that the name "Dorothy" used in a sixteenth century story was an anachronism; that "Dorothy" was resurrected from the Greek, and that the Greek was resurrected during the Renaissance, therefore, the name "Dorothy" could not have been used at the period of the story. Such was the contention of the reviewer, which, unfortunately for her, conflicted with the facts in the case. There was a Dorothy who died in 1587, and her name is graven on her tomb of that date at Bakewell Church. The same reviewer found the words "knuckle down," very funny in a sixteenth century story, and declared them an anchronism. "Knuckle down," was an Athenian game and the term has been used, both to designate the game, and in the figurative sense in which we use it, for centuries.

Another reviewer criticised the use of the word "trump" (the triumphant card) in a sixteenth century story. Especially was the word anachronistic, the reviewer said, when used in a situation not directly connected with the game of cards; that is, it was wrong in the figurative sense in which we frequently employ it. Hall, in a 1548 edition of his chronicles, says: "Richmond cast a trump into Richard's camp." I give these examples in answer to your request for an illustration of reviews that do not please me. Also as illustrations of an effort to appear wise and find fault. The book had many real faults which the reviewer failed to note.

Errors by reviewers frequently grow out of two causes:

First: Overhaste in the matter of copy; or lack of investigation. An author who is at all careful is apt to be right.

Second: A misunderstanding on the part of some reviewers of the nature of the art of criticism. They frequently take it to be a humorous branch of literature, and at times cannot resist the human longing to be witty, at the expense of truth and the poor author. George Eliot says "A difference of taste in jokes is a strain upon the affections." Criticism should be a serious matter, since a reviewer's praise leads persons to buy a book and his censure prevents them. His praise should be discriminate, and he should show cause for it. His censure should be as intelligent as he can make it, and he should give a reason for it. In my opinion, a large majority of reviewers strive for that end, and to such criticism no author has any right to object.

Reviewers, I believe, as a rule, are honest, and honesty after all, "leaveneth the whole lump."

Charles Major.

From Stewart Edward White:

Reviewers are the *only* ones who understand the underlying meanings of my books. I don't understand them myself until I am told about them in the public prints. Usually I try to tell a straightforward story of things as I see them, after which it is gratifying, curious, and interesting to see what the ingenious get out of it. It makes me feel profound and philosophic without having had to work out the development of those qualities.

Far be it from me to suggest that anybody, even a reviewer, could refrain from reading a book of mine once he has picked it up. That wouldn't be good business. Equally, far be it from me to blame him if he did. That wouldn't be modest. So to the second question I shall have to plead that I do not know. Whether certain strange blunders indicate ignorance of the book or limitations in the mental equipment of the reviewer it would be impossible to say without personal acquaintance with that individual.

Frankly I get a great deal of good from what real criticism I see. Much of it, with which I do not agree, I ascribe to hasty reading, the skipping of passages intended to establish a proper frame of mind in the reader, or inability to take my point of view. That does not count. But in every serious review are certain "pointers" which are valuable in future work. For that reason a man who does serious work rejoices in a review containing specific adverse criticism, provided, of course, the strictures are not of "petty and unimportant blemishes."

The ordinary newspaper review is likely to be quite valueless. This remark does not ap-

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ply to a score or so of the big papers, whose book columns are practically of magazine importance. But the average newspaper review either praises indiscriminately, details the plot of your story, or lands joyfully with both feet on some one or two poor little mistakes that don't amount to a violet at a pole-cat caucus.

Now indiscriminate praise means nothing to me except that the reviewer is probably getting his five dollars per. Likewise, when I have taken sixty thousand words to tell a story it does not always impress me as a help to see another man attempt to detail it in five hundred. As to the minute connection of rhetorical blunders, that of course belongs with the grammar school.

The higher class newspapers and the magazines, however, seem habitually to attempt to give a real opinion. Naturally I don't always agree with it. But it is generally instructive, sometimes illuminating, and always amusing.

Stewart Edward White.

❧

Literary Pseudonyms.

Henry Harland in his novel *Grandison Mather,* which is pretty generally understood to be largely autobiographical, tells how his hero, Thomas Gardiner, having written his first novel decided to have it published under a pseudonym. His reasoning was that if this first book proved a failure it might have a disastrous effect on the popularity of anything that he should afterwards write; whereas in the event of success it would be easy enough to emerge under his own name and to take to himself all the glory. From the practical writing point of view there was considerable good sense in his argument, and, although most of the writers of the present day are now scribbling over or under their own legitimate names, nearly all confess to having at some time made use of pseudonyms. To be sure, a few writing persons have managed to keep the dark secret of earlier and less successful—or possibly only too-successful—days; but in most cases, a curious public has finally succeeded in bringing to light what was once so carefully concealed from all the world.

❧

Many women since "George Eliot's" time have abandoned ordinary, plain, unromantic and strictly feminine appellations as unprepossessing as that of Mary Ann Evans, to assume masculine pen-names; but "George Sand," could not complain of her own name on the score of plainness for she was called Baroness Dudevant. For more modern instances, we have "John Oliver Hobbs," who is Mrs. Reginald Walpole Craigie; "George Madden Martin," who is Mrs. Atwood R. Martin; "Robert Daley Williams," who is Margaret Horton Potter; "Pierre de Coulevain," who is Mademoiselle Favre, and the author of *Eve Triumphant;* "Lucas Malet," who is Mrs. Harrison, and "Maxwell Gray," whose story, *The Silence of Dean Maitland,* gave no hint that its author was a mere slip of a girl. Another mannish *nom-de-guerre,* "Henry Gréville," is certainly a more comfortable mouthful than Alice Marie Céleste Fleury Durand; and "Charles Egbert Craddock" means more to most persons that does Miss Murfree. Mrs. Henrietta Eliza Stannard courted fame under two pen-names, one masculine, the other feminine; she is much better known in America, however, as "John Strange Winter," than she is as Violet White. Of all the masculine names used for the purpose of concealing feminine identity "George" appears to have been most popular. Indeed, wherever George is given as the name of an unknown writer, it is well not to take too much for granted—"Dear Madam" may be more appropriate than "Dear Sir." Time has proved, however, that George W. Cable, George H. Lorimer, George Ade, George Potter, and George Barr McCutcheon came honestly by their respective Georges.

❧

Few men have deliberately chosen to pose as women writers, yet Grant Allen certainly reversed the order of things when he published *The Typewriter Girl,* over the feminine pseudonym "Olive Pratt Raynor." "Shirley," too, John Skelton's pen-name, has a girlish sound; and it has long been suspected, if not actually proved, that "Mrs. Hannah Glasse," of cookery-book fame, was really Dr. John Hill, a literary hack of 1747. Many writers have been more or less non-committal in their choice of names. The letter "Q" used by both Douglas Jerrold and A. T. Quiller Couch was a signature—if one may call a solitary initial a signature—calculated to keep one's public guessing.

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ARTIST BREHM SEES GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

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Dickens's well-known "Boz," Thackeray's "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "Ikey Solomons," Helen Hunt Jackson's "H. H.," Charlotte Maria Tucker's quaint "A L. O. E." (A Lady Of England), and Stimson's "J. S. of Dale" were equally puzzling. Neither could the uninitiated reader be quite sure of Mary Abigail Dodge's "Gail Hamilton," Miss French's "Octave Thanet," W. S. Gilbert's odd "Tomlne Latour," Lady Wilde's "Speranza," Daudet's "Jehan de l'Isle," or "The Bostonian," who later proved to be no less a personage than Edgar Allan Poe. A still larger number of writers, the majority indeed, have used—or are now using—assumed names without attempting any disguise of gender. For many years Brander Matthews signed his work "Arthur Penn," and, as an amusing consequence, was once accused of plagiarising his own work. "Paul Creyton" was Trowbridge's youthful pseudonym, the late "Alfred Ayres" was, in real life, Dr. Thomas Embley Osmun, which knowledge came as something of a shock to those that had not suspected the man-of-words of coining a name for himself. "Henry Seton Merriman," is a cognomen that sounds remarkably genuine, is merely the *nom de plume* of Hugh Scott.

❧

As everybody knows, "Mark Twain" is Samuel L. Clemens, and "Anthony Hope" is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, "Oliver Optic" was William T. Adams, and "Geoffrey Crayon" was one of the names used by Washington Irving. It is not so well known, perhaps, that "Frank Leslie," was first the assumed name of Henry Carter, who founded the Frank Leslie publications in 1855, and was afterwards the name adopted for business reasons by his widow. Nor is it generally known that Booth Tarkington's first writings were published under the names "John Corburton" and "S. Cecil Woodford," that Henry M. Stanley's real name was "John Rowlands"; that "F. Anstey" is F. A. Guthrie, or that Hugh Conway, the "Looking Backward" man, was F. J. Fargus. "Christopher North" certainly sounds more familiar to most ears than does Professor John Wilson, "Barry Cornwall," too, is far more attractive than Bryan Waller Proctor. On the other hand, few persons, nowadays, think of Lowell as "Hosea Bigelow," or of Edward Everett Hale as "Colonel Frederic Ingraham." "Max Adeler," "Pierre Loti," "Ian MacLaren," and "Josiah Flynt" are pseudonyms belonging to Charles Heber Clark, Julien Viaud, the Rev. John Watson, and Josiah Flynt Willard. "Henry Scott Clark," author of *The Legionaries,* is Millard F. Cox, and "Gabriel Setoun" is Gabriel Hepburn.

❧

Fewer women have taken feminine names that appear to be genuine but are in reality manufactured for literary use. One such person, however, was Isabel A. Mallon, of the *Ladies' Home Journal* fame, whose "Ruth Ashmore" certainly possessed the virtue of plausibility. Her other pen-name, "Bab" was less convincing. "Susan Coolidge," too, sounds decidedly real, but it is the pseudonym of Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. "Marion Harland" is Mrs. M. V. Terhune, whose maiden name was Hawes. "Ellen Burroughs," another convincing sobriquet, is Miss Sophie Jewett; "Dinah Sturgis" is Mrs. Belle Whitney Armstrong, "Madeline S. Bridges" is Mary Ainge de Vere, who, however, has written under both names, and "Mrs. Alexander" is the pseudonym of Mrs. Annie French Hector, the author of "The Wooing O't." The late "Edna Lyall" was Ada Ellen Bailey. Men as well as women have taken or invented for themselves more or less fanciful names, some of the American humourists being particularly happy in the matter of selecting, showing, in some instances, positive genius. Surely "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby" was a better tag for humourous purposes than D. R. Locke; and "Uncle Esek" and "Josh Billings" had greater powers of amusing than one could reasonably expect from a Henry Wheeler Shaw. "Orpheus C. Kerr" was R. H. Newell. "Atlas" (The World) the name selected by Edmund Yates, suggests great possibilities. Charles Farrer Browne became better known by his pseudonym "Artemus Ward," than was the American general to whom the name once rightfully belonged. As "Bill Nye," the humourist was far funnier than he could ever have been as Edgar W. Nye. It is a far cry, perhaps, to gentle "Ik Marvel,"

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who was Donald G. Mitchell, but his name, too, was happily chosen. Perhaps it is fitting that the fanciful names selected by women should show less strength and not a scrap of humour. "Amber," the pseudonym of Mrs. M. E. Holden, and "Pansy," the name by which Mrs. Isabella M. Alden became so well known, seem, in the light of these strenuous times, exceedingly weak; yet, in both cases, the woman behind the name made it tell. "Ouida," as a childish mispronunciation of Louise (Louise de la Ramée) is no stronger, perhaps, but it is certainly more distinctive because of its uniqueness, for it is the only "Ouida" there is. Charlotte Brontë's "Currer Bell" is better known than her sister's equally odd pen-name, "Acton Bell." Writers of both sexes have shown a fondness for alliteration. For example, we have the "Fanny Fern" of Mrs. Sara Parton's choice, Mrs. Jane Croly's "Jennie June," Mrs. Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott's "Grace Greenwood," and "Kitty K.," the name under which Kate Masterson, whose own name is so suggestive of strength, first wrote. Here again, the pseudonyms chosen by men show more backbone. Holland's "Timothy Titcomb," Haliburton's "Sam Slick," John Wolcot's "Peter Pinder," and Sidney Smith's "Peter Plimley" are excellent examples. For popularity, however, "Peter Parley" appears to have carried off the laurels for the name was used by no fewer than five persons, Goodrich, Martin, Mogridge, Tegg, and Bennett.

❧

Marriage has, in many cases, rendered well known names strangely unfamiliar. Miss Mulock became Mrs. Craik, Miss M. E. Braddon became Mrs. John Maxwell, and Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett became Mrs. Townsend, although each writer continued to use her former name for literary purposes. Matrimony added to Anna Katharine Green's already sufficiently long name another syllable, Rohlfs; and is also responsible for the addition of Ward to the equally long name Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. More recently, Miss Mary E. Wilkins became Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler became Mrs. A. L. Felkin, Alice Caldwell Hegen became Alice Hegen Rice, and Josephine Dodge Daskam rather spoiled an unusually euphonious name by becoming Mrs. Seldon Bacon. Mrs. Freeman's latest stories, however, are appearing under her maiden name, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Bacon will not altogether abandon a name so ready to the tongue and so easily remembered as Josephine Dodge Daskam. Matrimony, fortunately, does not play havoc with masculine names, but occasionally Royalty does, giving us, for instance, a Sir Arthur Doyle or a Sir Gilbert Parker. In numerous instances, writers have chosen names calculated to disguise their nationality. Charles G. Leland became "Hans Breitmann," the late Paul Blouet's "Max O'Rell" sounded more Irish than French, Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker" was nothing if not Dutch, the real name of "Sidney Lee," the English writer, is Solomon Levy, and Lafcadio Hearn has taken the Japanese name "Y Koisumi," which may be more of an improvement than it looks. Sometimes rather ordinary names have served to cloak Royalty. Perhaps the best known is that of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, whose pleasant sounding "Carmen Silva" is not so ordinary, after all. Then, too, there was the rather plain pen-name "Mrs. Morley," under which Queen Anne conducted her historic correspondence with the Duchess of Marlborough, who signed herself "Mrs. Freeman." On the other hand, "The Princess of Connemara" was the ambitious pseudonym of Mrs. Mary Martin, an English novelist, and the dearly beloved "Duchess" proved to be Mrs. Margaret Hungerford. Occasionally it has happened that nicknames have been bestowed upon writers, giving such happy results as Mrs. Holden's "Queen of Bohemia," Walt Whitman's "The Good Gray Poet," and Riley's "The Hoosier Poet." In the following instances the pen-names are a decided improvement, in point of brevity at least, on their owners' real ones. "Hall Caine" shows greater strength than does Thomas Henry Hall Caine. "Eugène Sue" is less cumbersome and, in this case, more appropriate than Marie Joseph Sue, and Oscar Wilde did equally well when he discarded three-fifths of his burdensome Oscar Fingall O'Flaherte Wills Wilde. So, too, did "Sadi," one of the most celebrated of Persian poets, who was known in private life as Shaikh

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Muslihu'd-Din. "Joaquin Miller," if harder to pronounce, looks quite as well in print as does Cincinnatus Heine; and no one can doubt that "Hesba Stretton" could sell twice as much manuscript as could any plain Sarah Smith. To an American, however, it does not seem as if Ibsen greatly improved matters when he published his first dramatic attempt, *Catilina,* a three-act tragedy, under the pseudonym "Brynjolf Bjarme."

The Morley Gladstone.

In connection with the publication of Mr. Morley's life of Gladstone it may be worth noting that his literary career was very largely influenced by the late Mr. Cotter Morison, who died in 1888. Cotter Morison and John Morley studied together at Lincoln College, Oxford, where they formed a firm friendship. Both of them were more or less influenced by Mark Pattison. On leaving the University Morison married a daughter of Mr. Virtue, the publisher, who became proprietor of the *Literary Gazette.* Morley was appointed editor, and Morison was a copious contributor. Later on Morison became one of the founders and first proprietors of the *Fortnightly Review,* and it was due mainly to his influence that the editorship after G. H. Lewes had quitted it was given Mr. Morley. Trollope was also one of the proprietors, and Mr. Morley has told the well-known story of Trollope's objection to him on the ground of his theological opinions. However, Trollope in his autobiography acknowledges the ability and success with which Mr. Morley managed the *Review.*

Miss Harraden's new book, *Katharine Frensham,* is divided into three parts. In the first and third parts the scene is laid in England, and in the second at a Norwegian farm; the English characters forming the central interest, having been transferred there for the summer holidays. Miss Harraden has broken fresh ground in introducing us to the intimate peasant life and quaint customs of an interior valley of Norway, the Gudbrandsal. The development of the story goes on in an unusual environment; the crisis itself takes place on the mountain-side near Peer Gynt's home. One of the most important chapters in the book takes place up at a Saeter, in a wild, isolated part of the mountains. We are introduced to peasants of noble lineage, milkmaids, botanists, and guests of various nationalities, all gathered together at the farm; and all these people, though they all have their own distinct characteristics, are nevertheless touched in lightly, and are made strictly to contribute to the main idea of the book, which is the love story of Katharine Frensham, a woman of forty, and Clifford Thornton, a professor of chemistry; the love story therefore of mature people. Miss Harraden in this book returns to her former style. *Katharine Frensham* is not a psychological study, but a story with a strong human element running through it.

The Real Wyndham Kid.

About a year ago when it was included in the volume of stories printed under the title of *Ranson's Folly,* we expressed at some length our opinion of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Bar Sinister." We are not sorry that this story's republication in a separate volume as a holiday gift book gives us another opportunity to refer to it, because one cannot well say too much about so good a tale. We read so much about "literature" in these days that we have grown rather weary of the word. Nevertheless, of *The Bar Sinister* we are going to say that if it is not literature it is mighty near to it. The passage where the Wyndham Kid risen to affluence and fame, a champion among champions, finds his poor old mother being torn by three big dogs and flies to her rescue reaches the high water mark of Mr. Davis's talent—and that is saying considerable:

> And I sees something that makes me tremble down to my toes. In the road before us three big dogs were chasing a little old lady dog. She had a string to her tail, where some boys had tied a can, and she was dirty with mud and ashes, and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get away, and too old to help herself, but she was making a fight for her life, snapping her old gums savage, and dying game. All this I sees in a wink, and then the three dogs pinned her down, and I can't stand it no longer, and clears the wheel and lands in the road on my head. It was my stylish overcoat done that, and I cursed it proper,

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A GLADSTONE FAMILY GROUP.

In the lower row are Mr. Gladstone, then Mrs. Gladstone, then the son of the late W. H. Gladstone, then the Reverend Stephen Gladstone, then Stephen's two sons. Standing in the background are Gladstone's friend, Mr. Darbishire and his sons. This photograph was taken at Penaenmawr, North Wales.

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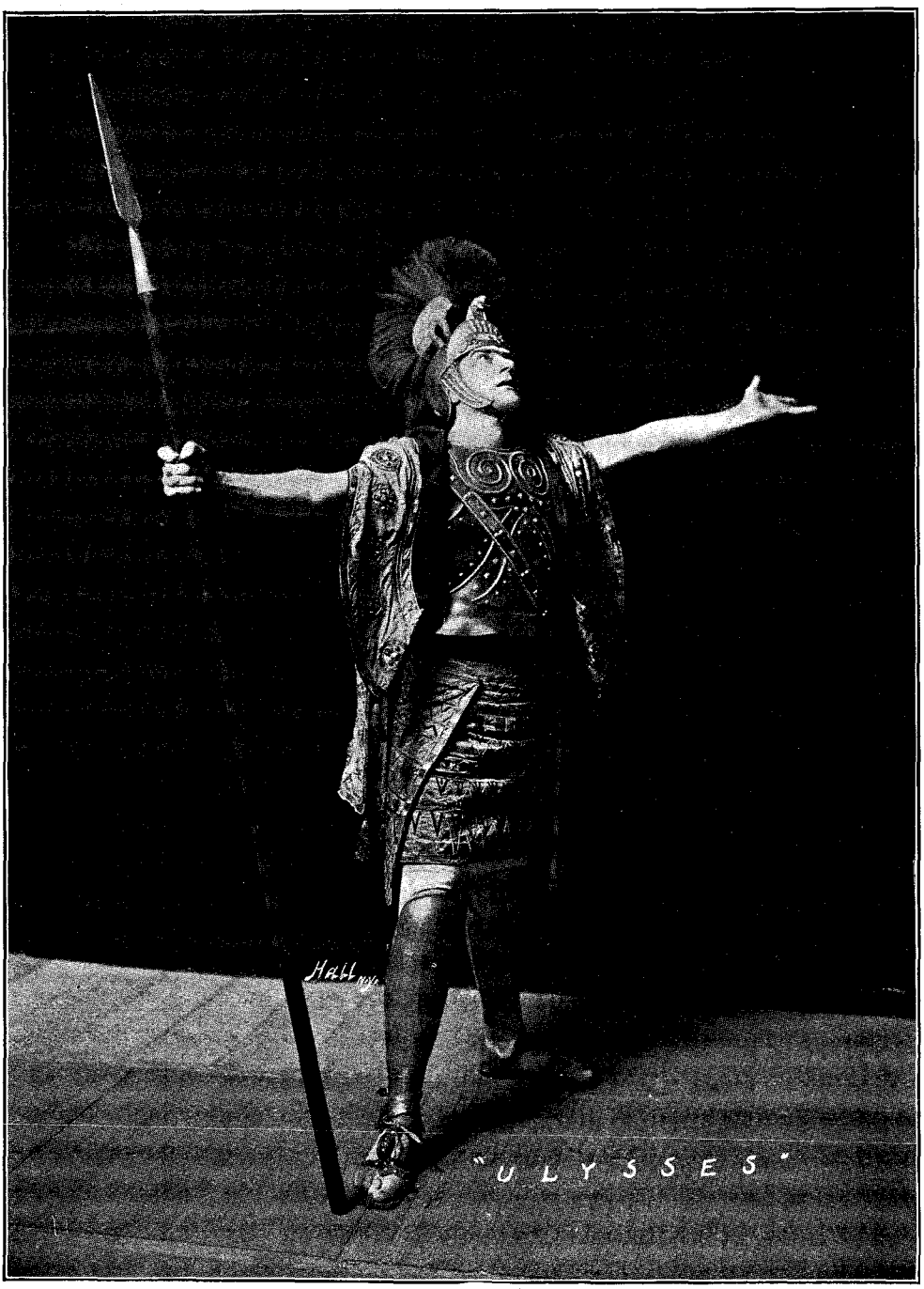

TYRONE POWER AS ULYSSES.
(See the Drama of the Month.)

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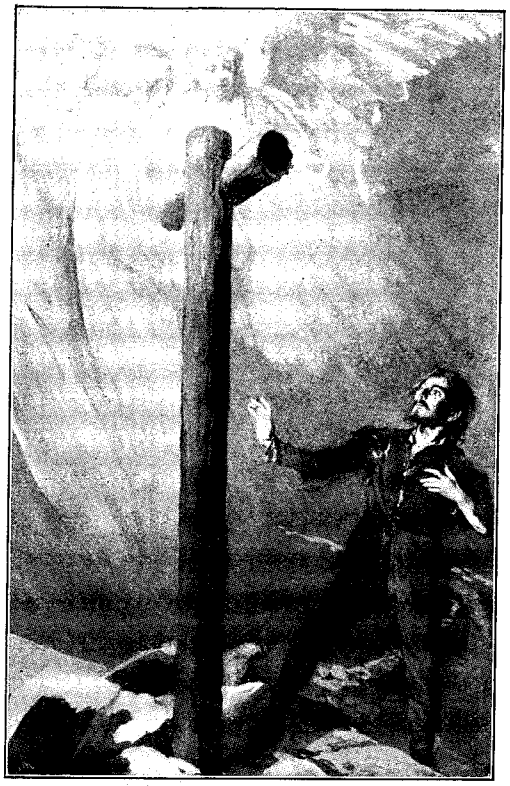
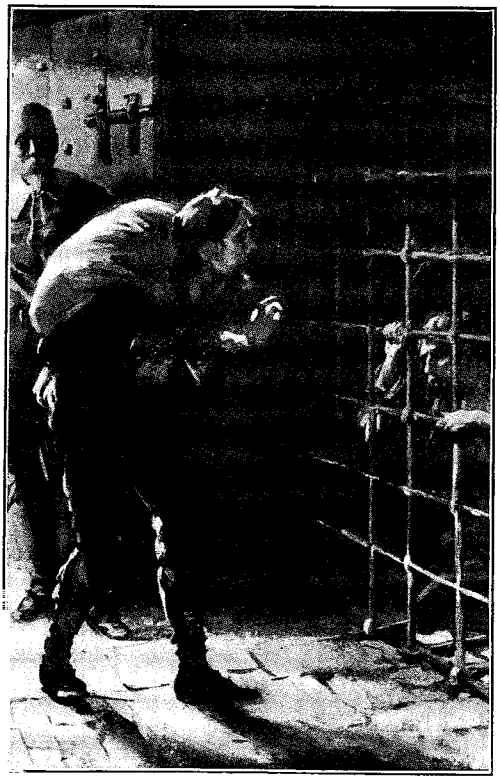


CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS.

THE PILGRIMS IN THE TOILS.



CAPTIVITY.

IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

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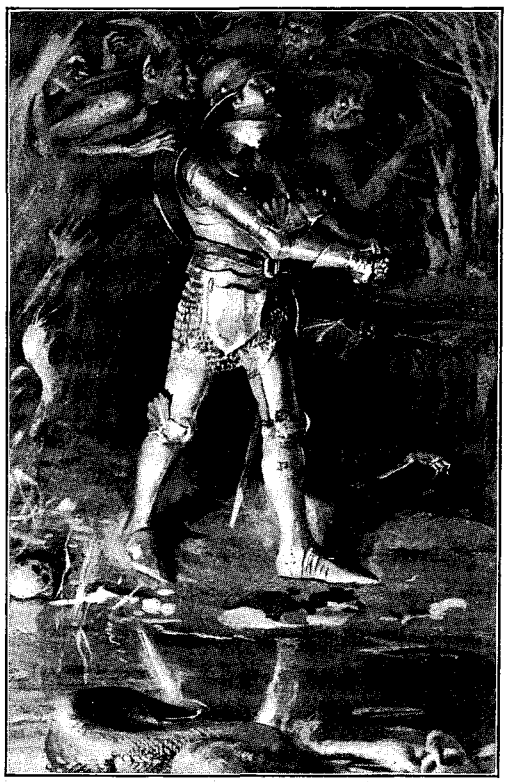
but I gets my pats again quick, and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry: "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my whip; beat them off her! The Kid can take care of himself"; and I hear Nolan fall into the road, and the horse come to a stop. The old lady dog was down, and the three was eating her vicious; but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears, and thinking it is one more of them, she lifts her head, and my heart breaks open like some one had sunk his teeth into it. For, under the ashes and the dirt and the blood, I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come back to me.

I gives a yell that throws them three dogs off their legs.

"Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid," I cries. "I'm coming to you. Mother, I'm coming!"

In the preface to the new holiday edition, Mr. Davis has given some interesting information about the original of the Wyndham Kid. Professionally, the Kid in real life is known as Edgewood Cold Steel, but to his intimates he is still the "Kid." His father, the Regent Royal of the story, was Lord Minto, a thoroughbred bull terrier well known in Canada. The story is that his mother was a black and tan of doubtful pedigree answering to the name of Vic. Among her offspring by Lord Minto was the only white puppy, Kid, in a litter of black and tans. Kid made his first appearance in the show world in Toronto in 1900, and on that occasion was easily first. Then he came to the American kennels and for two years carried off many blue ribbons and cups. Jimmy Jocks, the haughty but good-natured dog who in *The Bar Sinister* constituted himself the Kid's social mentor, was in real life Woodcote Jumbo, or "Jaggers," an aristocratic son of a long line of English champions. "He has gone to that place where some day all good dogs must go."



CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Puritan Pilgrim's Progress.

Without wishing in any way to deprecate the value of *The Pilgrim's Progress* as a great religious allegory, we feel sorry for any one who did not as a child read it first as a story of prodigious adventure. In the matter of dramatic incident we class John Bunyan's book with the works of Dumas and Scott, or to come down to more recent times, with those of Mr. Anthony Hope or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This is, of course, if you have read it at the right age. What is there in fiction more exciting than Christian's battle with Apollyon, or more dread-inspiring than the horrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death? You may search in vain through all the historical romances that ever were written to find a finer hero of the swashbuckling order than Mr. Greatheart, who with imperturbable *sang froid* slew lions, dared the dangers of the Valley and finally chopped off the head of Giant Despair and destroyed Doubting Castle.

Every good new edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is certain of a hearty welcome,

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and the latest one that appears is marked by an idea that is so good and so much to the point that we wonder why it has not been seized upon before. The idea is that of giving, in the illustrations, the characters of the book the costumes and the environment of the days in which Bunyan lived and wrote. All the scenes of the story, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Valley of Humiliation, Doubting Castle, the Delectable Mountain, the Slough of Despond, grew out of the familiar country about Elstow and Bedford, and without doubt the people of the story were in Bunyan's brain arrayed in the cavalier and Roundhead dress, which in the illustrations of the present edition is used for the first time. In England this new edition is being sold at the price of two guineas; but the American publishers, the Messrs. Fleming H. Revell Company have decided to issue it at a popular price.

THE SHEPHERD BOY IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

❧

The Story of Owen Kildare.

Last spring there appeared a book entitled *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, which purported to tell the story of a young genius striving for recognition in New York, how he wrote a great book, how he eked out a living as a car conductor while waiting fame, how he met with constant rebuffs from fat-witted publishers, how a wicked editor basely deceived him, and how at last, utterly worn out he put an end to his life by throwing himself into the Hudson River. The book was a worthless thing, utterly silly, hysterical, and at times blasphemous, and entirely failed of the notoriety for which the author had hoped. When we spoke of it in these pages we had no idea who the author was, but we characterised it as "a vulgar and impudent humbug," and we have since come to the conclusion that we erred on the side of leniency. At any rate we had utterly forgotten the book until the other day we picked up *My Mamie Rose*. Not that the two books are so much alike, but one somehow suggests the other. *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* was dishonest throughout; on the other hand, we believe Owen Kildare to be sincere. Only his book seems to be unnecessary and he seems to have missed such opportunities as he had. We do not wish to be thought to be speaking disrespectfully or lightly of an early body of workers who undoubtedly do an immense amount of good and whom we regard with admiration, when we say that *My Mamie Rose* is simply the "experience" of a reformed Salvation Army sidewalk exhorter, expanded into a book of three hundred pages.

❧

In a letter, which the publishers "feature" prominently on the cover wrapper, Mr. Hall Caine is quoted as writing of *My Mamie Rose* as "a real transcript from life." As the greater part of the book is given up to an account of the pleasures of the Bowery and experiences in such edifying resorts as Tim Callahan's and Barney Flynn's and Billy McGlory's, we venture the opinion of the Earl of Paw-

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CROSSING THE RIVER.

VANITY FAIR.

GREAT HEART SLAYS GREAT DESPAIR.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

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tucket in the play, that Mr. Hall Caine is probably "spoofing—talking through his hat." At any rate we hasten to acquit him of the specific knowledge which his unqualified statement seems to suggest. Briefly, the true story of Owen Kildare as told in *My Mamie Rose* is that he was born in Catherine Street in 1864, orphaned in his infancy, and adopted by a childless couple, became a Park Row newsboy, then a "beer slinger" in a tough Bowery dive, then won some local fame in the prize ring and became a bouncer in an infamous resort. That was Owen Kildare's life until he was thirty years of age. He could neither read nor write, but acquired a comfortable living by guiding sightseers through the slums, and by various methods of "graft." But one day he met a little school teacher and protected her from insult in the approved Chimmie Fadden style, and that was the beginning of his regeneration. She taught him to read and write and made a man of him. She was the Mamie Rose, but she died one month before they were to be married. Her work, however, was done. Owen Kildare kept up the struggle, and at the present time is beginning a career as a literary worker which his publishers regard as "promising." We regret to say that we do not entirely share their optimism.

❦

An Exposer of Municipal Corruption.

Few sociological articles of recent years have aroused such interest and discussion as Lincoln Steffens on the corruption and mismanagement in the government of the leading American cities. And they have served a purpose. St. Louis was at first angry, called a mass meeting to deny everything and denounce Mr. Steffens and raised a fund to protest and prove its innocence. Soon afterwards when Mr. Steffens visited St. Louis he was well received and asked to write another such article by the very man who was charged with the organisa-

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

(See The Drama of the Month)

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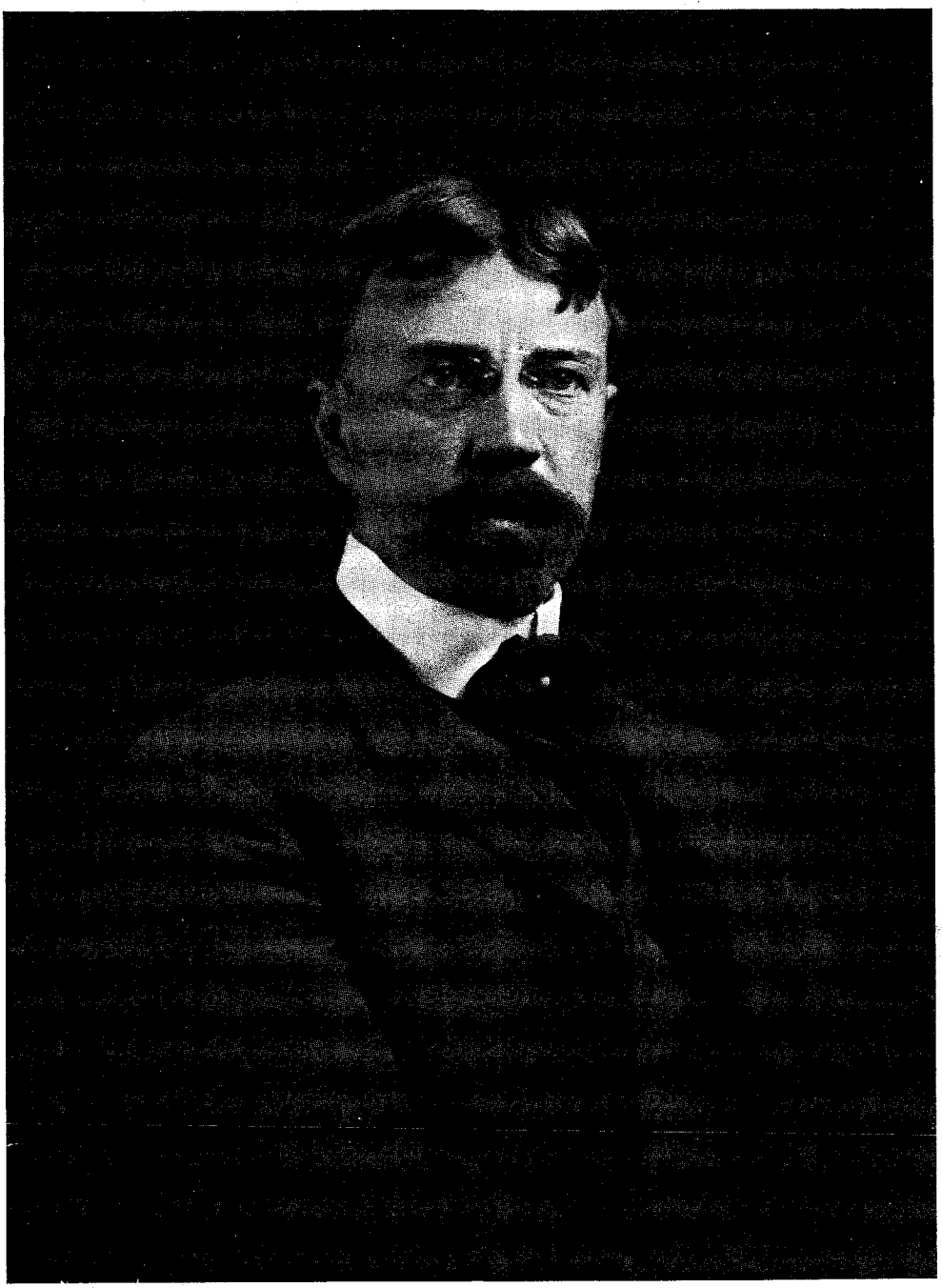

Mr. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Portrait by Miss Ben Yusuf.

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tion of the public's protest. The article had aroused the town. After it appeared 200,000 buttons, bearing the inscription "Folk and Good Government," were worn on the streets to make plain the public's approval of the young district attorney, who, after being elected by the machine, owned no master but his conscience, and fought practically alone for the arrest, conviction and imprisonment of the bribers and grafters who were looting St. Louis. This alone was acknowledgment of the truth of "Tweed Days in St. Louis," and "The shamelessness of St. Louis." Although an associate editor of *McClure's Magazine,* Mr. Steffens still calls himself a "newspaper man." "And these articles," he said "are straight journalism. I made no attempt at fine writing, I thought merely of telling the story. This month's magazine will contain my last 'story'—at least for a while—on the criminal condition of our municipal governments. It will be about New York. Soon I shall begin a series along the same lines on the States."

Mr. Steffens's boyhood was spent for the most part on horseback in riding for days at a time over Sacramento Valley with gun and fishing-rod across his saddle-bow. From Sacramento, California, he went to the military school at San Mateo, then to the University of California where he was graduated in 1889. To pursue further the study of philosophy, sociology, history, politics, and political economy he went to the Universities of Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and of France. It was his father's idea that he acquire a thorough academic training and then prepare to engage in business. But in Leipzig he fell in love with a fellow student at the Sorbonne and married her secretly in London. After quietly studying at the British Museum, he sailed for New York. It was then that Mr. Steffens found himself with two people to support and no taste for dependence; he tried his hand at fiction. His first story he copied carefully and Louis Loeb, whom he had met with other artists in Paris, illustrated it and took it to Harper's. It was accepted and Mr. Steffens received $45. "I thought," he says, "here's a living—I can write one a week. But it was two years before I had another story or article accepted by a magazine. In resplendent raiment and a top hat I sought to persuade newspaper editors to give me a trial, but not only my appearance, but my academic course stood in my light. At last, I got a position on the *Evening Post* on space. They did not want me, but simply took me because of my persistency. I worked in a panic of fear. My first assignment was about a clergyman who had retired and another had taken his place. The first week I earned $1.75. Of an indolent nature, that experience was the best possible for me. Scared, with responsibilities on my shoulders, jostled by men, not theories, I 'hustled to beat the band.' I made good and was put on rapid transit. Henry J. Wright, city editor of the *Post,* kept giving me assignments just a little over my head. Then there was a panic in Wall Street, and our financial reporter being in London, the *Post* was caught. I was asked to cover Wall Street. It was a trying assignment for a green man. First I went to a few of the principal bankers. I told them my predicament and the *Post's,* and assured them if they would give me the information I would never break their confidence, and would make up in accuracy and carefulness what I lacked in knowledge of the Street. In consequence the *Post* had many beats, and I knew things weeks before they occurred.

"When, in 1893, Dr. Parkhurst set out upon the trail of vice and corruption in New York City which resulted in the appointment of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the Police Board, I was detailed to Police Headquarters, and remained there several years. It was there I 'got on to,' political and police methods, particularly those of corruption. I had studied books; there I studied realities and conditions to such advantage that now I can go into a strange city and with my knowledge of New York methods understand their peculiar methods of corruption. Although confronted with positive realities and learning of partly successful ways of relief I have never lost the theoretical interest garnered by years of study." As in his articles on corruption in the cities in *McClure's Magazine,* Mr. Steffens did not mince matters, and no one's position in the community was a surety of his non-exposure in the *Post.* He was of acknowl-

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edged assistance to Mr. Roosevelt. "Mr. Steffens was a pessimist," said Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who first met him at Police Headquarters and beside whom he worked, "while I was an optimist. I believed in the police force, while Mr. Steffens believed it guilty till proven innocent. Nothing escaped him. Publicity was his motto. Mr. Roosevelt believed and believes in publicity more than legislation to start the ball rolling in the right direction; recently he said to me that it was the only real remedy for trusts and corruption. Mr. Steffens turned on the lime-light and showed crime which hides in dark places. His work for the *Post* gave promise of all the strength shown in his late articles. They are having the effect, too, which their writer desired."

The effect of all this, on his own fortunes, was that Mr. Steffens, who only a few years before "had not been wanted" was made assistant-city editor of the *Post*. And Mr. Wright, city editor, diametrically opposed to many of his ideas and of an opposite temperament, realising his genuineness, earnestness, and ability gave him as free a rein as possible. But not alone in his articles from Police Headquarters had Mr. Steffens drawn attention to himself—weekly there had appeared in the *Post* stories of the East Side, particularly of the Jews, their quaint customs and celebration of days; and also labour news of the city, faithful reporting of strikes telling the whole truth without any partial leaning to Labour or Capital, although the paper for which he wrote was called a "capitalistic organ." "It was then I learned," says Mr. Steffens, "that there never was a strike where one side was all in the right or all in the wrong." His stories, fiction and otherise, laid in the foreign quarters of the metropolis became a feature of the *Post*. He wrote two articles for *Scribner's* for the series "Great Business Enterprises," one on high building as a business; and the other on newspapers as a business. About that time the editors of *McClure's Magazine* accepted from him stories laid in his peculiar field (some fiction) concerning police and politics. Gradually Mr. Steffens was working his way as he had planned from newspapers into the magazines.

He always contended that newspaper reporting should be made a stepping stone into magazine and kindred walk, or to some kind of specialisation in journalism, literature or business. When Mr. Wright became Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser,* and Mr. Steffens City Editor, he emphasised this and instilled ambition into his reportorial staff. Then was tried an experiment in journalism of so audacious and revolutionary a character, that even Mr. Wright, who had given Mr. Steffens his head, was doubtful of its expediency. Mr. Steffens endeavoured to abolish the traditional way of handling a "story." There was to be no *Commercial Advertiser* style as there is a *Sun* style and a *Herald* style. Every reporter was encouraged to develop an individual style. In consequence Mr. Steffens got rid of as many old newspaper men on the *Commercial Advertiser* as possible; discouraged the employing of any but novices with unformed ideas of the way of writing a newspaper article; and stepped out of the beaten path by asking for the development of all the human interest and atmosphere of an incident, to present to the reader a graphic pictorial impression first, thus to win his sympathy and interest, while still stating the cold bare facts without any reportorial license or leanings. It created the keenest rivalry in the office. Every man tried to tell the best story, and after the last edition had come off the presses they sat around and criticised goodnaturedly each other's work. Mr. Steffens during his régime developed six magazine men or bookmakers. Many after he became, in the fall of 1901, Managing Editor of *McClure's Magazine,* went into other fields, and now few of his old men remain on the *Commercial Advertiser.* Those who do, still instil into their articles some of Mr. Steffens's ideas in handling a story.

Mr. S. S. McClure was abroad when Mr. Steffens became Managing Editor of *McClure's* and on his return in the spring of 1903 scathingly discountenanced him on his management. He said he did not know the first thing about managing a magazine. "Well, how may I learn?" asked Mr. Steffens. "Get out and see the country," replied Mr. McClure,

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"travel, go abroad and observe people, conditions and things." "And Mr. McClure was right," said Mr. Steffens. "A man cannot be a successful editor who sits forever in his office." He accordingly mapped out a route and started on the discovery of the United States. In every city and town he talked with the politicians, business men and editors and asked them what they knew of interest and what was new. The editor of the *Kansas City Star* said, "Of course you have heard of Joe Folk?" He hadn't, and all through the West politicians and editors asked the same question. When he arrived in Chicago it was the same query: "Of course you have heard of Joe Folk?" He determined to see Joe Folk and learn what he was doing. Taking without delay a train for St. Louis, he talked with Mr. Folk, and employed a local newspaper man, Mr. Whitmore, familiar with St. Louis, to write a story of the deplorable condition of the city's government and the fight Mr. Folk was making against it. Mr. McClure liked the subject, but was dissatisfied with its treatment. He thought it could be enlarged upon and certain points emphasised. Mr. Steffens collaborated with Mr. Whitmore, with the result the first article, "Tweed Days in St. Louis." "As in my subsequent articles I did no detective work. I got corruption from corruptionists, bribery from those who bribed and were bribed. I interviewed successfully political bosses, politicians and business men. I find the latter class in every city largely responsible, most frequently in a criminal way, for bad conditions; encouraging and abetting them. From politicial bosses I got a great deal of help. I interested them by drawing comparison between the way 'things' are done in their city and New York and other cities. None of these men are loth to tell something of what they know. As a matter of fact they have a strange pride in what they do. Besides they consider me 'on the level' because I do not discriminate but expose them, business men and judges alike. Then I never tell all of the truth. I don't have to—one-tenth is sufficient to make any decent man rise feeling outraged.

"If a police captain receives $20,000 as grafter a month, I say that much a year. People are incredulous. If there was a steal of $1,000,000 I say $500,000. Not once have I told anywhere near all I know and can prove. It is not necessary. The effect is gained just as well. Every article I have written has been an understatement. And that, perhaps, is why the politicians do not complain, but often approve of them as 'fair.' Senator Finn's comment on 'Pittsburg, a City Ashamed,' I hear, was 'correct and well written.' I cut 'Philadelphia Corrupt and Contented' from 30,000 words to a few thousand." Mr. Steffens has been invited often by other cities to expose their rings, but although he has studied Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit and others, he will not do so at present. Odd to say, although he has attacked and exposed high and low, he has not once been called to account by mouth or letter, except in the case of a man in Minneapolis, whom he did not mention by name but only by office, and who took offense at being called a politician. On the contrary he has received hundreds of letters giving him information. One well-known politician actually followed him to Chicago, from Chicago to New York, and back to Chicago to talk to him and give him some information and "pointers." Another thing Mr. Steffens has remarked is that although none takes umbrage at the truth you tell about them the smallest untruth, no matter how trivial creates the greatest offense. "Bathhouse John" of Chicago felt outraged because a local newspaper man said he was born in a little village out in Illinois.

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THE RAIN

In the night so dark and dreamless,
Dreamless and dark and still,
There comes a gracious presence,
Stepping across the hill,

Stepping across the city,
Over the waiting lawn,
Journeying on and onward,
From darkness into dawn.

Lo, in the Autumn morning,
I look from my window's height,
And see her fast retreating,
Lost in the halls of light;

Just a ghost on the hillside,
The smoke of her dusky hair,
The wealth of a million jewels
Shimmering through the air.

Hail to our gracious Lady!
Her kindly work is done,
And the whole round world is laughing
Under the rising sun!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

CHARLES READE'S OPINION OF HIMSELF AND HIS OPINION OF GEORGE ELIOT

THIRTY years ago there was a magazine published in New York called the *Galaxy*. It was edited by W. C. and F. P. Church. It was absorbed by the *Atlantic* about a quarter of a century ago; but during its brief and brilliant career it published many of the essays which Mr. Henry James afterward collected into his *French Poets and Novelists;* and it contained the chief of the papers which the late Grant White made into his volume on *Words and Their Uses.* It was hospitable to the novels of Charles Reade and of Mr. Justin McCarthy; and it also published a series of papers by the latter dealing with the chief literary personalities of Great Britain. One of these papers on "George Eliot and George Lewes" was printed in the *Galaxy* for June, 1869.

In this paper, written on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. McCarthy asserted that "Charles Reade is more generally and more warmly admired here than in England." And he went on to ask: "Am I wrong in supposing that the reverse is the case with regard to the authoress of *Romola* and *The Mill on the Floss?* All American critics, and all American readers of taste, have doubtless testified practically their recognition of the genius of this extraordinary woman; but there seems to me to be relatively less admiration for her in New York than in London. The general verdict of English [i.e. British] criticism would, I feel no doubt, place George Eliot on a higher pedestal than Charles Dickens." It may be noted that both Dickens and George Eliot were alive when this was written. Mr. McCarthy included in his remarks a statement that he regarded George Eliot "as the greatest living novelist of England,"

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and a criticism of Charles Reade's style as having "masculine force and clearness," although it was "terribly irregular and rough."

Charles Reade impressed a recent reviewer of a recent biography of him as "a giant baby, impulsive, peevish, frantic, violent, strong-headed, soft-hearted by turns." This impression may not be absolutely accurate, but it emphasises certain of his peculiarities. One of these peculiarities not included was a willingness to talk about himself and an extreme frankness in declaring his own merits. He was infuriated by this article of Mr. McCarthy's and he was wounded that it had appeared in a periodical which he had supposed to be friendly to him. As soon as he had read the article he wrote a letter to the editors of the *Galaxy*,—a letter which Col. W. C. Church published not long ago. Probably no more characteristic epistle ever proceeded from the pen of an exacerbated author:—

2 Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge,
June 8, 1869.

Dear Sir: You side with fools and liars against me. You have published, without a word of disclaimer, a diatribe in which George Eliot is described as the first of English novelists, and her style, which is in reality a mediocre, monotonous style, with no music and no beauty in it, is described as perfect, and my style, which on proper occasions, is polished beyond the conception of George Eliot, or any such writer, is condemned wholesale as sadly rugged, &c. And this in a monthly which contains a story by me. It does appear strange to me that you, who have got the cock salmon, should allow this ass * * * to tell your readers that the trout is a bigger fish than the cock salmon.

Now hear the real truth. George Eliot is a writer of the second class, who has the advantage of being better read than most novelists. She has also keen powers of observation and reasoning.

She has no imagination of the higher kind, and no power of construction, nor dramatic power. She has a little humour, whereas most women have none; and a little pathos. But she has neither pathos nor humour enough to make anybody laugh nor anybody cry.

Her style is grave, sober, and thoughtful; but it lacks fire, tune, and variety.

She has been adroit enough to disavow the sensational, yet to use it as far as her feeble powers would let her. Her greatest quality of all is living with an anonymous writer, who has bought the English press for a time and puffed her into a condition she cannot maintain, and is gradually losing.

Why lend yourself to a venal English lie? This George Eliot is all very well as long as she confines herself to the life and character she saw with her own eyes down in Warwickshire when she was young. But the moment imagination is required she is done. Let any man read true books about the Middle Ages and then read *Romola*—he will at once be struck with two things: That the records of the Middle Ages are a grand romance full of noble material and character and situation, and that this unhappy scribbler of novels has so dealt with that gigantic theme as to dwarf it to her own size. When you have waded through the watery waste of *Romola*, what remains upon the mind?

A little Florence, a faint description of petty politics not worth mentioning. A little Savonarola depicted, not sculptured. A young lady called Romola, who is not mediæval at all, but a delicate-minded young woman of the nineteenth century and no other. And a hero who is—Mr. George Lewes.

Now read a mediæval novel by Scott, or even *The Cloister and the Hearth* by Charles Reade. Do these works miss all the grand features of the Middle Ages as this poor unimaginative scribbler has done; or do they transport you out of this ignorant present into a ruder and more romantic age? Verbum sapienti.

I will only add that in all her best novels the best idea is stolen from me and her thefts are not confined to ideas and situations; they go as far as similes, descriptions, and lines of text. Believe me, the pupil is never above her master.

This last fact coupled with the persistent detraction I meet from my fair pupil's satellites in the English press will, I hope, excuse this burst of bile.

Seriously, however, and setting my personal feelings out of the question, do not you underrate the judgment of the American public in this case; nor overrate the judgment of the English press.

The public is an incorruptible judge; the press is a corruptible judge, and peculiar facilities were offered in G. Eliot's case for buying the English press, and they have been purchased and repurchased accordingly. I am yours, very truly, CHARLES READE.

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Two years or so after this letter had been written the London periodical called *Once a Week* was purchased by Mr. James Rice; and in its pages in January, 1872, appeared the opening chapters of an anonymous serial story called "Ready-Money Mortiboy." The secret of the collaboration to which this novel was due, was kept very carefully; and there was much wonder as to the identity of the new writer. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who had then returned to England, wrote to an American paper for which he was the London correspondent, that some critics believed "Ready-Money Mortiboy" to be the work of Charles Reade, and that if this was not the fact the new writer had been strongly influenced by Reade.

In the same number of *Once a Week* in which appeared the first chapters of the first story which the editor was writing in collaboration with his friend, Walter Besant, there appeared also the first of a series of wood-cut cartoon-portraits of celebrities of the day, drawn by Mr. F. Waddy. The first of these was a sketch of the Tichborne claimant and the fourth was a portrait of Charles Reade,—this being the earliest of the series to deal with a man of letters. The cartoon-portraits were none of them malicious; and the articles that accompanied the sketches were frankly complimentary. That devoted to Charles Reade might fairly be termed flattery. Indeed it had obviously been written by a strong admirer of the masculine story-teller; and it dwelt at length upon the comparison between him and George Eliot, which had filled so much space in the letter Reade had written nearly three years earlier to the editors of the *Galaxy*. For a reason which will be given later this article deserves reproduction here in full; and the accompanying cartoon also:—

CHARLES READE.

The first of our series of cartoon portraits of men of letters appears in the present number. The subject of it, Mr. Charles Reade, is the youngest son of the late John Reade, Esquire, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire. Mr. Reade is an Oxford man (he took his B.A. degree in 1835), and is a Doctor of Civil Law, and a fellow of Magdalen College in that university. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1843. We have put Charles Reade first on our list for the two following reasons—because (1) he is the greatest living English writer of fiction; (2) his two splendid stories, *A Good Fight* and *Foul Play*, did so much for the success of *Once a Week*.

A Good Fight, with three volumes of new matter added to it, was subsequently called *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Charles Reade's earliest stories were followed, in 1856, by that powerful work of his genius, *It Is Never too Late to Mend*. The book created a great sensation: was read by everybody: effected its author's purpose—viz., compelled the public to insist that the Model Prisons' system should be looked searchingly into.

From the publication of *Peg Woffington*, Charles Reade has continued to apply his great talents to the work of writing novels and dramas; with what success, every reader of fiction knows.

The annexed complete list of his writings will give a correct idea of the extent of his productions in the difficult field of the Literature of Imagination, in which he has chosen to exercise his genius.

STORIES IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

	Vol.
Peg Woffington	1
Christie Johnstone	1
Clouds and Sunshine, *Propria quæ Maribus*, *Art*	1
It is Never too Late to Mend	3
Love me Little, Love me Long	2
Autobiography of a Thief, *Jack of all Trades* *	1
White Lies	3
Eighth Commandment	1
The Cloister and the Hearth	4
Hard Cash	3
Griffith Gaunt	3
Foul Play†	3
Put Yourself in His Place	3
A Terrible Temptation	3

*Under title of "Cream."
†With Dion Boucicault.

DRAMAS IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

The Ladies' Battle	Translation.
The Village Tale	Three-act drama.
The Lost Husband	Four-act drama.
*Masks and Faces**	Two-act comedy.
Gold	Drama, five acts.
*Two Loves and a Life**	Drama, four acts.
*The King's Rival**	Comedy, five acts.
*The First Printer**	Drama, three acts.

*With Tom Taylor.

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The Courier of Lyons.....Drama, three acts.
Honor Before Titles.....Drama, three acts.
It is Never too Late to Mend. Drama, five acts.
Griffith Gaunt.....Drama, five acts.
Foul Play.....Drama, five acts.
Dora.....Pastoral drama, three acts.
The Double Marriage.....Drama, five acts.
Put Yourself in His Place..Drama, five acts.
The Robust Invalid.....Comedy, three acts.

Once a Week.] [January 20, 1872.

"SOMETHING LIKE A NOVELIST."

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This list shows that Charles Reade is the author, or joint-author—in four plays and one novel—of seventeen different stories, ranging in length from one-third of a volume to four volumes: and of an equal number of dramatic works.

Now it certainly argues some want of real knowledge or study in the critics of this day, that they cannot assign his place, whatever that may be, to this writer. They can place inferior authors; but they really and honestly have no notion where this man stands either as a novelist, or dramatist, or both. Perhaps it may tend to clear this absolute fog, enveloping the judgment of our contemporaries, if we descend from the indefinite to the definite, and compare him with a writer of acknowledged excellence. We are so fortunate as to possess in this country a novelist who, if contemporary criticism were to be trusted, is the greatest writer of fiction the world ever saw. With regard to Shakespeare, contemporary criticism has left but two remarks in print, both of them unfavourable. Corneille was so often lashed, and so little praised, that he has left a line behind him to celebrate the fact.

"J'ai peu des voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans brigue."

Molière was denounced as a plagiarist. Voltaire was well lashed. Scott did not quite escape. Bulwer has been severely criticised. Even Dickens was always roughly handled in certain respectable prints.

But George Eliot is faultless. This is the sober and often-repeated verdict of every quarterly, monthly, and daily critic in the empire, except of one old woman, who tried to stem the torrent of adulation, in the "Quarterly Review," and failed, because, being no critic, she selected certain of that excellent writer's beauties, and held them up for faults.

Now perhaps some people will open their eyes if we tell them that this prodigious writer often borrows ideas from Charles Reade, and sometimes improves them, sometimes bungles them. But as in matters of art it is sometimes kind to open people's eyes, we shall assure you that this is so; and moreover that in a single instance the two writers have come into competition on fair terms, and the comparison is so unfavourable to the favourite, that the said comparison, though obvious, has always been dexterously avoided.

In *It Is Never Too Late to Mend,* published in 1856, one of the situations is as follows: Good Mr. Eden, having to deal with a hardened thief, goes down on his knees in that thief's cell, and prays aloud for him; and softens him a little.

In *Adam Bede,* good Dinah goes on her knees in the cell of Hetty, an impenitent criminal; and softens her a little.

Reade uses few words, after his kind; and Eliot uses many words, after her kind. But amplification is not invention: the inventor and the only inventor of that famous scene in *Adam Bede* is Charles Reade.

Mr. Eden preaches a sermon in the gaol. The author shuns the beaten track, and gives the very words of the sermon.

George Eliot profits by this, and gives her Dinah the very words of a sermon. And in one respect she goes beyond her original: for her sermon is fuller, and has a distinct merit, being composed—with great art and beauty—of homely English, often Saxon, and nearly always monosyllabic. But she falls behind in one thing, she makes Dinah preach her sermon to strangers; and that shows a want of constructive art.

Charles Reade has since returned to his own invention, and has made his Rhoda Somerset preach a remarkable sermon, at which those personages are present whom that sermon hits. This is art. A sermon, preached to the reader only, is a mere excrescence on the narrative. It is a wart, though it may not be a blot.

The only situation of any power in *The Mill On the Floss*—viz., the heroine and her lover drifting loose in a boat, and being out together all night—is manifestly taken from the similar situation in "Love me little, love me long." But Eliot's treatment of the borrowed incident is petty and womanish by comparison with her model.

In *Felix Holt,* the ground is admirably laid for strong situations: but in the actual treatment only two come out dramatically, and they are both borrowed. The young gentleman going to strike his steward, and being met by "I am your Father." And the heroine going into the witness-box to give evidence for her lover. The former is borrowed from an old novel, and the latter from Charles Reade's *Hard Cash;* and it may be instructive to show how the inventor and the imitator deal with the idea.

We print in parallel columns quotations of the evidence given in court by both novelists' heroines:

Hard Cash. BY CHARLES READE. (Vol. iii., p. 294. 1863.)	**Felix Holt, the Radical.** BY GEORGE ELIOT. (Vol. iii., p. 228. 1866.)
Julia Dodd entered the box, and a sunbeam seemed to fill	There was no blush upon her face: she stood, divested of all

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the court. She knew what to do: her left hand was gloved, but her white right hand bare. She kissed the book, and gave her evidence in her clear, mellow, melting voice: gave it reverently and modestly, for to her the court was a church. She said how long she had been acquainted with Alfred, and how his father was adverse, and her mother had thought it was because they did not pass for rich, and had told her they were rich; and with this she produced David's letter, and she also swore to having met Alfred and others carrying her father in a swoon from his father's very door. She deposed to Alfred's sanity on her wedding-eve, and on the day his recapture was attempted.

Saunders, against his own judgment, was instructed to cross-examine her; and, without meaning it, he put a question which gave her deep distress.

"Are you now engaged to the plaintiff?"

She looked timidly round, and saw Alfred, and hesitated. The serjeant pressed her politely, but firmly.

"Must I reply to that?" she said piteously.

"If you please."

"Then, no. Another misfortune has now separated him and me for ever."

"What is that, pray?"

"My father is said to have died at sea: and my mother thinks he is to blame."

The Judge to Saunders.—What on earth has this to do with Hardie against Hardie?

Saunders.—You are warmly interested in the plaintiff's success?

Julia.—Oh, yes, sir.

(Colt, aside to Garrow.—The fool is putting his foot into it: there's not a jury in England that would give a verdict to part two interesting young lovers.)

Saunders.—You are attached to him?

Julia.—Ah! that I do.

This burst, intended for poor Alfred, not the court, baffled cross-examination and grammar and everything else. Saunders was wise and generous, and said no more.

personal considerations, whether of vanity or shyness. Her clear voice sounded as it might have done if she had been making a confession of faith. She began and went on without query or interruption. Every face looked grave and respectful.

"I am Esther Lyon, the daughter of Mr. Lyon, the Independent minister at Treby, who has been one of the witnesses for the prisoner. I knew Felix Holt well. On the day of the election at Treby, when I had been much alarmed by the noises that reached me from the main street, Felix Holt came to call upon me. He knew that my father was away, and he thought that I should be alarmed by the sounds of disturbance. It was about the middle of the day, and he came to tell me that the disturbance was quieted, and that the streets were nearly emptied. But he said he feared that the men would collect again after drinking, and that something worse might happen later in the day. And he was in much sadness at this thought. He stayed a little while, and then he left me. He was very melancholy. His mind was full of great resolutions, that came from his kind feeling towards others. It was the last thing he would have done to join in riot or to hurt any man, if he could have helped it. His nature is very noble: he is tender-hearted: he could never have had any intention that was not brave and good."

There was something so naïve and beautiful in this action of Esther's, that it conquered every low or petty suggestion even in the commonest minds.

Colt cast a glance of triumph, and declined to re-examine. He always let well alone. The Judge, however, evinced a desire to trace the fourteen thousand pounds from Calcutta; but Julia could not help him: that mysterious sum had been announced by letter as about to sail: and then no more was heard about it till Alfred accused his father of having it. All endeavours to fill this hiatus failed. However Julia, observing that in courts material objects affect the mind most, had provided herself with all the pieces de conviction she could find, and she produced her father's empty pocketbook, and said, when he was brought home senseless, this was in his breast-pocket.

"Hand it up to me," said the Judge. He examined it, and said it had been in the water.

"Captain Dodd was wrecked off the French coast," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"My learned friend had better go into the witness-box, if he means to give evidence," said Mr. Colt.

"You are very much afraid of a very little truth," retorted Saunders.

The Judge stopped this sham rencontre, by asking the witness whether her father had been wrecked. She said, "Yes."

"And that is how the money was lost," persisted Saunders.

"Possibly," said the Judge.

"I'm darned if it was," said Joshua Fullalove, composedly.

Instantly, all heads were turned in amazement at this audacious interruption to the soporific decorum of an English court. The transatlantic citizen received this battery of eyes with complete imperturbability.

Fertile situations are the true cream of fiction; these once supplied, any professional writer can find words.

Now, the fertile situation in *Felix Holt* was supplied by Charles Reade. The true literary patent is in him. His is the witness with the clear, mellow voice who gives her evidence as if before God—and that witness a young lady who loves the man for whom she gives evidence, he being present. To be sure, George Eliot's witness shows a disposition to argue

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the case; but that is no improvement on the original.

We will now call attention to another instance of George Eliot's imitation of Charles Reade.

In his little story, *Clouds and Sunshine*, Charles Reade uses this expression—"the thunder of the horses' feet drawing the waggon into the barn."

His unlucky imitator pounces on his "thunder" and his "waggon," and deals with them thus: "The thunder of the waggon coming up the hill." Now the iron shoes of a team going over the wooden floor of a barn do come the nearest to thunder of anything we ever heard: but a waggon coming *up* a hill does not thunder: the most prominent sound is the creaking of the slow wheels. This, then, is unintelligent imitation on a smaller scale.

In 1860 Mr. Reade produced a mediæval novel with an idea-ed title, *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

His faithful imitator soon followed suit with a mediæval novel, whose title was unidea-ed—*Romola*.

Here the two writers met on an arena that tests the highest quality they both pretend to—Imagination.

What is the result? In *The Cloister and the Hearth* you have the Middle Ages, long and broad. The story begins in Holland, and the quaint Dutch figures live; it goes through Germany, and Germany lives; it picks up a French arbalestrier, and the mediæval French soldier is alive again. It goes to Rome, and the Roman men and women live again.

Compare with this the narrow canvas of *Romola*, and the faint colours. The petty politics of mediæval Florence made to sit up in the grave, but not to come out of it. The gossip of modern Florence turned on to mediæval subjects and called mediæval gossip. Romola herself is a high-minded, delicate-minded, sober-minded lady of the nineteenth century, and no other. She has a gentle but tame and non-mediæval affection for a soft egotist who belongs to that or any age you like. One great historical figure, Savonarola, is taken, and turned into a woman by a female writer: a sure sign imagination is wanting. There is a dearth of powerful incidents, though the time was full of them, as *The Cloister and the Hearth* is full of them. There you have the *broad* features of that marvelous age, so full of grand anomalies; the fine arts and the spirit that fed them—the feasts—the shows—the domestic life—the laws—the customs—the religion—the roads and their perils—the wild beasts disputing the civilised continent with man, man uppermost by day, the beasts by night—the hostelries—the robbers—the strange vows—the convents—shipwrecks, sieges, combats, escapes—a robbers' slaughter-house burnt, and the fire lighting up trees clad with snow. And through all this a deep current of true love—passionate, yet pure—ending in a mediæval poem: the battle of ascetic religion against our duty to our neighbour, which was the great battle of the time that shook religious souls. But perhaps we shall be told this comparison is beside the mark; that a dearth of incidents is better than a surfeit, and that it is in the higher art of drawing characters George Eliot stands supreme, and Charles Reade fills an insignificant place. We will abide by that test in this comparison.

What genuine mediæval characters, to be compared with those of Walter Scott, for instance, live in the memory after reading the two works we are comparing?

The Cloister and the Hearth is a gallery of such portraits, painted in full colours to the life. *Romola* is a portfolio of delicate studies. *Romola* leaves on the memory—1, a young lady of the nineteenth century, the exact opposite of a mediæval woman; 2, the soft egotist, an excellent type; 3, an innocent little girl; 4, Savonarola emasculated. The other characters talk nineteen to the dozen, but they are little more than voluble shadows.

The Cloister and the Hearth fixes on the mind—1, the true lover, hermit and priest, Gerard; 2, the true lover, mediæval and northern, Margaret of Sevenbergen; 3, Dame Catherine, economist, gossip, and mother; 4, the dwarf with his big voice; 5, the angelic cripple, little Kate; 6, the Burgomaster; 7, the Burgundian soldier, a character hewn out of mediæval rock; 8, the gaunt Dominican, hard, but holy; 9, the patrician monk, in love with heathenism, but safe from fiery faggots because he believed in the Pope; 10, the patrician Pope, in love with Plutarch, and sated with controversy; 11, the Princess Clælia, a true mediæval; 12, the bravo's wife, a link between ancient and mediæval Rome.

Philip of Burgundy does but cross the scene; yet he leaves his mark. Margaret Van Eyck is but flung upon the broad canvas; yet that single figure so drawn has suggested three volumes to another writer.

You can find a thousand Romolas in London, because she is drawn from observation, and is quite out of place in a mediæval tale.

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But you cannot find the characters of *The Cloister and the Hearth,* because they are creations.

When *The Cloister and the Hearth* was first published, the *Saturday Review,* staggered by the contents of the book, yet bound by the sacred tie of habit to say something against it, summed it up as inferior on the whole to Walter Scott. But nobody has ever compared *Romola* to Walter Scott. Adulation, however fulsome, has evaded this comparison, because it would have provoked derision; and no reviewer, until this article was written, ever had the courage to compare *Romola* with *The Cloister and the Hearth.* Yet any one, who has not made that comparison honestly and fairly, knows little of Charles Reade, and cannot possibly assign him his true place amongst living writers of fiction.

Our space will not allow us to criticise at length the works of Charles Reade on the present occasion. His dramas we must pass by altogether; and of his novels, we can only make a few remarks concerning the two that are connected with *Once a Week.*

Foul Play began to appear weekly in this magazine in January, 1868. It is a novel of immense power, of the greatest originality, and is one of his works that shows best the boundless resource of the writer. This feature must strike every reader of Charles Reade's novels; his resource is unlimited; his incidents, novel and striking, yet always possible and natural, follow one another with startling rapidity. *Foul Play* showed off to perfection his ingenuity. The plot is intricate: the characters —several of them quite new in fiction—are real men and women, living and acting in his pages as men and women live and act and speak in real life, and in few novels but his own. It is a story of what is called the sensational type: yet so great is the power of art: so mighty the skill of the artist: that all the incidents seem natural and consequent. *Foul Play* leaves the stories of Mr. Collins and every other sensational novel writer far behind. It is a work of genius. The effect of the book is perfectly marvelous. Judge of this from its recent influence upon an ill-conditioned mind.

We quote the *Times,* November 29: A case tried last November, at Boston, U.S., before Judge Lowell. The ship was abandoned at sea in June, 1871, while on a voyage to Hong Kong; and the crew, after spending three days and nights in their boats, arrived safely at Fayal. The master was charged by the crew with scuttling the ship by boring holes in her.

It appeared that the account they gave, in many of its details, followed the story in Charles Reade's *Foul Play;* and that Bruce, the sailmaker, a few weeks before he sailed, had read the novel in Chelsea Hospital.

The judge, after a three days' trial, observed, in his summing-up—"The witness Bruce, who had been reading a novel of great power, goes to sea, and finds all the prominent details of the plot of that story worked out in fact by the master and his accomplices. The great improbability of this happening is pointed out; and he comes and says the master is in the habit of reading 'Foul Play' during the voyage, and that he often saw the book lying about on the poop. This conduct on the part of the master would be equivalent to leaving a printed confession in sight of his crew."

The highest compliment to fiction has been paid. It has been imitated in fact. It is a book about sailor-life, and is so true to that life, that a sailor, too base or too ignorant to comprehend its moral teaching, chooses to copy from it the details of crime only a sailor can commit.

Of *The Cloister and the Hearth* it is impossible to speak too well. The author's perfect knowledge of mediæval life, just before the time of Erasmus, is wonderful. The plot is full of incident of the newest and most striking, yet most probable and natural sort: the characters live, and seem to us real persons we know well: the France, Italy, Holland, and Germany of the time of Erasmus are faithfully reproduced. The interest never flags: there is always something to command attention and excite curiosity. *The Cloister and the Hearth* is one of the most scholarlike and learned, as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful, works of fiction in any language. This splendid production can only be compared with the best books of one author—Walter Scott. And in all things it is as good as *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe:* in some points it is better. Although we place these two books first in their respective classes—*Foul Play* in the class of novels called sensational, and *The Cloister and the Hearth* in that of the purely imaginative—yet Charles Reade's books, taken throughout, are of more even merit than those of almost any other novelist. They are written in English as pure, as simple, and as truly Saxon as any this century has produced: in a literary style—nervous, vigorous, and masculine—with which the most captious and partisan critic cannot find any fault.

Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell

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of his genius: and be lifted above the cares of everyday life into the regions of imagination, peopled by his real creations. You may be trusted then to draw your own conclusions as to the merit of his books.

By the million readers of the time to come, Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray will be handed down to fame together in every English-speaking country.

To the scholar and the man of culture, *The Cloister and the Hearth* may possibly be dearer than the humorous and wonderful creations of Dickens's fertile genius, or the life-like characters and satirical digressions of Thackeray.

The reason why it has seemed worth while to rescue this paper from the oblivion of the back-number and to reprint it here in full is that it was written by Charles Reade himself in his own hand. It is a chapter of autobiography; it is an essay in self-criticism. It ought to be included in any complete edition of Reade's works,—just as *"Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie"* is now reprinted with the rest of his writings. But there is this difference: the French poet dictated his own account of his career to his wife, whereas the British story-teller wrote his own eulogy with his own pen.

It may be of interest also to record that the manuscript of this article was preserved by Rice and by him given to Besant. Probably it is still in existence with the other manuscripts of one kind or another collected during Sir Walter Besant's long and laborious career as a man of letters. *M.*

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF

By Mary Farley Sanborn

PART I.

PULLEN, Sunday, June 27th.

It is seventeen hours since we parted in the Grand Union Station. Did I push you off the car step, Tony, or did you swing off yourself? At any rate the train was going at a pretty good speed, and I knew you mustn't get carried on. After I had seen the last of you I walked through the car and sat down with my back to the other passengers. Underground, and out again. What abnormally clean people those Harlemites are!—or else they are very much otherwise that they need to wash every day in the week. Flying clothes between every two rows of houses—every imaginable colour, like the flags of all nations. I sat and marvelled at the quantity, and at the same time I wondered—all the way back to Pullen I wondered, and after a night's sleep I am wondering still—how for any reason on earth I could leave you who are all the world to me, at the behest of these people, mere relatives, to whom I am only bound by the accidental ties of blood.

Of course there is another point of view—theirs. It was inevitable that they should send for me, and if you had known what my grandmother was until yesterday and never will be any more, and could behold what she is now, you would understand better than I can possibly tell you, what an apalling thing this seizure is to us all.

It seems impossible when I stand by the bed where she lies prostrate, a big-boned, strong-framed woman with one side of her body stricken helpless, and her power of articulation wholly gone. The only sign of life about her is her left eye which fastens itself upon us and follows us about with an imploring look that is positively tragic. Wistfulness was never a characteristic expression of my Grandmother Pullen's face.

And if they had no choice but to send for me, it is equally true that I had none but to come. One obeys a summons by wire as if it were a voice from heaven. To be sure I lost a train while I was hunting you up to say good-bye. That made me four hours later than I should have been at Pullen, a matter of silent but quite evident reproach—I won't enlarge upon that now, however. I could not,

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and would not, leave New York without seeing you, whatever might be the consequences. The reproach, I will explain, did not emanate from my grandmother, who, I judge, has little idea of the passage of time in her poor brain. When I get back to you I'm going to tell you lots of things that we have never had the time for talking over. Not that they are important. Nothing is of importance except the one great Fact of our love.

I wired you the very moment I stepped out of the train. I said to the Person who had come to meet me, "How is my grandmother?"

The answer was, "There has been no change since four o'clock" (a delicate allusion, Tony, to the hour when I should have arrived).

"Is the carriage here?" I asked. "I will be ready in just a minute. I am going to send one or two messages, if you don't mind waiting."

Now the Person does mind waiting, always minds it, with the cold, still abhorrence of one whose life and affairs have become adjusted to a system. But I smiled pleasantly when I said it, as if I were perfectly unconscious of the Person's disapproval. Tony, dear, do you know—but of course you don't, you are so very direct in your own methods—that you can take all power of resistance out of people that way? By assuming, I mean, such an appearance of artless unconsciousness that no one can accuse you of meaning to give offense. Now I'm well aware that you don't approve any sort of circumlocution, but please don't alter the good opinion of me that I know you held seventeen hours ago, because when I see you I am going to explain that I am not deceitful, only diplomatic. Even you must admit that there are occasions when a little tact saves a great deal of discomfort. (Of course, I should never have any use for it with *you*.)

The telegraph operator at the station is a young man who used to play jackstones and "class ball" with me when I was in short skirts. I took a blank and wrote: "Mr. Antony Seymour, *Gazer* Office, Broadway," feeling delightfully reckless with Jarvis on tiptoe (mentally) and the Person walking up and down the waiting-room with measured steps and an expression of offended authority. It was out of pure mischief and bravado that I added, "Take good care of yourself," after I had announced my safe arrival. Though I have a perfect right to do anything I choose, as far as any one except you has a voice in the matter.

Still, dearie, I think you may address my letters to General Delivery, South Pullen, while I am here. It will be only for a short time, and the distance is not great, less than two miles. I can walk or drive over there every day. Our morning mail is brought early, and might lie for an hour on the hall table for all the household to see before I get downstairs. You are such a great and momentous Fact, that I don't want you to be suspected just at present.

Oh, dear! there are so many things I want to tell you! What shall I say first? There is nothing of any vital interest to us except our love, and yet, now that I am away from you with plenty of time to write, and no other form of intercourse possible for the immediate present, I suppose I ought to improve the opportunity to tell you what my relations have been to some of these estimable Pullenites. But not to-day. Oh, Tony, Tony, this was to have been *our* day, and here I am, back in Pullen. *Back*—in Pullen, and oh! "the difference to me!" It's not the same village I left three months ago,—

> "What's this dull town to me,
> Tony's not here."

You don't know, because I have never stopped being happy long enough to tell you, in what light I had grown to regard this place. Not as a permanent home, certainly, for the peculiar limitations of a small manufacturing town, and one named for my own great-grandfather at that, would either extinguish my personality altogether, or drive me mad. But it does represent all that has ever seemed stable in my life, I drifted about so as long as my father lived. I don't care much for stable things, either; they are apt to become stupid and monotonous, but one doesn't always have the courage of one's dislikes. I might—it's a horrible thought, but I might have been forced to "settle down" here. I am a queer mixture—did you know it?—of rebelliousness and submissiveness, of impudence and compliance. I think I will soar in the air out of everybody's reach, and instead I only flutter along the ground,

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touching it with my toes every now and then, to make sure it is really under me. That, I suspect, is a woman's way of flying. I wouldn't make the admission to anybody but you. Never to Myles. Myles, I may as well explain just here, is Grandmother Pullen's nephew-in-law, in other words, the bereft husband of my cousin Nell, who died twelve years ago when she had been married just one year. Poor Nellie! She never had a bit of self-assertion and I can't help thinking it is just as well she went when she did. Myles—but let us drop him for the present. Some day, when I feel as cut-and-dried as a census report, I'll tell you more about him.

I find myself a little restless, dear. It is a beautiful day, and if it had not been for this terrible thing you and I would have been at this very hour gliding along the Hudson, with a hammock rolled up and strapped to our lunch-basket, and a single umbrella sheltering us from the sun; with Omar in one of your coat pockets, and *The Seven Seas* in the other —we shouldn't have read a word in either of them, dear! And now, what are you doing without me? What are you thinking of? A day in your life in which I have no share, the first since we came together. I hope you are not lonely, but you must be just a little, I think. After all do I wish you to be quite contented? My own feelings I can't analyse. It was very sudden, and though I have been used to unexpected things all my life, starting off sometimes at a two hours' notice with my father for a six months' trip, I had no one to leave behind in those days, for my father, while he lived, was my world, just as you are now.

But I do know that I am not unhappy. I have never been unhappy in my life, and I can't begin yet. Besides, there is a certain fascination in withdrawing a little from you and thinking over by myself all that the last three months have held. You remember the lines we were reading one night when Aunt Letitia was out and it rained against the window, and we stayed cosily in the library:—

> "break the rosary in a pearly rain,
> And gather what we let fall."

That is what I shall do while I am here—go back and pick up the days one by one, since first I met you, and string them over again in my memory. I couldn't do that if I were with you, because you would keep doing new things to distract me.

I sat a long time by my window last night after I had come up to my room. The electric lights shone through the trees, and the breeze was saying queer, mysterious things to the hemlocks on the lawn. After the insistent noises of a big city this place is oppressively quiet, and an ominous hush pervades the house itself. I cannot tell you, Tony, what a curious chill came over me as I crossed the threshold of my grandmother's room last night. It was as if I had stepped all at once into the current of an icy draught. It was an *impression,* of course, but I cannot help wondering if it meant anything, and what? There is a feeling of suspension in the air as if the old house was holding its breath and waiting for something to happen. This may be only a morbid fancy on my part, called into play by the near presence of death. Yet the chill was very real, and I shiver now to recall it. I have never been subject to such notions, and they are not the pleasantest of companions at the dead of night in a silent house. It may all be laid to "nervousness," I suppose, and I tried to overcome it with thoughts of you. As I sent my own soul out to meet yours, it seemed indeed, that you drew very near. I had seen you only a few hours before—your dear, straightforward, clear blue eyes, your square shoulders and strong, supple hands, and the parting of your thick, dark crisp hair. I said as we walked out to the train, "It's only for a little while, Tony, isn't it?" and you answered confidently, "That's all, Madge. Poor old lady! I hope she will live till you get there."

She is alive this morning, and apparently no weaker than she was last night. The doctors say another shock may occur at any time, and the second would surely be fatal. If she could only speak the thing would not be so awful. She cannot even hold a pencil, for it is her right side that is stricken, and no one who has ever known my Grandmother Pullen could conceive of anything so irregular as her trying to write with her left hand. Still, if she could communicate with us in any way, she might demand some unreasonable concession or other, as dying peo-

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ple so often do. There are two nurses in the house, and they anticipate every possible want of hers. They seem to me wonderfully clever about reading what little expression she is able to put into her strange, drawn features. That intelligence is, of course, the result of training. They told me she looked pleased last night when she was informed that I had arrived. That idea must have been altogether due to their imagination, for I never saw my Grandmother Pullen look pleased at anything; but really, when I knelt down by the bedside and laid my hand on hers (I couldn't kiss her, Tony) it almost seemed that she was imploring something of me. That one eye pierced me through; it was enough to make the least sensitive person tremble. If she could have spoken, what would she have said? Something, perhaps, that I could not have borne. She looked toward the door, and her fingers closed over my wrist with a suggestion of her old overbearing purpose and determination. If I was ever afraid of anybody, it was of Grandmother Pullen. She has made me do things that no one else could ever have persuaded me to, simply by force of her tremendous, dominating will.

And she stared at that doorway till I thought I should scream aloud, all the while making a queer inarticulate noise in her throat. I took my hand from hers, quaking with the absurd fear that she would suddenly spring at me, and got slowly upon my feet. Then I began to feel myself growing weak and faint, and one of the nurses, a pretty, sleek creature with fair hair and the demurest grey eyes, came forward and led me out of the room. Bonnie—my other grandmother, on my mother's side—took me downstairs and made me some tea in her own little brass teakettle. It sounded so cheerful singing over the spirit lamp, that I partly forgot the gruesome scene in the room above. Bonnie is a dear, and we are very good friends. I will tell you more about her when I come back to you. She is a vain little person and would never allow me to call her grandma because it made her feel old, and so my mother taught me to call her Bonnie, which is a diminutive of her surname—Boniface. It suits her too, for she is a pretty, pink-cheeked old lady, not so very old either, only sixty-four.

I have been in the sickroom again this morning. I shrank from it, but Myles seemed to think I ought to go, and though I do not make a business of obeying Myles, it is easiest sometimes to do the thing that is expected of you. This time, my grandmother gazed at the ceiling, and did not appear to notice me. She is horrible to look at, one side of her face drooping and distorted. I couldn't help hoping as I stood there, that I should not die such an object. Fancy being old, dear, and not in the least attractive, having lost every one you had ever cared for except a granddaughter who couldn't love you, and then to have the strength that had been your greatest pride turned all at once into a terrible helplessness. Think of it! Tony, will you love me when I am old? As you do now, only more, because the associations of years are crowded into the love? There is nothing on earth I care for but love, and no love on earth but yours. Other people may be fond of me, they must, for your sake, but your love has come to be the one thing, and all else shrank into nothingness when you came to me and I knew that we *cared*. Grandma Pullen's money, which it is certain I am to have—for myself I hardly care whether it comes my way or not. For your sake I do want it, so that you may be free to leave your enforced duties and follow your blessed convictions, writing books that shall enlighten and redeem so many people.

What will you think of this letter? I'm afraid it will seem to you flippant. I didn't mean it so, as in your heart, you surely understand. Do you think of me, Tony, every minute? To-morrow I shall have a letter from you. After that, send to South Pullen, remember; it is the best arrangement for the little time I am to be here. I am your own

MADGE.

June 28th. Before breakfast.

It is Monday again, for which I am heartily glad. Daylight, especially the light of a weekday, is the best of mental healers. Yesterday was so long, and the morbid fancies wouldn't be driven out. I spent the afternoon overhauling some trunks and drawers—the piano mustn't be touched, and I was not in the mood for driving. In the evening, well, if you must have it, Tony, in the evening I was

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lonely, for the first time in my life, I think. Love works all sorts of psychological changes, and if I am happy with you, I must miss you a little bit when I'm away, must I not? Yet, I was *not* actually sad, for I shall see you again very soon, and meanwhile I have a great store of memories to live upon. Bonnie won't allow me to stay in my room and think about you; she craves my society, and last night she sat and looked at me with her big eyes till I was forced to talk for the sake of keeping her in spirits. I have a character to preserve with Bonnie; she believes, and tells everybody, that I am the most amusing person she ever saw, quite unconscious of the fact that in this estimate, she is confessing her own sadly limited experience.

So I roused myself and began a description of Aunt Letitia's establishment —the carpets and curtains, the furniture and draperies, the different sets of china and silver for special occasions, auntie's costumes and jewels, and the entire conventional, philistine outfit. Dear vain, silly little Bonnie! She has always stood in awe of the material display one can make with money. I avoided, painfully enough, all mention of you. I could not tell her anything without telling all, and she would not have understood. She would have asked first whether you were handsome, and second, what your income was. Besides, she would repeat the whole story, in strictest confidence, to the very next person who called. Bonnie is not fond of Myles. She complains that he is not courtly, which means that he does not pay a sufficient amount of attention to her, but she has a certain respect for his money and position. Your work and ambitions, *our* hopes and plans, would be far too unworldly for her material little mind to grasp. Still, I should dash myself boldly against her incapacity if I felt that the time had come for disclosure. The dear old girl has a vein of dead-rose sentiment in her, and you could trust me to paint you in glowing colours, my Tony!

Later.

Myles came in and brought the mail—I was sure it would happen so. There was so little of it that my two letters were conspicuous, and of course yours had managed to get on top. I was so eager and nervous that I fairly snatched them from his hand, and then, to offset the impression I feared I had produced, I thrust them into my pocket with an air of nonchalance that would not have deceived a day-old gosling. Myles, however, preserved the stable calm of a person who is incapable of realising that one could have anything to conceal from him. I am particularly desirous of doing him justice, and so I must say just here that with all his air of obvious rectitude and his manner of intimating with his eyelids that if you differ with him you are hopelessly wrong, he is invariably a gentleman. You see, dearie, I am giving this amount of prominence to him because though not an actual member of the household, he still figures very importantly in it. He represents my Grandmother Pullen's ideal of manly virtue and business ability. He manages all her affairs; her approval of him seems to be complete. That is as near as she has ever come to loving, I believe. Poor old lady! A life without love! Could it be called living?

How curious to think that life could mean anything but love, especially to a woman! Grandfather Pullen's portrait hangs in the parlour, on the north wall, where the big chimney casts a deep shadow on it. It is one of those portraits in which the eyes follow you about the room. As a child, I always avoided looking at him past that chimney; it used to seem as if he were peering out of his corner to see if he could lure me in. I wondered even then if she loved him, as my father and mother loved each other—in a happy, playful sort of way, keeping anniversaries of everything that ever happened after he first began to "pay her attention," when she was eighteen and he twenty-one. With my present enlightenment, I know that nobody could have loved Grandfather Pullen, least of all, Mrs. G. P. Tight lips, shrewd, narrow eyes, a forehead with fine, latitudinal creases, and a pompous air of holding himself aloof from the common herd. An aristocratic money-getter. I can stand under the portrait and imitate him till Bonnie becomes hysterical. What will you think of such levity, you dear, serious-minded Tony, intent upon your socialistic theories? But you see we are terribly pent-up. Not allowed to make a sound in the house, and debarred from going abroad because it would look in-

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considerate and lacking in respect. And Bonnie's sixty-four years are disposed to sit very lightly on her sloping little shoulders. Grandmother Pullen's marriage was, as nearly as I can ascertain, one of those dismal, deliberately planned affairs that go to make one a moral anarchist. If public opinion sanctions such a union, isn't its approval an insult to the real thing? Bonnie tells me little anecdotes of them. She says Grandmother Pullen always called her husband "Mr. Pullen," so far as any one ever knew, at all time and seasons. Query: In the privacy of their own apartments? Fancy it! "Mr. Pullen, will you please pick this knot out of my nightcap strings?" Or, "I believe the baby has the colic, Mr. Pullen. Won't you hand me the anise bottle?"

How would it have seemed to you if I had said "Good night, Mr. Seymour," that evening we walked home from the Casino across the park?—do you remember? Please don't think that I mean to ridicule this poor stricken old woman; it's only that my riotous imagination will run loose. Instinctively, I seem to be applying the one test to everybody nowadays; I keep wondering if they have loved, could love or will love. There is Maidie, Myles's little girl. She is twelve years old; in another twelve years will she stand up and stretch out her arms and feel that she is growing *tall* with the love that fills her heart and beats into her finger tips? I doubt it. At Maidie's age I was reading *The Idylls of the King,* which I am sure her father would prohibit as not being suitable to her years. If she is lucky enough to get hold of them by the time she is sixteen, she will be just so far behind me even if in that time Nature has succeeded in producing another man who knows how to be loved as I love you. It is a great thing to know how to be loved, Tony, dear. I believe very few men do, though as a matter of fact, I know very little about it. My father made it his business to ward off all approaches of that kind, assuring me that when the inevitable experience came, it could by no means be kept away. How right he was, and how inevitable you were, my Tony!

There again, is Bonnie. At sixty-four she has still a girlish charm, and though her colouring has faded, it is in a delicate, refined way, like old tapestry. But Bonnie's soul never soared far above the marabout feathers, and chiné silks, and thread lace shawls of her more prosperous seasons. She is fond of me because in me she lives over again her much regretted youth, and because I keep her somewhat in touch with the outside world that she has seen very little of since her husband died and she came here to live in semi-dependence on Grandmother Pullen.

Myles? Well, Myles is a well-regulated piece of mechanism, with all the latest adjustments for perfect operation according to certain requirements, but the divine fire is absent. As for the girls I know, they are all ready to dress their ideal up in the shape of the first marriageable man they meet, and very few of them have the discernment to see that the ideal hangs loose on the man. Blessed, wonderful Tony! *You* never could get on the ideal's clothes at all; you outgrew them long ago. And yet the creature did somehow bear a certain likeness to you, as if he had in the first conception been a dream image of yourself—and who knows but that he was?

We have been two days separated. I do not understand how it is, but you do not seem far away. I think and think of you, and it is almost as if I were looking into your eyes. In two or three weeks at the most, I believe, I shall be back in New York. No matter about the weather. Bonnie will be glad to go with me, and we will take rooms somewhere near the Park. After this separation is over, we must never have another. Why should we? I laugh to myself, thinking of all your dear foolish talk about not taking me until you can provide the regulation house all furnished, to put me in. I am perfectly sure that I do not desire a permanent home, at least for the present, and still more convinced that you do not. Besides—and this is not so cold-blooded as it sounds—in a very short time I shall have all my grandmother's money. It will not make us rich as riches go, but we shall be independent of salaries, and you will be free to follow your bent, without regard to the demands of editors. You shall study socialistic tendencies and conditions to your heart's content; we will travel, see with each other's eyes, think with each other's brain. Then you shall write the Great Book. I will help you—

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I can, dear. My father used to say that every man's mind needed a woman's to supplement it, to go into the little side paths and corners that the masculine intellect was too clumsy to penetrate.

* * * * *

Since writing that last line I have been reading over your letter for the ——th time—never mind the exact figure. Bless the postal service! How kindly it takes care of us, and keeps our secret! You need not have apologised for what you call your brevity. Men, I believe, are not natural letter-writers. Only I hope you will have patience with my long, feminine outpourings. I have nothing to do but think and write, and it is such a comfort to talk myself out to you. You understand all I say just as I say it. I can see your eyes as I write, steady, intent, searching, sympathetic, drawing the best that is in me up to the surface. If you called me to account—blamed, or corrected, or questioned, well, you wouldn't be you in that case. I am sure advice has never been of much use to me. I know, of myself, where I am weak or wrong, and to be loved for the good there is in me seems to be my best incentive to be better. I could never live my life according to somebody else's plan any more than a strawberry could change itself into a plum. If you will simply love me, Tony, I shall in time find out all my own faults, and overcome them for your sake. You shall be my sun. Only shine on me and I will grow. Make me a good strawberry that way.

Maidie is waiting for me; we are going out together for a romp in the field, quite away from the house so no one will be scandalised. Back of our place there is an orchard, then some meadow land bordered on one side by woods. Still farther on is the river, very smooth and slow and peaceful till it gets to the lower end of the village where it rouses itself out of its deplorable laziness, and makes an effort to run Mr. Myles Havenden's mills—Myles expects it. The mills were formerly my grandfather's; they have now passed partly into Myles's possession, and wholly into his management. But, Tony, I shall never stop writing if I *don't* stop. Maidie sits by the window. She is a nice child, tall for her years and erect, with straight, slim legs and very bright eyes under her hat-brim. She has been waiting sweetly and sedately, but I know how quickly she will jump to her feet when I say I am ready.

I don't live without you, dear. I breathe just to keep the life in me till I can come back to you, which I shall do soon, very soon.

Friday, July 2d.

Oh, dear, I wonder if you are reading my letter of Wednesday and thinking it was a little disagreeable and out-of-sorts. When I wrote it was raining so hard I couldn't make any sort of excuse for leaving the house, and I was desperate to hear from you. Myles, in a dripping mackintosh, came with the mail—nothing from you, of course, as I had asked you to send to South Pullen, but just for a minute I wished that you had disobeyed me.

Later the rain stopped. I declared to Bonnie that I must have the air, and in spite of her expostulations I put on my golf suit and set out on foot for your blessed letter. I read it on the way home, sitting on a rock under a big tree that dropped tears on it and on me too, poor little Madge. Aren't you ashamed for calling me to account so soon, when I had just been praising you for your noble tolerance?

I can't imagine what I have said to make you feel that there is anything you should know that I have not already told you. You wish me to describe Myles, give his age and exact position in the family. Well, have I not already done so? If not, he is about thirty-five, well set-up, with rather piercing dark eyes, a good nose, and a thin mouth under a carefully kept dark mustache. There are depressions at the corners, which mean that speaking generally he disapproves of your conduct. His expression is one of endurance. Do you see him? I wish to heaven I did not.

As for my grandmother's case, the doctors have explained it, but you know how they delight in technicalities, and I only understand that she may have another seizure at any moment, which would, in all probability, be fatal. We are keeping her perfectly quiet, and waiting for the end. At present, her existence is nothing more than a dreadful death in life. I can think of nothing worse. To know, to

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think, to feel, to wish, and yet not be able to make anybody understand!

Bonnie is stricken to abjectness with fear, momentarily expecting a like visitation. She is in the best of health, but that does not reassure her, for my Grandmother Pullen had only the day before her own calamity been boasting of her sound physical condition. Bonnie argues, therefore, that an appearance of good health is ominous. So she sits miserable through breakfast, with only a cup of "cambric tea" to moisten her toast and eggs; she is afraid of coffee. I poke fun at her to keep my own spirits up, partly, but it is nevertheless a fact that the whole atmosphere of the house is suggestive of death.

Maidie is my greatest comfort, next to your letters. She has attached herself to me, preferring my society to that of her more youthful friends who are coldly jealous in consequence, and pass her in the street with distorted noses. The top of her head comes just to my chin, we are almost evenly matched in a hundred-yard dash, and she adores the Jungle Books. Every time I put on a fresh shirt waist she falls in love with me all over again. There is nothing more reassuring to a woman of my age than the admiration of a girl of her's—as far as one's vanity goes, I mean.

We go out every day for a walk in the fields—it's oftener a run—and yesterday we had something that for want of anything more exciting we agreed to call an adventure. We were crossing the field towards the river. The first two barriers are stone walls, and we have our regular places to step over, but the last division line is a rail fence, and it is a high one. That lets us into the meadow beyond which is the river.

I was not in quite my usual spirits, so I pulled out a rail and ignominiously crawled under, a mode of proceeding which Maidie at any time would have scorned for herself. She is as agile as a monkey and very nearly as quick. By the time I was on my feet and had restored the rail to its place I saw her on the top bar of the fence with outstretched arms just poised for a jump. I called to her to be careful, but I was too late, for down she came, her flying petticoats caught the top of the post, and she hung suspended. The sudden stop took her breath away for an instant, but Maidie is not the girl to scream. She frowned, and kicked her heels against the fence, and we heard the sound of breaking stitches, and then we both laughed.

"Let the old thing tear," said Maidie.

"Climb up backwards, can't you?" I I suggested, believing her capable of almost any acrobatic feat.

She tried to reach behind her for the top rail, but she was hanging a little too low.

"It will be a funny thing if I can't get down," she said.

She bent her knees and tried to get a footing on one of the lower rails, and again we heard the gathers giving way. She was too high for me to lift her unless I climbed to the top of the fence myself, and I was beginning to think the situation more serious than it looked, when I saw a rush of color come into Maidie's face. She began to tug at her skirt, but the thing was made of stout linen by a conscientious Pullen dressmaker, who knew that Myles was, above all things, practical. The rest of the stitches held their own, and the fabric was too stout to tear.

Maidie's face grew redder. The entire length of her stockings and some very crisp Hamburg ruffles were conspicuously in view below the invincible petticoats. She fluttered her hands at me.

"Pull me down, Madge, pull me down. Tear the botheration skirt. I've got plenty more. Papa won't know. There's Lawrence Carlew coming, hateful thing! What's he doing in this field, anyway? *Take* me, Madge, WON'T you?"

I looked, and running towards us like a deer, or rather, like a crack half-back on a 'Varsity eleven, was a young fellow in knickerbockers and a blue shirt. I felt deeply for my young charge, but I was quite powerless to help her. She was doing the last thing now, shedding tears of fury, with her hat tipped down over her face.

Mr. Carlew, when he came up, took the matter quite seriously. He raised his cap to me before he came to a stop, and leaping upon the lower rail of the fence, lifted the child carefully down. She came to earth, very angry with fate, and somewhat less than decently grateful to her preserver. It took our united efforts to restore her self-respect, and Mr. Carlew

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showed a rare tact in the matter. I pinned up the wreck, and then we begged Maidie to introduce us, which made her laugh till it was too late to cry any more.

I have never known this young man, though like me, he was born in Pullen. I went to boarding-school with his sister who is now married and living abroad, but Lawrence was a little boy in those days—he is only nineteen now—and has not spent much more time in Pullen than I have. He and his mother have travelled a great deal and pass some of their winters South, with a tutor, and meanwhile he has been growing up, it seems. He is big, and very good-looking, and in six or eight years from now, I should judge, he may have become an approximate success as an all-round human being. At present, he is simply a Harvard freshman.

As we strolled together toward the river and he answered innumerable questions about Elinor, I noticed another young man walking in the same general direction, but keeping close to the belt of woods.

"Old Norrice," said Mr. Carlew in explanation. "We were trying to do a little Cicero this morning. It's too fine a day for Latin, don't you think, Miss Pullen?"

"That depends," I replied, cautiously.

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said, with a conscious laugh, but without the least confusion. "I suppose you have heard about it. The fellows don't think anything of it, you know; here in Pullen they're so simple they look upon it as a disgrace. My mother's innocent enough to be dreadfully cut up about it. Won't go to see anybody if she can help it."

I begged to know what the deplorable state of affairs could be.

"Oh, you don't know?" he exclaimed. I saw that he was distinctly piqued. Maidie got hold of my hand and slyly pulled it. She had the facts, and her opinion of them as well.

"Well, it's just this—I flunked my finals in two courses, and without them I haven't enough to take me on with my class. I hadn't done well enough through the year in Greek and mathematics to jump me over the finals. You see I played in the freshman eleven, Miss Pullen; if you read the athletics, perhaps you know about the tackle I made on Pennsy's five-yard line after I'd chased their half-back from the middle of the field. You see we held 'em there, so I saved the touch-down. It really wasn't much, you know," with an obvious air of it's being a great deal, "but the papers lauded me in great shape. They'll put me on the training table first thing in the fall. So you see, I'm tutoring for make-up exams in September."

"And that's your tutor out there?"

"Yes, that's Billy Norrice. Working his way through the Law School, regular shark at Greek and math, don't you know? Fellows say he didn't do a thing but grind when he was in college. Mother takes him awfully *au serieux*. They have long consultations as to what is going to become of me, and I believe she asks him privately every night if I had my lesson to-day. Billy's a good sort, though. But it's a queer vacation, don't you think, Miss Pullen?"

We walked slowly across the field, Mr. Carlew doing most of the talking. He is interesting as a young animal very much alive, and equal, I should think, to almost any athletic effort. It appears that he refused to be educated in Germany because of the absence of football from the university curriculums, so his mother brought him home, and between the preparatory schools and the tutors, he has arrived at his present status—a probationary sophomore. In the prep schools he seems to have distinguished himself chiefly by running round ends.

We drifted nearer to Mr. Norrice, and Lawrence (I used to hear his sister talk of him so much that his Christian name comes more naturally than the other) beckoned him up. He came, deliberately and without any apparent enthusiasm, a thoughtful looking young man nearly as tall as Lawrence, but rather spare in build, a little hollow chested, with serious grey eyes that look as if they might light up at times. His best claim to his pupil's approval consists, as I have since learned, in the fact that during his first year or two at Cambridge he made a record at sprinting. He carried a Latin lexicon under his arm, but I could see a magazine, one of the reviews, I should think, sticking out of his pocket. I studied him with some curiosity, wondering what satisfaction besides salary could be derived from the process of cramming the

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classics into a young barbarian so manifestly created for the purposes of football.

When one recalled the gloom of the house back there across the sunny fields, it was a dreadful temptation to stay out on the river bank throwing stones and twigs into the water, and I am afraid we were a serious interruption to the morning's work. The tutor said very little, therefore I inferred that he had a great deal to say. The talk ran chiefly on athletics, and I am sure the review burned in Mr. Norrice's pocket. By and by Maidie and I came away and left them to the mercy of the Roman orator. We returned by the road, at my suggestion, and with Maidie's consent, given promptly and haughtily. The astute child feared that Mr. Carlew would insist on going back with us as far as the rail fence. She burst forth as soon as we were out of hearing. She had climbed more fences than Lawrence Carlew ever saw in his whole life, or ever dreamed of seeing—the idea of his having had to come along the only time such a disgusting thing had ever happened to her! A grown-up man that wasn't smart enough to pass an examination! She never failed in her life.

"Why one year," stumbling over her words in an engaging little way she has when she is a bit excited, "why, one year I took—took double promotion, and the teacher said—said I might have done it again last year only papa wouldn't let me."

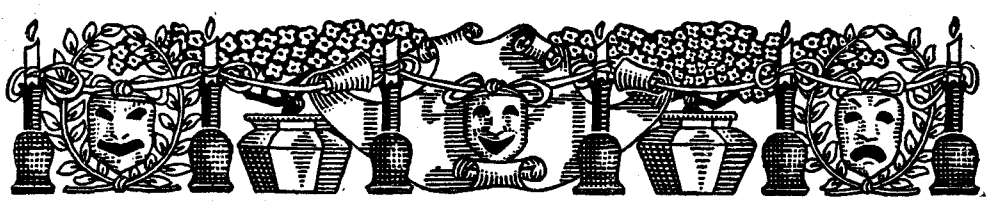
Oh, Tony, how still and dreary the house seemed after the radiant sunlight and freedom outside! Bonnie followed me into my room. "Oh, Madge, where have you been? I'm so nervous! The doctor said my pulse was a little 'drooping'—what do you suppose he meant by that? He has given me a tonic—he *says*. I don't know whether I dare take it. It may be some very powerful medicine for my heart, and heaven knows how it will affect me. Old Dr. Tully used to say I was so sensitive he never could give me the doses he would give to anybody else. Nowadays doctors only experiment on you. If he knew that I had an organic heart disease he wouldn't tell me; they never do." And so forth.

I said, "Oh, Bonnie, don't be a goose. I wish my own heart was as sound as yours. Take the tonic, it will amuse you, and put the pretty pink colour back into your cheeks. Can't we go to Boston some day soon? It's a whole week since I've seen the inside of a shop." She brightened directly.

I am ashamed of having filled up this letter with so much that does not concern Us at all. I'm only waiting till I can come back to you, and meanwhile I simply try to fill in the chinks of time with anything available. My trunks are not wholly unpacked, it was not worth while. How strange to be going about the house with this new life in my heart among the people who have known me all these years, and yet have no real knowledge of what is within me. I have never been credited with deep feeling, I believe, I suppose because my father taught me to accept things like a philosopher. He used to say, "Be a man, Madge," when I cried over any little trouble. People remark to me: "Oh, you take life easily; *your* heart will never be broken," and that kind of thing. I do think you know better than that, Tony, and realise that I am above all things, a loving woman, capable of sacrificing all else for love's sake. But now that I have been away from you so long, although I know you do understand, I am restless, a little. I want to see in your eyes that you are not doubtful of me, that you are sure I would do what is best for you under all circumstances.

I shall be so happy to get your letter to-morrow! Tell me everything that happens. Aunt Letitia has closed her house at last; a letter came to-day. No matter, I can get rooms somewhere, as I said, and I should not mind the heat of the city. It is like taking leave of you to stop writing. How I want to see you!

(To be continued.)



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THE MEN OF THE SEA*

IF Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne does not write according to a formula, it is because the Providence that gave him his other gifts has neglected to provide him with literary self-consciousness. Certainly it would not be difficult to construct one for him.

Given one wife and children or aged mother in indigence, one previous shady transaction, or one thirst for drink, and you have ready to hand your Pressing Motive for service in doubtful waters. Given one penchant for composing poetry in moments of danger or one pride in a father who was clergyman for sixty-two years in a Scotch town whose syllables translate "Nowhere," and you have your quaint and pleasing individual characteristics. Given one monkey wrench or one gun, and you have your weapon of supremacy—always effective against any odds. Given without question an ability to lick anything of any weight at any time, and you have your personal prowess. Given a tramp steamer with rusted rivets and wornout plates, a "coffee mill" engine, an insubordinate crew, or something equally terrifying, and you have your milean. Given hidden treasure, small but inimical governments, gunboats, Chinese insurrections or any other excitement to be gleaned from the daily prints or the Lithograph Library, and you have your adventure. Combine them all. Keep—I was going to say, wearisomely—intact always the pressing motive, the pleasing individual characteristic, the weapon of supremacy, and the personal prowess. Vary the milean and the adventure. Lead unfailingly back through untoward cricumstance to the pressing motive. Repeat as often as the public will stand it. There to the life stands Captain Kettle or McTodd.

The combination as worked by Mr. Hyne is always eminently readable. The adventures are sprightly, and the milean is as varied as that of a modern concert hall song of six verses. You enjoy the invulnerability of the leading characters, you marvel at the ease with which strong men succumb to the weapon of supremacy or the personal prowess, you cock your head and look wise as the technical details of the milean twinkle on your ear. Then when the curtain descends you go out into the street and perhaps wonder how the actors look without their make-up. There is plenty of action in these stories, and no real life; plenty of limelight, but no sea.

Mr. Henry Rowland, to the contrary, in his *Sea Scamps* goes to the other extreme. He has no art at all. He insists on your taking an interest in his men, but refuses to characterise them adequately until the last of his book. He tells stories from the points of view of three different individuals—one of them English—in the uniform language of Mr. Henry Rowland. On reading them, a craftsman is almost irresistibly tempted to pull the yarns to pieces, to reconstruct them, to give to their incidents the proper values and proportions. And yet withal they are the real thing.

For to save you, you cannot get over the notion that these affairs really happened. Wild and improbable as is the story entitled "Back Tracks," it nevertheless impresses you as authentic. Perhaps the very fact that the method is so back-handed and criss-cross and unconventional adds to this feeling. It is as though you had heard the incidents at first hand, or had read of them in the hasty English of a cable dispatch. These things happened thus and so, I know it because I was there; although I should have stated some time ago the following facts which are essential:—that is about the way it runs. And then slowly, little by little the personality of the big Yankee trader, Jordan Knapp, grows out of the latter stories, and you arise and curse aloud and say, "Why didn't he tell me all this before? I'd have enjoyed the first ones so much better." The final story, "At the Last of the Ebb," is, however, of

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**McTodd.* By Cutliffe Hyne. New York: Macmillan.

**Sea Scamps.* By Henry C. Rowland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

**The Way of the Sea.* By Norman Duncan. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

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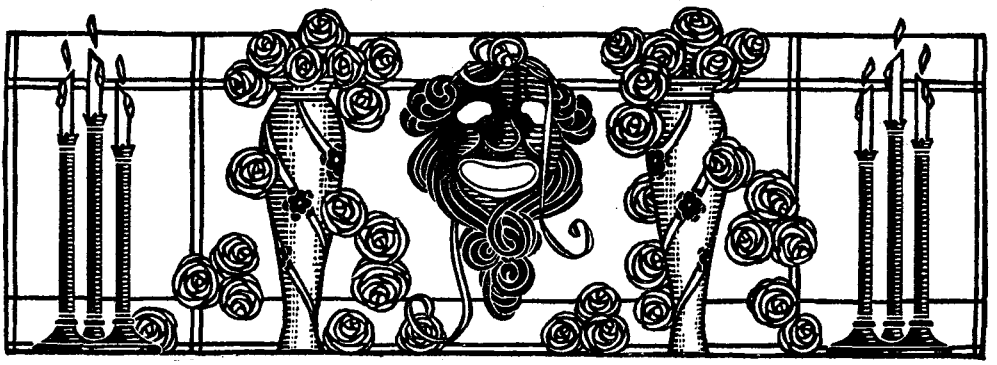
a different sort, and out of place in this book. I should almost be tempted to predicate that the hero's name had been changed to Jordan Knapp to admit of inclusion here.

The Way of the Sea, however, is both good art and reality. The atmosphere of the great grey deeps saturates its pages. The sweep of the wind, the dash of the breakers, the grinding rise and fall of the matted ice flow, the unflinching facing of hardship, danger, and death, the hard granite of the coast, the hard granite of men's characters, are all absolutely conveyed. As absolutely, but more subtly, are conveyed the influences of the sea, its mysteries, its predestinations, its impartialities, its remotenesses from the standards men have set for human nature, its immoralities. The sea is cruel, says one story; it is strong, says another; it is pitiless, says a third; it is indifferent say all, going on in its predestined and eternal way utterly unmindful of what may be its effect on the men whose characters are moulded on its influences.

This it seems to me is the way of the sea as brought out in these excellent stories. I will venture to say, however, that this was not Mr. Duncan's idea of that way when he wrote them. Temperamentally, Mr. Duncan seems to look on the sublime only as refracted through the terrible. His stories deal with but a single aspect of his subject. The sea is not always grey and driven, not always menacing, not always grasping at the lives of men; her sons are not always grim, taciturn, slow, without humour. That is *a* way of the sea. The sea has also her gentle moods, her laughing moods, her kind moods, her bountiful moods, and the men who sail her and are made by her correspond. Mr. Duncan has seen fit to ignore the bright days for the grey, but we can quarrel but mildly with him for that. Within, perhaps, self-imposed limitations he has given us a remarkably strong piece of work.

Stewart Edward White.



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ALFIERI TO LOUISE

Whosoe'er will praise my sweetheart
Is silenced evermore by admiration,
And ventures on too great boldness
Speaking of charms that cannot be compared.

And envy too that joined itself to death,
And ardently to blame her often tried,
On seeing her sweet face, *though even blamed,*
Determines likewise to abstain from speech.

Thus wheresoever she in beauty passes
A voiceless emotion of the heart is left
And deepest silence too behind her.

All long to do her honour but do not dare
For all presumption by her modesty is checked
And each one dazzled by her radiance.

ALFIERI AND LOUISE, COUNTESS OF ALBANY

NOTE.—The Centenary of Alfieri, the great Italian tragic poet was celebrated throughout Italy on the eighth of October.—*The Editors of The Bookman.*

ASTI is a name known generally because of its excellent wines, the famous "Barbera" and the frothing Asti (Asti Spumante) which is similar to champagne, and rivals it. But Asti is known in the world not only for this but also for the part which it has played in the history of Piedmont and Italy during various epochs.

Situated almost in the centre of the long and somewhat narrow valley of Tomaro, surrounded by small hills rich in vegetation, it is above all a commercial town and has a numerous hard-working and industrious population. Its remote origin is Greek as is seen from its name. Gerajus Pompejus Strabo, the Roman Consul in Gaul, who admired it called it "Asta Pompea, the city of the thousand towers."

It was besieged often. Frederic Barbarossa burned and destroyed it eleven times, but the undaunted inhabitants always rebuilt it, till in 1183 they were left alone in peace. Long before the Lombards and the Florentines, the rich Republicans of Asti were the bankers of

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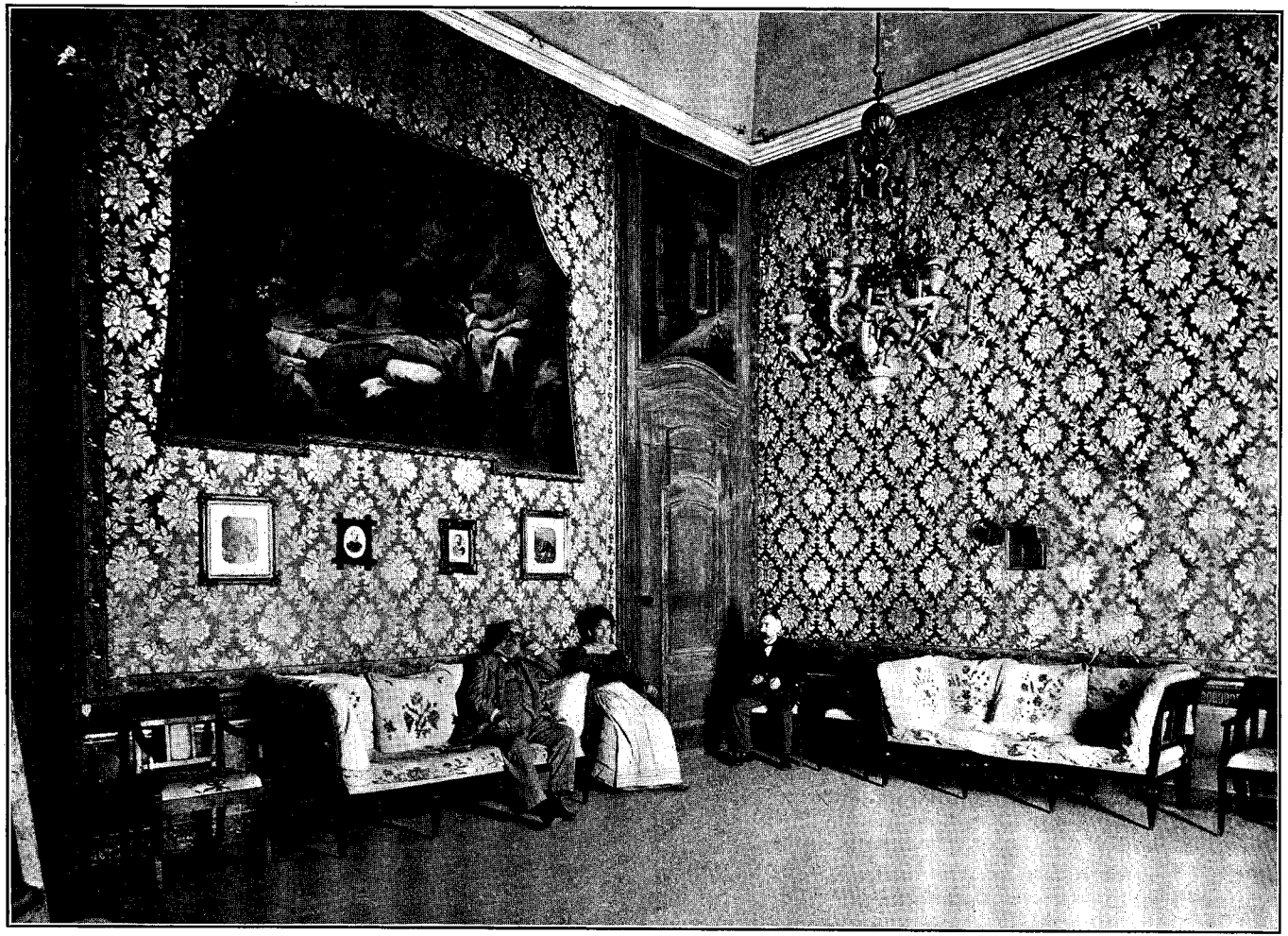

DRAWING ROOMS, ALFIERI'S PALACE, ASTI.

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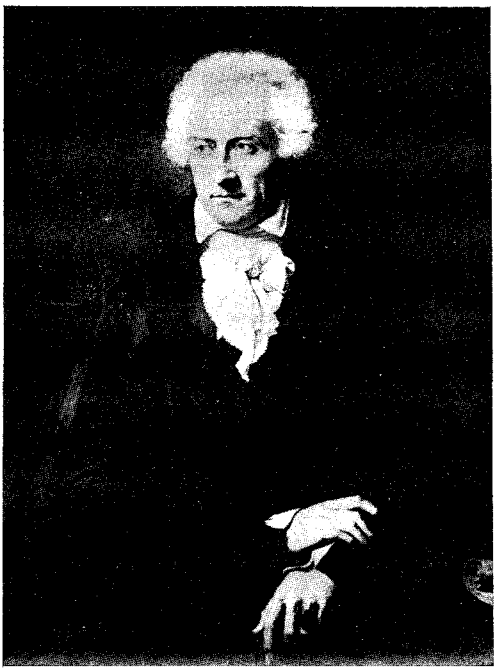
Europe and had their banks everywhere, but especially in Flanders and in France. Then the struggles between the Guelfs and the Ghibillines, whose partisans in Asti were the noble families of the Solari and the Guttnari, ruined the city and the Republic, till in 1531 it was annexed by the House of Savoy. It was in this ancient city full of Gothic monuments and rich in historical memories that there was celebrated last month the first centenary of Vittorio Alfieri, the tragic poet and dramatist, who holds in Italy the same position that Schiller holds in Germany.

Alfieri was born in 1749, ten years before Schiller, and he felt new possibilities for the drama without clearly realising what character these possibilities would assume in the future. He felt that dramatic art was losing its vigour and to revivify it he combined the conceptions of the Middle Ages with the dramatic form of Greek tragedy, and on this he concentrated all his forces.



ALFIERI.

If Schiller is with reason more widely known than Alfieri, it is because the former in his dramas represents men and women as they are to be found in all nations, while the latter is almost entirely national. Indeed we may say that he is the first Italian born who found in Italy the idea of a fatherland and who sought with all his strength to inspire the minds of his countrymen with the same ideal. Judged by the standard of his time and of his class, Alfieri was poorly instructed, and grew up ignorant and lazy until his twenty-seventh year by which time, however, he had travelled all over Italy, France, Spain, Scandinavia, England, and Germany.

It would be a long story, indeed, to describe the youth of this genius who became great through the force of his iron will and through the openness of his mind.

At Versailles, when presented to Louis XV., he was amused at the monarch who acted the part of a Jupiter. At Schönbrunn, he would not meet the poet Metostasio because he held that the latter's *musa servilis* had been sold to the service of the despotic Maria Theresa. In Berlin, he saw but "una caserna universale" (huge barracks) and was heartily thankful that he had not been born a subject of that soldier-king. When Alfieri expressed himself thus he was already acquainted with the writings of Montesquieu, Helvetius, Plutarch, Rousseau, and Voltaire; he was especially impressed by Plutarch with whom he found many things in common, such as their thirst for justice and liberty.

Alfieri has been accused of a rude form in his tragic poetry, and this is true because he became a poet more through force of determination than because of any natural aptitude. In one of his epigrams he shows us his inner being:

Mi trovan duro?
Ouch 'io lo so:
Pensor li fo.
Taccia ho d' oscuro?
Mi schiarirà
Poi libertà.*

In reality in the dawn of liberty he and Foscolo were raised to the pedestal which was their due. It is not so much the poet as the man that this paper aims to de-

*Do they find me rude? I know it well. I make them think. They call me incomprehensible. But in the light of liberty all will understand me.

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scribe. That and the chief reason that prompted Alfieri to leave, as he himself writes, "una vita giovanite oriosissima" (his life of indolent youth) to dedicate himself to the muses.

Towards the middle of 1773 at Turin he fell in love with a lady of noble family, seven years older than he, about whom there were many stories afloat. This lady fell ill, and Alfieri who nursed her, to pass the long and vearisome hours of watching, began to write and in this way wrote his first tragedy, *Cleopatra*. But this lady was not the twin-soul that was to inspire the poet. He found this ideal in the person of Louise of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, and wife of the last Stuart, who by force of arms, tried to regain the English throne.

LOUISE, COUNTESS OF ALBANY.
From a painting in the Uffizi Galleries in Florence.

The meeting took place in 1777 in the month of October. It was this lady, famous for the name that she bore, and famous later for the part she played, that was the real muse of Alfieri.

Her husband, when Alfieri knew him, was no longer the young, handsome, and dashing cavalier, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," adored by Scotland. None any longer saw in him, the victor of Preston Pans and Falkirk, the vanquished of Culloden. Abandoned by France, excluded from the throne by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, first he found a refuge in the arms of Miss Clementine Walkinshaw, whom he had known at the siege of Sterling Castle and then in the strong waters that made him hunch-backed, florid, stuttering, and melancholy.

The unfortunate Prince was in this condition in 1770 when the Duke de Choiseul wanted to try to regain for him the throne, but was forced to admit that it was impossible to reëstablish on the throne a man "who had lost all dignity," for he had at this time written "de vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup pis que mourir" (to live and yet not really to live is worse than death), and so had given himself up to drinking.

The next year, in 1771, in his fifty-first year, Charles Edward Stuart was bethrothed with Louise of Stolberg, who was but nineteen years old, and he married her on the advice of the Duke d'Aiguillon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. She was descended from Bruce, the national hero of Scotland, and France allowed Stuart on his marriage with her an annual grant of two hundred and forty thousand francs.

After the legal arrangements the marriage was celebrated at Macerala on Good Friday, 1772, in the monumental palace of Count Compagnoni - Marefoschi, one of the most devoted adherents of the Stuart cause. A medal was struck to commemorate the occasion.

From Macerala the couple travelled to Rome, where they lived in Palazzo Muti on which the royal arms of the Stuarts did not now appear. Louise, nevertheless, always signed with an R, and also "regina apostolorum." The Romans called her "Queen of Hearts."

Carl Bonstellen, who saw her at this time, has written of her: "Luisa was of medium stature, she had light hair, dark blue eyes, a nose slightly retroussé, a clear pink complexion, regular features, and beautiful teeth. She was slightly

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PIAZZA VITTORIO ALFIERI.

malicious, bright and sharp; full of fun, more French than German, and quite capable of turning a man's brain." It is easy to understand therefore that Louise, Canoness of Saint Vadru de Mons, should fall in love in her twenty-fourth year and at the height of her beauty and charm with the handsome and fiery poet of Asti, who himself was hardly five years older.

Their first meeting was at Florence in the autumn, and immediately the poet became enchained by "those new voluntary golden fetters." Two months afterwards Alfieri said to himself that "la sur vera donna era quella" (she was the true lady of his heart), and when confessing told his learned friend Tomaso Valperega di Caluso, who has been called "Montaigne redivivus" of his passion, and the abbot who understood, absolved him from all fault.

In 1779 on the night of St. Andrew's Day, Louse had a violent altercation with her husband; and Alfieri, with the consent of the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, helped her to fly for refuge to the convent of the white nuns (Delle Bianchelle) to protect her from the ill treatment of her jealous and drunken husband.

From the convent Louise fled to Rome with Alfieri and an Irish gentleman, to be there under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York, who welcomed her and received her into his own palace. In Rome Louise applied for a divorce from Pius VI., her application being supported by the Tuscan Government and by the Papal Nonce in Flor-

ALFIERI'S PALACE.

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ence. The Pope encouraged her to hope. Meanwhile, Alfieri who had written for her his play, *Mary Stuart,* went backwards and forwards from Naples to Rome to see her, and these frequent visits gave rise to much talk in the gossipy world of Papal Rome. Alfieri himself wrote that "all that pious horror of the priests was neither due to their holiness, nor was it wanting of envious jealousy."

This period was, as it were, the honeymoon of Louise and Alfieri; at this time were written the sonnets of Psipio to Psipia which Louise copied during a long forced stay at Genzano, where she was jealously guarded.

Finally, in 1784, under pressure from Gustavus III. of Sweden, who was then in Rome under the incognito of Count of The Hague, Charles Stuart decided upon divorce, and Louise regained her liberty. Immediately she went to Baden and thence to Colmar where soon Alfieri came to her from Modena, and there together for the first time they spent a life of calm happiness—she adoring her poet, he hard at work and full of love for her. And at Colmar Alfieri composed his tragedies, *Agide, Saphonisba,* and *Mirra.*

It would take us too long to follow the lovers in their constant travels from place to place. Their stay in Paris, whither

MEDALLION OF THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY

they went to look after the publication of Alfieri's works, is noteworthy because there Louise received news of the death of her husband in February, 1788. Alfieri then wrote to the Abbot of Caluso: "I am certain that this husband of hers, in spite of the difference in years between them, would have found in Louise an ex-

THE ALFIERI STATUE AT ASTI

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cellent friend and companion, nay, even a loving woman, had he not exasperated by his continuous coarse, drunken behaviour."

Undoubtedly the love of Louise was for Alfieri the purifying fire which impelled him courageously to work and to win glory. In his sonnets where we see his soul reflected, Alfieri says that it was love that made him devote himself to his work, and he repeats the same thought in his dedication to Louise of his play *Mirra* ". . . although thou wer't the fount of all, and I began to live only from that day when my life was united with thine."

In Paris Alfieri and Louise entertained largely, and to their salon there flocked the cleverest men, the Baron de Stael-Holstein, Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, the dramatist Talma, Cherubini, Joséphine de Beauharnais, Madame de Genlis, the two brothers Chênier, and the Italian poet Ippolili Pindemonte whom Alfieri nicknamed "my washerwoman," because he polished what Alfieri had written in a more fluent style.

Alfieri was in Paris at the year of the great Revolution, and with Pindemonte helped at the storming of the Bastile; he was full of enthusiasm for the Revolution which soon enough he had cause to hate for its terrible excesses. A little incident at table shows how this detestation arose, on the day that the Revolutionists brought back as prisoners the royal family that had fled to Varennes; there was dining with Alfieri and Louise David d'Angers then a Jacobine and later Baron and Court-painter to Napoleon. Louise on hearing the news, expressed her sympathy for Marie Antoinette, whereupon David with scant courtesy exclaimed: "You call her an unfortunate woman? She is a harpy, and I think it is a pity that the crowd did not strangle her."

From that day Alfieri, republican and free-thinker, the author of the *Tiramide*, and of so many other plays where love of liberty is worshiped as a sacred thing hated the French Revolution. Next year, in 1790, began the Reign of Terror, and Alfieri and Louise went to England and visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Hampton Court, and finally, going to London stayed with General Conway in Park Place. And it was in this year, on the 19th of May, to be exact, that Louise Stuart was presented by Lady Anna Bendon, Countess of Alsburg, to George III. and Queen Caroline, the usurper of her throne. Walpole, with much reason styled this visit of the widow of Charles Stuart "to be in bad taste." Louise, Countess of Albany, in fact was wanting in tact to be in her own royal box with the usurpers, and showed a want of common sense.

Then they returned to the Continent by way of Brussels and Mons, the birthplace of Louise, and so on to Paris where they were present at the destruction of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792; and Alfieri grew more bitter still against the Revolution and conceived the plan of his *Misogallo,* a terrific satire against the French.

When he returned to Florence the emotions undergone in Paris prompted him to write, as follows, of his own country: "In my youth I have not been sparing in harsh words against thee; and now that I return again to thee tamed and softened by long experience, if in other nations I see faults, the faults in thee I regard with a son's love."

For Alfieri Florence was peace after storm, and in this birthplace of Dante and Michelangelo Alfieri and Louise lived those other years that they were yet to spend together; those years were spent in love, in printing poetry, and in recitations, for Alfieri, like Voltaire, used to recite his writings. They lived in that old palace on the Lungarno Corsini which lay between the Ponte della Trinita and the Ponte della Carraia, two monuments of the thirteenth century.

On the 7th of October, 1803, sounded the hour for the eternal parting, and the soul of Alfieri left his body. He had suffered for long years from gout, and in the end it killed him. Alfieri was then in his fiifty-fourth year. The remains of the free-thinking Italian poet were visited and held in honour by Chateaubriand, the poet of Christianity.

During the many years that the poet dwelt with Louise Stolberg, not one serious trouble arose between them and their love was constant. In the last years of his life Alfieri wrote about Louise: "After so many years . . . and after so many disappointments ever more and more I am attracted to my friend and all the more that her beauty has been slowly ravaged by time; she inspired my mind;

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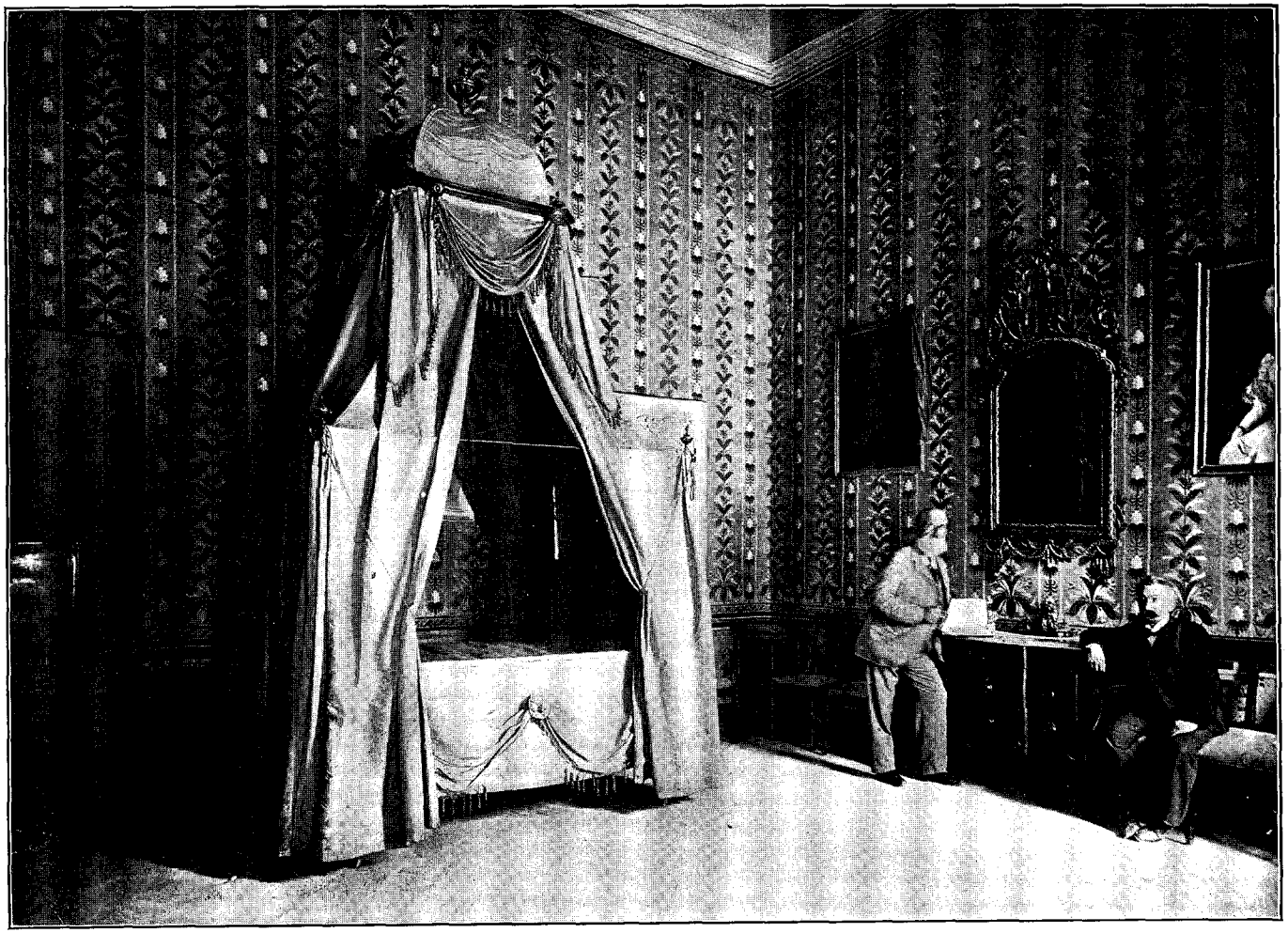

ALFIERI'S BEDROOM IN THE PALACE AT ASTI.

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and I dare say, she too was supported and encouraged by me."

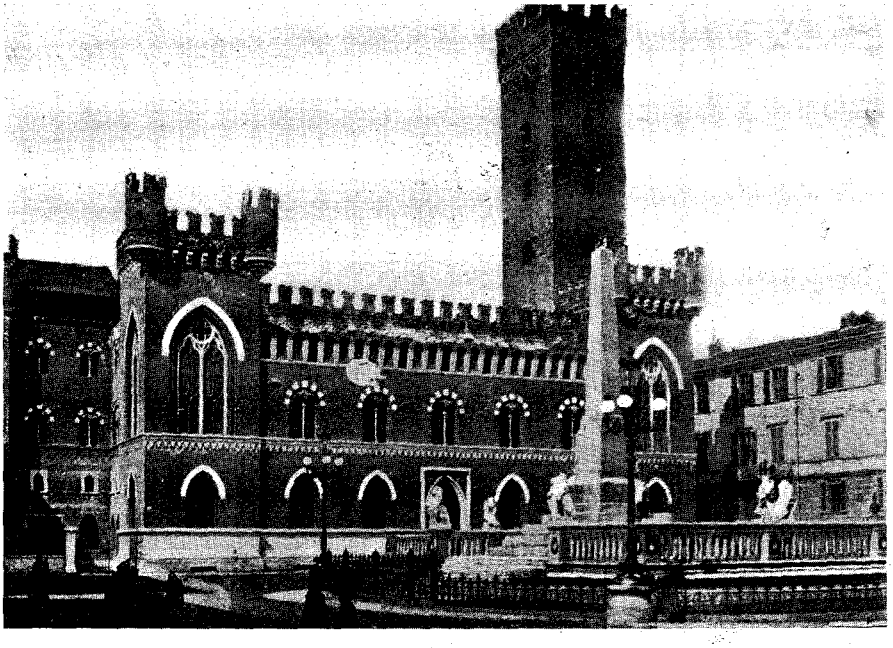
Two months after Alfieri's death, Louise wrote in a similar way about him to d'Anse de Willaison, saying: "That he never gave her a moment of displeasure, nay that at his side she had only felt love and respect."

Louise did all she could in honour of her poet's memory. She published the writings of Alfieri a year after his death. Then she ordered that wonderful monument of Canova's which adorns his tomb in Santa Croce at Florence, a real Parthenon of Italian glory, where he is resting between Galileo and Machiavelli. This high honour is due to Alfieri who more than any other struggled for the regeneration of Italy.

Did Alfieri marry Louise d'Albany after the death of Charles Stuart? Some say he did not, others say he did, adding that only the marriage was not published in consideration of the Cardinal of York. Napoleon I., who wished to make her acquaintance, invited her to Paris, and made her stay fifteen months. After this Louise returned to Florence, where she met with Lamartine, Werner, the Baron of Stäel, Humboldt, Thorwaldsen, Ranch, P. L. Courier, the Englishman Millingen, Foscolo, and many other great men.

They did not blame her or pay attention to her somewhat untimely affection, after her poet's death, for a young French painter, Fabre.

Frederick Paronelli.



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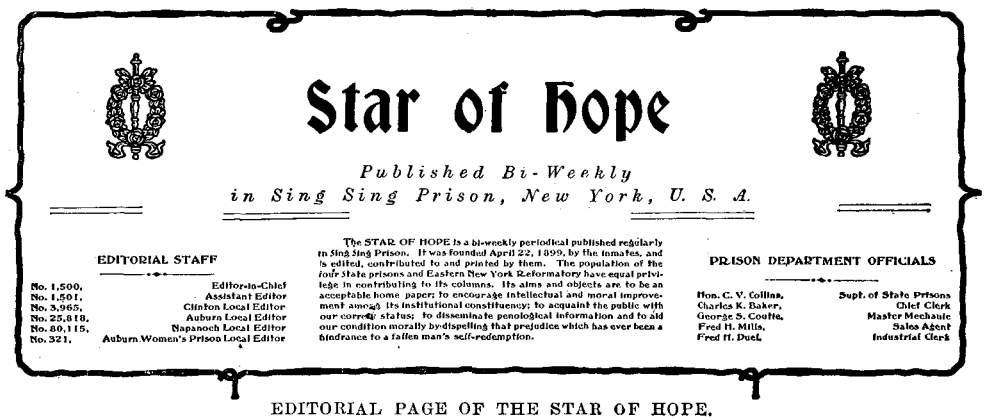

Star of Hope

Published Bi-Weekly
in Sing Sing Prison, New York, U. S. A.

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No. 3,965, Clinton Local Editor
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The STAR OF HOPE is a bi-weekly periodical published regularly in Sing Sing Prison. It was founded April 22, 1899, by the inmates, and is edited, contributed to and printed by them. The population of the four State prisons and Eastern New York Reformatory have equal privilege in contributing to its columns. Its aims and objects are to be an acceptable home paper; to encourage intellectual and moral improvement among its institutional constituency; to acquaint the public with our correct status; to disseminate penological information and to aid our condition morally by dispelling that prejudice which has ever been a hindrance to a fallen man's self-redemption.

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE STAR OF HOPE.

PRISON JOURNALISM

By No. 1500

NOTE.—Number 1500, who founded the "Star of Hope" at Sing Sing Prison, and was its editor and chief writer during four years, recently finished his sentence and left the prison gates behind him. We know of no one better fitted to write about the subject of this article. For very obvious reasons he does not wish his name to be published, so the article appears over the old signature, "Number 1500," which, until a few weeks ago, was so familiar to the readers of the "Star of Hope."—*The Editors of The Bookman.*

WITH the liberalisation of prison methods and discipline in recent years in America the prison newspaper and convict journalism has arrived. In half a dozen state prisons convicts write, edit, and print their own newspapers, and the educational value of the work has made it permanent. That this is so cannot be deemed strange in this country, where it has been accepted as a principle that a church, a school, and a newspaper are the foci of every successful new settlement and the necessities of every established community. How soon this faith as applied to the newspapers themselves may be reversed, lies within the papers themselves, but not so with those printed in prison. They are issued under official censorship and are not permitted any yellow eccentricities to work their undoing. Some of them are edited and managed by the chaplains and are as unattractive as the sermons addressed to the prisoners. They have only the interest and vigour of the conventional kind and are chiefly valuable to the prisoner as waste paper. But those edited, conducted, and written by the prisoners, as the *Star of Hope, Prison Mirror, Ohio Penitentiary News,* and *The Mentor* are of a different kind and furnish a sidelight upon their way of thinking, their views of life, its duties, and particularly of its sinfulness that is of first value to the student of penology. It may be inferred that such a prison paper would be more or less the voice of organised hypocrisy. In a measure, that is true. The convict seeking executive clemency naturally strives to emphasise the thoroughness of his own reformation, and the open columns of a prison paper furnish an inviting way for making his declaration of a new life. Some of the sermons preached in print by confirmed rascals are really edifying and lack only sincerity to make them candid. But the Uriah Heeps soon mark themselves and a much more representative publication follows in which very striking facts about the convict community appear. In a prison population such as in the five penal institutions of New York, which is maintained at about 3700 men and women, every degree of intelligence is found. University men, students of applied

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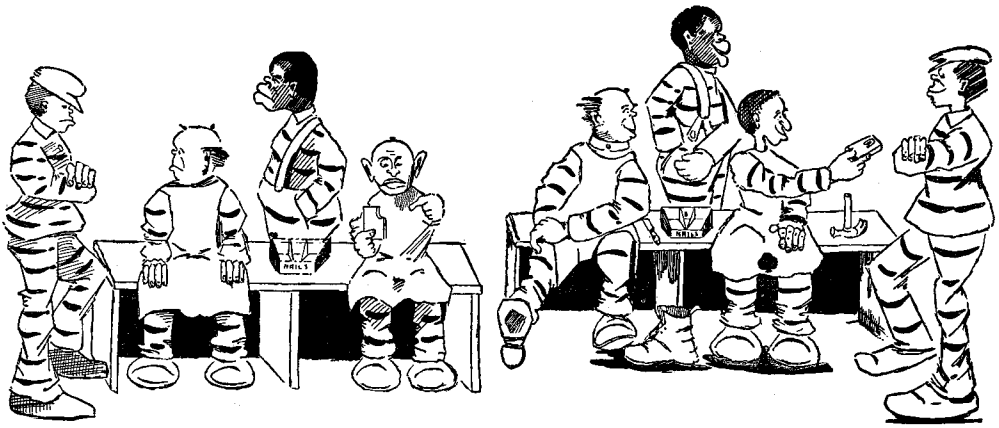

HUMOROUS DIVERSION OF PRISON LIFE.

science, reading and thinking men, capable, vigorous writers with ideas of their own in equal number to those from a community of the same size taken from the every-day walks of life. It will be found that physically, mentally and spiritually a prison community is about of the average of the human race and that it is not, as many persons seem to think, a class of beings marked all over as different from their fellowmen. Their peculiar views about property and possibly the sanctity of human life are spasmodically entertained and the pastoral joys of Gilbert's burglar are not burlesque in the minds of the imprisoned criminal by any means. In fact, he is very much like other men, except for his particular failings and possibly for a further connection in his mind that this difference is more closely concerned with his detection than his predisposition to steal or slay at certain ill-chosen times. Among these men and women there is a large number who earnestly but blindly seek to find a better path in life. That they do not often succeed has been due to their own incapacities to make a sustained effort or to select aims with sufficient clearness and generally speaking, to their ignorance and weakness. I say there has been, for in very recent years a change in the methods of treating convicted prisoners has been made that amounts to a revolution. It has been beneficent in many ways and prison journalism is one of its expressions. The convicts' mental activities have been directed in healthier channels, have been given a new perspective in life, and it is reasonable to believe, are slowly lifted to a higher, moral plane.

In the midst of this activity, tending towards the amelioration of the condition of the prisoner, the time was propitious for the launching of a paper in the Empire State prisons. After weeks of mature thought and planning, the writer prepared the necessary prospectus by the kind permission of the then warden, Colonel Omar V. Sage, who, in turn, presented the plan to the Superintendent of Prisons, C. V. Collins, and permission was immediately granted for the publishing of the *Star of Hope*.

From its first issue of eight pages, its field being confined to Sing Sing Prison, until July 15, 1899, when it was enlarged to sixteen pages and included all the prisons, was very thankfully received and cordially supported by more than two-thirds of the prisons' population. During the four years that the paper was edited and conducted by the writer, it was written by about 1200 prisoners. It printed the news of the prisons and some little news of the outside world. It discussed editorally and in communications, all sorts of ethical and economic questions and accepted the responsibility of circulating a variety of the poetic product which is as certain to come out of a cell as a man is to go into it, and it strove to urge upon its readers the lessons of honesty, truthfulness and cleanness of speech. For all these purposes the direction was absolutely within the editorial control. In establishing the paper no fixed policy was laid down by the prison department. The writer planned it and decided upon its policy, knowing quite as well as his superiors what was befitting and his instructions were to proceed upon his own lines.

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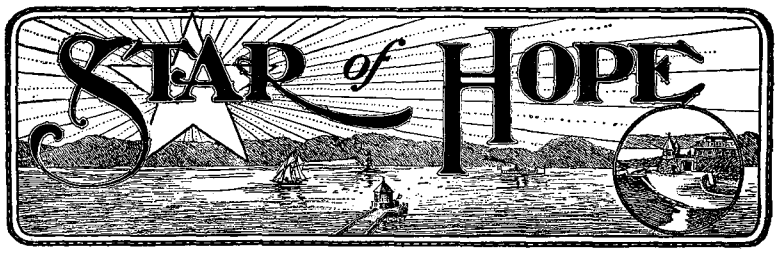
Previous to the establishing of the *Star of Hope,* printing had been one of the prison industries and the product of the department had, until the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment of 1897 which put an end to convict employment outlay was limited to paper and ink. Printers among the inmates, let it be said to the credit of the craft, were not abundant, but there were a few, and these were recruited by the selection of some nimble-fingered apprentices who were



Vol. V. SING SING PRISON, OSSINING, N. Y., JUNE 13, 1903 No. 5

Theodore Roosevelt

Sing Sing 52,430

ALMOST every one, I suppose, has a mental picture of the Ideal Man, and the chances are that no two agree. I am speaking of the character, not of the personality and my ideal has been realized in that of Theodore Roosevelt—the first man in the land.

Independence may not be generally considered one of the cardinal virtues, but it should be. And of all the independent men *who have come prominently before the public eye,* no man has been more so than he who now occupies the highest office it is within the power of the people of the United States to bestow. Though nominally a member of the Republican party, Mr. Roosevelt does not allow himself to be dictated to by his party managers, and has, therefore, made many enemies among those who believe the party should come first and the public *next. If the good of the party does not agree with the public good*—well, the public is an "also ran." What the people of this country have long wanted is a man at the helm who would reverse this general order of things and think of his public first—and such a man we now have.

Years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt held the comparatively insignificant office of Police Commissioner of New York City, he was known as a man who would do what he thought and was not to be ordered about or influenced by his more conservative associates.

It has been argued against him that he is a confirmed egotist, and it is true. But will you, can you show me a man in all history who was not. All the men who stand out prominently from the time of Noah to the present day, were and are. Noah thought he could save the human race from entire annihilation, and because he was convinced of it he carried it through successfully. Alexander, who *conquered* the then known world, was an egotist. Napoleon, said, "I am the saviour of France" and proceeded to damn the rest of Europe to substantiate this statement. To a man who wants to succeed, egotism is as necessary in his make-up as the action of his heart. Nobody ever knew a man to succeed who thought that another could do a thing as well as he. He must have the firm conviction that he can do that thing *better* than any of his fellows—and that is egotism.

In the President's fight with the "trust" magnates, the old problem of the irresistible force and the immovable body was again at issue. The "trusts" thought their power of dollars and "pull" omnipotent, and Mr. Roosevelt thought he was the one to show them to be wrong. And he did! Everyone knows the outcome of what was a titanic struggle between money and political "pull" on one side, and the President and right on the other. The "trusts" came off *second best and they are now wondering what they were up against.* At the insistent urging of Mr. Roosevelt, Congress passed legislation to control them. Within the past few weeks the promoters of the greatest combine that capitalists have tried to formulate, the Northern Securities Company, have been defeated in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The case will, no doubt, go to the United States Supreme Court, but most men agree that the result there will be the same.

At the last session of Congress the three most important issues discussed, were the "trusts," Cuban reciprocity and the Panama Canal. Mr. Roosevelt had a great desire to have decisions reached in these three questions and the results of his insistance have been manifold, though not entirely satisfactory.

The "trusts" were supposed to be controlled by certain laws which, in effect, were dead letters. Mr. Roosevelt has resurrected the old and forced the making of new laws, more stringent, if anything, than their predecessors, and which, if enforced, will put some bonds on the makers of combinations detrimental to the people.

He favored the Panama Canal proposition rather than the Nicaraguan project because it would be cheaper and because it would not take so long to complete—the Nicaraguan route being nearly twice as long as the Panama. And, too, the Columbian government was much easier to deal with than the Nicaraguan, and where he can, Mr. Roosevelt likes to travel along the line of least resistence—though, when necessary, he can fight as well as any and better than most men. The bill failed to pass, it is true, because of the unyielding opposition of Senator Morgan, which was not a manly one. For he delayed it so long by bringing up petty bills, which amounted to no general good, that Congress adjourned without coming to any decision on the matter. That was what Senator Morgan played for, *but he can't expect to succeed all* the time and the bill is *bound* to pass ere many months elapse.

But reciprocity with Cuba was the question which the President was most keen upon. His struggle with a vacillating Congress will go down in history as a memorable one. We promised Cuba freedom and we kept our word. We promised financial relief by a reciprocal trade treaty and for a year and a half the men who represent the people who made that promise, hemmed and hawed, and haggled and stickled, and ended up by doing nothing. Mr. McKinley, in his last message, made an earnest, almost impassioned appeal for such a treaty President Roosevelt reiterated this appeal in his first message. "Weighty reasons of morality and national interest" he said, "demand a substantial reduction of our duties on Cuban products." He recited the pledges Cuba made in our behalf and incorporated in her constitution. He declared that we were "bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interests of her well-being." Congressmen from the South contested the proposed reduction of the duties on sugar and tobacco because of their constituents' interests in those articles. The *fifty-sixth Congress adjourned without ratifying the treaty and the last,* the fifty-seventh, also failed to do so. Then the President called an extra session of the Senate and the treaty was finally accepted on the condition that the House of Representatives approve. Now the President will call another extra session of Congress, to convene immediately after election, November 9th. All this goes to show Mr. Roosevelt's bull-dog tenacity and his fight to uphold the honor and pledges of his country and his martyred predecessor.

One other thing I admire in the President, and that is his love of nature which makes of him that enviable creature—a happy man. When he is out of harness; when he is meeting the people—as he is now, on his continental journey—he is enjoying himself to the utmost extent of his capacity. He is outdoing every predecessor in energy and the extent of his traveling. It is doubtful if any man's vacation yields more pure enjoyment and pleasure, *than does the President's. It is true that he needs a continent to get a wholly* satisfactory outing, but, fortunately, we have the continent, with diversity enough to satisfy all his craving for activity.

Wherever he has spoken—and he speaks as well to an audience of fifty as to one of five thousand—his words have been characteristic and interesting. His subjects have been the Monroe Doctrine and the need of a strong navy. Of the tariff, which he does not feel that he should urge any radical revision of, just at present; of the "trusts," which have felt his power and have "gone way back to sit down" and think over the legislation he forced against them and which, for the time being, is satisfactory; of the Philippines, where Governor Taft is proving himself as wise and as capable an administrator as any man that any country has ever sent upon such a commission; and of the Cuban treaty, which he hopes Congress will finally ratify. He has, with an energy never equaled, made hundreds of short, non-political speeches about good-citizenship, family-life, activity, natural-history—always enjoying himself and always impressing his hearers that they are listening to Theodore Roosevelt rather than the President—seeing the man rather than the official.

As for politics it is only just to say that for years Mr. Roosevelt has been in the habit of going to the Rocky Mountains in search of recreation. It is *habitual with him; and it is characteristic* of him to speak of what has *been done* during his administration rather than to discuss the theory, or theories, of politics. But if the less versatile, stay-at-home, indoor politicians of his party endeavor to dispose of him in their club-gossip and try to arrange any combination of financial interests bearing upon his defeat and detriment, they will probably find, before the end of the game, that presidents have, ere this, prospered and, metaphorically speaking, waxed fat by means of the enemies they have made. And, as man has done before, man may do again, *they* are the ones who are liable to go down in defeat. Mr. Roosevelt is on a vacation, but he can do more things—including political things—while on an outing of this kind, than can duller men who stick to their work all year round.

And not only is Mr. Roosevelt a statesman and, I firmly believe, a politician who is more nearly honest than most who have preceded him, but he is *an author as well. Some people, who know no better, argue that to be an* author requires no real art but only the faculty of putting upon paper the impression received by the brain. But if this is not art what is it?

Whatever it may be, Mr. Roosevelt has it in large quantities and he has used it and given it to the world. Anyone reading his books of the West and its people, becomes imbued, for the time being, with the tingle and joy of life in the open, away from the chase of dollars and the marts of men. He who reads may hear the twang of the cow-boy's speech; breathe into his nostrils the dust of the alkali plains and feel, beating upon his head, the terrible heat, and in his throat feel the awful burning of thirst, such as is only experienced on the arid plains of Arizona, where the only verdure is sage-brush and prickley pear and where the only forms of animal life—save now and then some human wanderer in search of adventure—are the coyote and the buzzard. Mr. Roo*sevelt knows his West and has the power of description so well developed that* one, reading his works, lives the life of the plains till the last leaf is turned and he comes swiftly back to find himself in so-called civilization—and is sorry

I have gone thus far in my article without speaking of his participation in the late Spanish-American War. I had intended to avoid that subject altogether but, on second thoughts, it is, perhaps, just as well to say a few words anent that action of his which has never been wholly forgotten nor ceased being discussed.

It has been said that opportunity comes once in every man's way. The wise man sees and grasps it and uses it to his best advantage.

in competition with free labor, gone into the open market. The plant included a fine cylinder press and an equipment for job work that any provincial office might envy, and thus furnished with all needed mechanical appliances, the preliminary soon able to hold a stick, and the work began. The first issue was dated April 22, 1899. In this initial number the following prospectus appeared:

"'Be to its faults a little blind
Be to its virtues very kind.'

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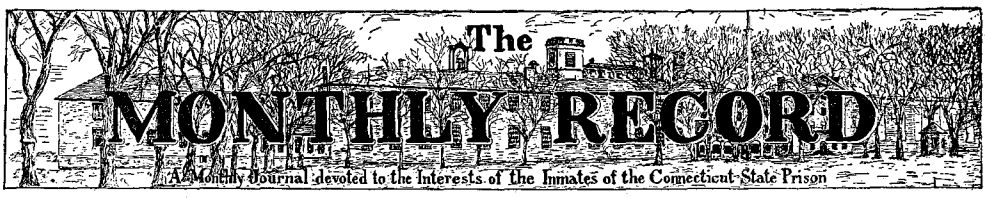

VOL. 6. WETHERSFIELD, CONN., AUGUST 31, 1903. No. 11.

In Memorian.

Mother's gone, but not forgotten.
Still her memory is near;
For of her we think so often,
And her voice we seem to hear;
Just as when long years ago,
She would sing to soothe and please us;
Or, in accents sweet and low,
She would tell us about Jesus.

At the hour of our retiring,
In the dusky eventide;
We beside our cots were kneeling,
Nestling close to mother's side.

As the faithful clock struck seven,
She our nightly prayer would frame:
"Father, Thou who art in Heaven,
Hallowed ever be thy name."

With a kiss from her and father,
We into our cots would creep;
Still repeating in a whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Never more shall that dear mother
Speak to us on earth again;
In the little church-yard yonder,
She for many years has lain.

Silent now her gentle voice,
Closed in death, her loving eyes;
In her love we still rejoice;
Though at rest in Paradise.

But the treasure of her love,
Is our memory's choicest hoard;
And we hope to meet above
In the presence of the Lord.

* * * * * * *

If you have a mother still,
Love her dearly while you may;
For too soon, my friend, she will
In the ground be laid away.

Reg. No. 1166.

"Becoz th' caffee wuz muddy."

"Ah! oi see yir th' same ould Casey, always jokin'."

"But by th' way Mac, who wuz thot sthyloish young lady oi saw yiz talkin' with on th' carner, yesterday?"

"Oh, thot wuz me intinded boardin' Misthress."

"Oh, ho! an' phwy do yiz call her yir intinded boardin' Misthress?"

"Becoz oi intiuded skippin' me board bill but she got on to me curves."

"Say Casey, how would yiz loike a new job?"

"Faix an' it's mesilf thot would; oi'm gettin' toired av this drudgery."

"Well, Casey, oi have a chance to go to wurk for a buildin' clanin' concarn an' oi'll take yiz wid me in th' marnin', an' if yiz loikes th' job its good fir th' winther."

"All roight, Mac, oi'll resoign me posishun tonoight."

"Now Casey, th' first job we have is clanin' th' upper windies av a 14 sthory building, an' as oi can't get a ladther lang enough oi have braught up a plank by th' illivater, an' as ye are th' hoighest man oi'll put yiz on the outside ind av th' plank, an' oi'll sit on th' inside ind an' hould yiz up while ye wash th' windies."

"All roight Mac, anny poort in a shtarm."

"Now Casey walk careful, it's a lang way to th' soidwalk, so don't take th' chance av bein' kilt thryin' to walk on sir."

"Faix oi'll take care av mesilf, Mac, niver you fear."

"With the timely suggestion that these lines present we are gratified to be able to lay before the inmates of the institution, the initial number of the *Star of Hope,* thereby augmenting the field of institutional journalism. In extending a salutation to our readers we realize that we could not occupy an editor's chair under more favorable circumstances. We are relieved of the remorseless pangs of unstable subscription lists or delinquent advertisers. The paper happily has no subscription price, consequently the prospects are fair for a full complement of subscribers and our treasury will not become depleted by large fees to its contributors. Under such circumstances we are pleased to announce that the *Star of Hope* has been brought into existence by the forethought of the Warden, and the approval of the Superintendent of Prisons for the benefit of us all. The paper is ours and its place in history rests entirely in our hands. Its aim and scope will be to furnish the inmates with a summary of the news of the outside world and to stimulate interest among the men toward higher and nobler mental training. The questions of criminology and penology will be liberally presented and religious and educational interests will always find space in its columns. We solicit your aid and coöperation, invite suggestions and criticisms and ask your kind consideration of our efforts, and hope that each one may be the recipient of some profit through the paper's existence and that the efforts put forth by those directly connected with the publication may not be in vain."

The makeup and general appearance of the paper was found to be satisfactory and convenient for the publishing facilities of the plant. Naturally the first issue contained considerable reprint, but every succeeding issue up to the present day, has contained nothing but contributions from the pens of the prisoners, with few exceptions, of the four State prisons, the Eastern New York Reformatory, and an occasional contribution from the more rational patients of the Matteawan State Hospital, where the paper for the past two years has had a regular circulation of one hundred. This policy was necessary, for the object of the journal is distinctly educational, maintained on a level adapted to the men and women to whom it was addressed.

The intimate relation between the paper and the inmates, the personal pride and pleasure that always predominated, was something extraordinary, mainly from the fact that every prisoner grasped the idea that was always emphasised, that it was *their* paper and no opportunity for its improvement through generous contributions and suggestions was wanting. One of the puzzling questions that occupied the writer's mind when the prospectus was being prepared, was whether sufficient contributions would be forthcoming to meet the plan and requirements of the editorial policy of the paper. But it was not long before such a doubt was removed, for it may be readily conceived

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what a voluminous output of literary product reached the writer from the three thousand seven hundred persons eligible as contributors. The local editors at the different institutions were appointed by the Superintendent of Prisons, upon recommendation of the editor-in-chief, and they were directly responsible for the manuscripts submitted by their colleagues and they, in turn, forwarded them to the writer at the Home Office, as the editor's sanctum was known, where they were registered in their order of reception and published as expeditiously as possible.

One fact the writer endeavoured to impress upon his inmate readers: Practice in writing, like practice in every other field of endeavour, makes perfect, and the encouragement and patience in this direction that was never allowed to be lost sight of, brought results.

During the four years of the paper's life, 5160 contributions were received and filed and while many of the manuscripts were very crude, very few found their way to the waste paper basket. Among this mass of articles there was an overflow of verse. It is said that oppression is necessary to the production of a national poetry, and in line with that dictum the product of the prisoners flowed in in mighty currents. In one month there were received 311 poems, most of them trash, but all of them earnest and generally pathetic. It told the story of happy memories, of boyhood and girlhood

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

PRISON INTERROGATION.

dreams, laid a heavy tribute on the recollections of mother, and repeated the rhymes of simple words in metres that defy classification. Much of the poetry emanated from the Women's Prison, and was highly creditable to the "poetesses" of that institution. To such an extent is that true that the initials W. P. placed at the head of a set of stanzas in the *Star of Hope* could often be, and happily, translated "well poetised" rather than—otherwise. One of the reasons for this, however, is not difficult to assign. It is quite generally conceded that, in general, woman possesses, in far greater measure and point of development than man, the imaginative, emotional, and artistic perceptions and faculties. Hence by nature she is the more inclined toward and better qualified for poetic sentiment and inspiration which constitute the very essence of poetry, versification and rhyme being the mere adjuncts of expression.

For publication, the several articles submitted were not judged as to their literary merit, in fact in the revision of them no changes were made except where very flagrant grammatical errors predominated and mistakes in punctuation corrected. The writer's policy was not to change or alter the sense and meaning that the author wished to convey in the process of revision so that the contributor would not lose his interest and discontinue his literary endeavor.

To be sure among the large prisons' population, which was thoroughly cosmopolitan, there were many who could not contribute to the paper's columns, scarcely being able to write their own names. However, when the paper was

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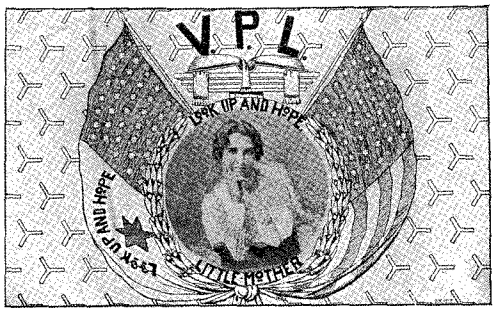

established a new incentive towards self-improvement along educational lines seemed to permeate the whole body of inmates. I add here three copies of notes I received during the first months of the paper's history that speak for themselves: "This is my first attempt at writing for the paper. Be patient with me for when I came here a few weeks ago I could neither read nor write." Another: "I send you a few lines for the *Star of Hope*. Please excuse spelling and writing. I am past forty and most ashamed to say that I was not able to read or write when I entered prison a few months ago. The teaching I have received here has made me a better man. I have decided crime does not pay." Finally: "What a blessing the paper is to us men. I send you a feeble attempt and if you can use it will be glad to try again. Excuse my poor writing which I have learned since coming here. Pardon my errors."

The general character of the contributions was as diversified as might be presumed, emanating as they did from such a cosmopolitan constituency. The serious, grave, and humourous, all found their way to the paper's columns.

A life woman at Auburn, who was so fortunate as to be commuted by Former Governor Roosevelt, penned the follownng Salutatory in verse:

The matron walked in one morning,
  Oh, what a happy day,
A smile was her face adorning
  And this is what she did say:

"Girls, you are granted permission
  To write for the Star of Hope,
I know there will be no omission
  You all will do well I hope."

Said one: "We all thank you, matron,
  And each will pick up her pen,
And, girls, let us all write something
  To show we're as good as the men."

We straightway made an agreement,
  You men will quickly learn;
If you're good and give us fair treatment
  We ladies will be good in our turn.

So I send you my first little poem,
  Please do not throw it away,
For my next I will feel more at home
  And thus will improve every day.

A life man acting in the capacity of local editor at the Eastern New York Reformatory and a former actor well known in dramatic circles in New York City, wrote the following for a special Thanksgiving issue under the title, "A Turkeyette":

Folks when eating good old turkey
  Should be up in etiquette,
They should follow its directions,
  So all the rules would be met;
They should seat themselves at table
  In a manner stanch and stiff;
With their nose high up to let them
  Get the odor in one whiff.

They should not gaze at the plates
  Where the steaming gobbler lies;
When they find they've got the wish bone
  They should murmur in surprise;
They should cut the meat up stylish,
  Eat the stuffing very swell;
If it is a tough old rooster—
  They should eat and never tell.

They should try with knife to cut it,
  And remove it from the bone,
And if some meat sticks, remember,
  They should let the bone alone.
If it's extra tough and wanders
  To directions north and south,
Why just grab it in the fingers,
  And remove it with your mouth.

One of the best and cleverest poems that was ever printed in the journal was the following by a life man at Sing Sing:

The roses bloom in the garden,
  The bee comes wooing the flowers,
The song bird pipes to his nest mate
  Through all the golden hours.

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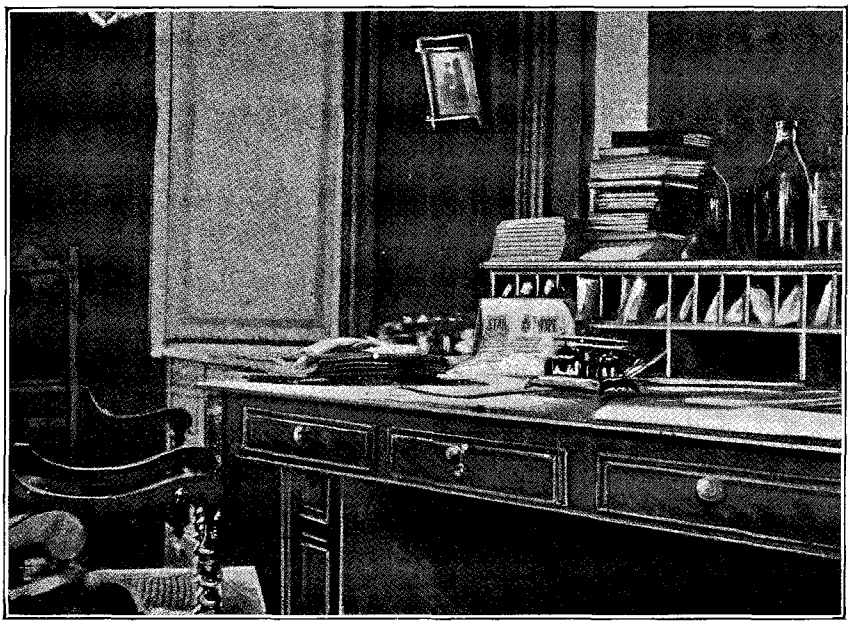
The breeze is freighted with fragrance
From forest and field and lea;
But youth has fled and hope lies dead,
So what are they all to me?

The blue-bird rocks on the tree-tops,
Free as the summer air.
Swings and sways and warbles,
With never a flutter of care.
Memories never haunt him,
No thought of the morrow has he,
But the guarded wall like a sombre pall,
O'ershadows it all for me.

I sit in the glowing twilight,
And gaze on the evening sky,
On the glorious sunset banners
That athwart the hill-tops lie,

ment in Auburn Prison for highway robbery, committed in Oneida County, and a few years later was transferred to the Matteawan State Hospital as insane. Although now blind he was able to dictate the following entitled "Prospective Friend":

Most Holy God, I would be thine,
Righteous, free from every crime,
Surely Thou, as friend will shine
Much is due the Little Mother.
And of He thou knowest all,
Unless the convict has another,
Does for him behind the wall.
But, O Jesus! it is hard



THE AUBURN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

'Till the diamond eyes of Heaven
Look down on the bond and the free;
But I see the stars through the prison bars,
So what are they to me?

All the flowers have lost their perfume,
The summer breeze is chill,
The bees are naught but gluttons,
And harsh the song-birds trill;
For the mighty voices of nature,
Of earth, of Heaven, of sea,
Have naught of cheer for the prisoner's ear,
What, what are they all to me?

A poem that attracted wide attention and was extensively copied by exchanges, was the one written by Oliver Curtis Perry, who was sentenced a dozen years ago to forty years' imprison-

As I suffered day by day,
Leaning much upon Thy guard,
Learning of Thine only way.
Indeed, I know no other God,
Neither shall I ever more.
Good thou art Oh! chastening rod,
Tell me, love me as before,
Only let me always be
Never ceasing all for Thee.
Bewildering are the many lives
Oozing from a doctor's mind,
Only Thou couldst make it wise
To the better of mankind,
How it came—mine eyes are blind.

Among the *Star's* contributors were represented nearly every profession and trade. Bookkeepers and clerks headed the list as to numbers, no less than five hundred contributed from time to time during the four years that the writer was

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OHIO PENITENTIARY NEWS.

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE INMATES of THE INSTITUTION

VOLUME IX. COLUMBUS, O., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902. NUMBER 21.

editor. Journalism had its representation confined to three. One of this number, who had passed three score years, has served professionally in every capacity of the literary department of the leading dailies in this country from managing editor down, and to-day, by his wide learning and versatile pen, is keeping up the literary standard of the *Star of Hope*. Lawyers were more conspicuous among the paper's contributors, no less than a dozen having been represented in its columns. The profession of medical science had its representation to a very small degree. There were a few clergymen who amused and edified the paper's readers by their sentimental and doctrinal presentations. The balance of the contributors were made up of what might be generally termed labourers, and their excellent literary work added greatly to the interest of the paper's columns.

It was always gratifying to the writer to know that he was certain to have on his staff a competent artist and engraver, especially the former. The artistic and comic designs represented in the illustrations were all executed by inmates. The caricatures were the work of a former capable newspaper artist who has held positions on the New York dailies. For killing his sweetheart he was sentenced to prison for life and is at present local editor at Auburn Prison. The cover design, the centre piece of the illustration, was drawn by the present staff artist, an Italian, and hand engraved on copper plate. He is considered as the cleverest counterfeiter known.

The *modus operandi* of issuing the paper from a mechanical point of view is an interesting process and is the same as adopted in all well regulated newspaper offices.

The writer prepared a "dummy" of the forthcoming issue for the guidance of the

EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE STAR OF HOPE AT SING SING PRISON.

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makeup and stone men. The copy was also revised and prepared by the editor and handed over to the proof-reader, who, in turn, entered it up in "takes" on his book and sent it forth to the compositors, of whom there were fifteen on an average the year round. After the proof-reader had performed his duty, the revised proofs were passed along to the stone man for correction and when finished the makeup man took up the thread of the routine by following the "dummy" in making up his pages. After the pages were made up, proofs were taken and the writer passed upon them finally, after which they were ordered into the form, locked up and conveyed to the pressman. After the pressman's work had been accomplished, a dozen men were set to work folding, inserting, and stitching the 5000 copies, the output bi-weekly, and then they were carefully counted and arranged for distribution to the different institutions under direction of the capable and painstaking superintendent of the shipping department.

A PRISON ARTIST AT WORK.

It is well, perhaps, to repeat that the excellent mechanical work on the *Star of Hope,* from every point of view, is the entire work of inmates—men, many of them never having seen the inside of a printing establishment, who learned the entire trade in the institution and as a monument to their work no better specimen is needed than any regular issue of the paper. The *Star of Hope* is the largest and most widely circulated of prison papers published in the world, and the excellent work it has done can never be estimated.

The prison publications of the country include some strange issues and the one from Charlestown, Mass., prison called *The Mentor,* deserves attention. It is written by hand and copied by mimeograph. It issues only two hundred copies of fifty pages each, averaging six hundred words to the page. That is to say it offers in solid reading matter, twelve and one-half columns of the size of a New York daily, a space in excess of that allotted daily to the local news by any metropolitan daily. Despite its curious appearance, *The Mentor* is no freak publication. It is earnest, original, and useful. Although keenly alive to humour and fun, it has a deep and underlying purpose in all it says and does. It seeks to be an educator of the public and the prisoners. It aims to show that the prisoner is worth being treated like a man, and that he will respond if given a chance, and it maintains a school through its columns which includes more than one-third of the prison population. The prison at Wethersfield, Conn., issues a four-page paper called *The Monthly Record,* "devoted to the interests of the inmates of the prison." The pioneer of prison papers is the *Prison Mirror,* issued from the prison at Stillwater, Minn. It was founded in 1878 by the prisoners and is

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The Anamosa Prison Press

Vol 5 Anamosa, Iowa, Saturday, November 1, 1902. No. 15

edited and managed by them. Its objects are to be a home newspaper, to encourage moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners, to acquaint the public with the true status of the prisoners, and the dissemination of penological information and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the bar to a fallen man's self-redemption. *The Anamosa (Iowa) Prison Press* is a weekly issue of eight pages, and conducted by the chaplain. It belongs to the religious rather than the secular press. Columbus, Ohio, maintains the *Ohio Penitentiary News,* and as showing that a permanent population at a state prison is not necessary for the life of a prison publication or periodical, there is issued monthly from the Chicago Jail the *John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Journal.* It is not such a formidable paper as its name would suggest. Of course nearly all the state reformatories print papers of some kind or another, while the insane asylums in nearly all states engage in similar enterprises. In fact, it is a very modest community nowadays that is without its representative paper. Trans-Atlantic liners have them, the colleges, the jackies on the men-of-war, the soldiers in camp, and a bulletin of news is struck off at intervals on the journey of the twenty-four expresses between New York and Chicago. It is not strange then that the convicts have sought like utterance. Numerically, unfortunately, they are strong enough to do so. The oddity of it is, that a system of servitude which abhors the newspaper should be relaxed so as to permit them to enjoy a privilege common to all other men.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

"I HAVE been thinking over what you said at the table," Miss Wainwright remarked, after a little silence. "That one should have a definite purpose and plan before undertaking anything."

Hardy, seated beside her on the vine-covered veranda of the house at which they had met that evening, found her looking at him gravely. She carried her head well and was tall and slender, which he especially admired. But what gave him the most distinct satisfaction was her earnestness—a directness of thought and speech which a low, rich voice, a tender mouth, and eloquent hands robbed of masculine suggestion.

"I have strong opinions," he admitted.

"And you are true to them in your action. You wouldn't do anything in which you did not believe?"

"That is rather sweeping. It would depend."

"On circumstances?"

"I am adrift amid generalities," he protested. His smile was not indulgent, but might easily have been mistaken for such. Everything about him—big frame, large

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head, wide mouth, thick hair, touched with gray at the temple, and steady eyes —spoke of power. His movements were deliberate, but with no hint of laziness.

Bred to politics, equipped by mind and inclination for the law, at forty-five years of age Richard Hardy had put himself into the office of District Attorney by unflagging work and capable manipulation of the elements of a political oligarchy. For five years he had consistently made it his aim to prove the legal guilt of other men. His friends ranged from half a dozen leaders of as many wards in the city to Dr. Matthew Cleveland, the foremost interpreter in the country of Shakespeare. His library bespoke a Catholic mind; his dress the temperament of a man of the world.

Miss Wainwright felt that he was looking into her eyes, not at them. But satisfied that this was his habit it did not discountenance her. "You wish a concrete case?" she suggested. "I am able to supply that also. It is something I have wished to ask you since I first heard of your work as District Attorney. Is that—forbidden ground?"

"By no means."

"After all it is but a hypothetical question," she reflected, turning a ring upon her finger. Then raising her face and speaking more decidedly. "Tell me, is a man in your position justified of his office in helping to send to prison one whom he knows is innocent—morally innocent, of course. It is a very old and a much dscussed question, I am sure, but to a woman whose view for many years was bounded by convent walls it is intensely interesting. I have my own ideas and I warn you they are—definite."

"What are they?"

She shook her head. "Yours first. Am I not right in thinking that you would apply reason rather than moral conviction to the settlement of such a question?" She was smiling but her earnestness was patent.

He started involuntarily at the suddenness and facility with which she had laid a finger as it were upon a joint in his professional armour. But he assured her, "Very well, then, I will say that the District Attorney does not know that an accused person *is* guiltless."

"Technically?"

"Technically is 'actually' with the District Attorney."

"So. So!" she pursed her lips prettily and her brow was wrinkled as she repeated, almost to herself, "Yet the District Attorney might know that the person was *guilty?*"

He said yes before he perceived the trap into which he had been led.

She laughed softly. "I ask your pardon for that. But you will forgive me. It is but the tiniest triumph, and, anyhow, you overwhelm me, I am sure, with a simple explanation of just what the District Attorney *does* know when there is no guilt."

He pulled himself out of the difficulty as well as he could, and soon the conversation took a turn.

But the quickness of her retort was a draft upon his respect, and when next he saw his host of that evening he questioned him. Miss Wainwright, he learned, was an American girl from a small town up the State who, after being educated at a convent, had gone abroad to study for the stage. For her own reasons she had abandoned that career, and now lived quietly and comfortably with her chaperone, Fräulein Glatz, once an opera singer of note.

Perhaps her story had piqued Hardy's curiosity. At least a few days later he took advantage of her permission to call. He left her with an impression that the serious woman of their first meeting had been a pose. As her fingers moved among the tea cups on the table in her little drawing room, she conversed of the stage, the latest book and their fellow guests at the recent dinner. The most fugitive of frowns discouraged his tentative reference to the conversation of their first meeting.

As his visits were repeated it grew upon him that here was a woman whose inconsequential moments let down no barrier. She challenged him again and again, and her intellectual grasp made a sure weapon of verbal parry and retort. Soon he was content to accept her friendship as a relaxation from his professional labours which was no less a stimulus to his ambition. Yet he wondered at his admiration for her. The woman of intellect had never suggested herself to him as an ideal. A bachelor because he understood women and had no inclina-

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tion to understand woman, he yielded insensibly to the charm of her presence, and on reflection was not able to persuade himself of danger therein.

And then one afternoon the issue of their first meeting was sharply recalled to him. She referred to a paragraph she had read in an afternoon newspaper which censured a public official for the construction he had placed upon the definition of his duties. She asked him, "Is not this official responsibility to the law sometimes a matter of opinion? Can you truthfully say, that it is not?"

"Most certainly it is not," he affirmed.

She affected a mien of terror. "So positive? Then from your own experience—?"

"Yes, from my own experience—" he began, but she checked him with a chiding finger. "I was about to ask," she interposed, "whether you have ever yet—now pay attention, have yet had a case before you—as District Attorney—upon which you did not, sooner or later, form a definite personal opinion—a *personal* opinion, remember."

"If I had doubts," he said a little heavily, conscious of a mental warning, "I usually discovered evidence which settled them for me."

She nodded reluctantly. "But is evidence always conclusive?"

After a moment he said "yes." "To my mind," he went on, "evidence always points to legal guilt, or to superior shrewdness, or —" he paused and then said slowly, "I will give you an instance. I had decided the case for myself some time ago. But, for one reason or another, I postponed action. Here it is—confidentially, of course. There is a man, now out on bail, charged with a considerable embezzlement. The legal evidence against him is damaging; yet I say to you I believe he is only technically guilty. He never took the money, though I could not prove it. Bring Parker—this man—before a grand jury, present the evidence, and he will go to court to be found guilty and sentenced. According to the letter of the law this man is an embezzler."

"Yes?" she said. "Yes. And you?"

"I?" he repeated. "That is the point. Should I do my sworn duty to the country and have him punished by the law which he has broken?"

It was a half serious attempt to sound her reasoning when she was brought face to face with the fact. He made the mistake of suspecting that she would lose her poise.

Her eyes were fixed upon the point of her slipper and her face was unmoved. "Perhaps I had imagined such a case," she said, "and, since you say it exists, it would occur to me at once to ask whether the persons from whom this man is said to have taken the money will insist on his prosecution. Do they know all the facts?"

"Yes, and I understand that they believe in—his innocence—at least as far as his intent to do wrong goes. Individually they are willing to make good the money loss. But they could not prove to the satisfaction of the court what they are ready to believe; and, besides, they have their own reasons for not wishing to bring it up in court. Parker's case is in my hands. As District Attorney it is my part to prove him guilty."

"*Your* part, then," she rejoined quizzically, "is to be a smooth-running wheel in the machine called justice? It seems to me that brains are at a discount in such a rôle. Are they to have no representative, pray?"

He flushed. "You flatter me," he said, shortly and would have said more, but she answered calmy. "I am serious, my friend."

His resentment suddenly appeared to him a small thing, and he asked her to forgive him, and she went on, "Some would say that it is the office of the District Attorney to establish guilt, irrespective of fact. But you do not agree to that."

"No," he replied.

"Then what is left? The law—a code framed upon precedent, quoted by some one whose experience may and may not have been as large as your own and whose judgment was no less fallible. Are you willing to submit your action to this? Are you willing to exercise your powers only to follow a trail? The instinct of the animal would serve that purpose as well."

"I believe that I have been called 'The Bloodhound' by some of the picturesque gentlemen who write for the newspapers," he remarked, and smiled a little grimly.

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"They have not dared!" she exclaimed. Incredulity was in her face, resentment in the grasp of the fingers that for a moment drew taut the slender gold chain with which they had been playing.

"That it was because you were afraid of what they would say that you remained—"

"A bloodhound?" he suggested with a twist of the lips.

"You must not use that word. Please, remember I have forbidden it," she commanded with an air of possession. "Of course, you are not afraid of them. Only, I wish you would not let them think that you are."

"Why?" He was regarding her steadily.

"Oh! for—reasons. Suppose we say because I have an ideal, and—flattered myself." Her eyes were turned upon a pillow of the sofa which she was smoothing, there was a fine colour in her cheeks. A hint of submission in the bend of her head quickened his pulses afresh. "And you flattered—*me,*" he said. "I don't wish to prove false to an ideal of yours," he continued. "But, perhaps when a man has gone through what I have gone through he has few ideals left—only ambitions."

She looked up, and now their eyes met in level gaze. She said, "Help me not to lose my ideals anyhow."

"I would—" he began, and finished, "—would not disappoint you, if it lay within my power. You are doubting me because I hesitate to break away from the line of conduct along which I have been able to force myself forward. Is that fair? I would not be where I am, if I had deviated."

"You have won your way to a place where you have the right to choose your path," she returned. "The ideal man strikes out as his heart bids him."

"If I were that man," he began, and again halted. She had been resting on her elbows, her fingers interlaced beneath her chin and suddenly she dropped her arms, and cried out. "No, no! Wait. I—you don't understand."

"I understand that I would do all that you ask," he answered gravely.

For a moment he wondered at the struggle which went on in her face. Her eyes were turned away, but something tugged at her lips until they drew in a line of pain. Then they were resolute, and she started to rise, and as quickly dropped down among the cushions again, and said, "You would do what I asked? Because I asked you?"

"I have just told you."

"Then, we must plan. Yes, plan."

"But what for?" he asked.

"For this—test of your—obedience."

"Oh, of course," he laughed. "Well, what is it to be? You will not find it easy to set a satisfactory task."

"It will not be difficult for—*us,*" she corrected.

The self-contained, independent pose which he had come to know so well had given place to an air of confidential frankness—almost of tenderness in which he seemed to stand by her side, as it were in counsel against himself.

"Yes, yes," he responded. "And how shall we go about this plot?"

"I must think it out. Now do not disturb me," she commanded, and then there was silence until she said abruptly, "I have it! How do you have a man released who has been held in bail—by a magistrate? For examination of the case by the Grand Jury, I mean? No legal quibbling now," as she saw his eyes darken. "Tell me plainly. I will detect any fabrication. And, remember, this is *our* plan."

"You are thinking of the Parker case?" he said.

"Of course. Of what else? Is that not the case upon which we made our point—about my ideal's duty? The ideal man is honest to himself first of all. But is he honest to himself if he allows any one to suffer whom he knows is innocent and can save? You are not honest to yourself if you allow this man Parker to be punished for what you have said yourself he is not guilty of doing, except in name. He must have those who love him—a mother, a sister; perhaps—some other woman loves him. What would you say to her if she was to ask you to help him?"

"But don't you see that I have no choice with my legal duty plain before me?"

For an instant her face paled and her eyes flashed upon him—it may have been only reproach. Then her fingers fell upon his coat sleeve, and she was saying softly, "Ah, my friend, how that woman's

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heart would ache. She would never comprehend, I fear. If I would come to you with such a plea—"

"But you would not," he objected. "*You* would understand. It is because you understand me—"

"That I ask you to be true to the best that is in you. Yes, true to my ideal."

His hand closed over the one on his sleeve and, for an instant, pressed the slender fingers before they were withdrawn. He said in a low voice, "You make it very hard to disappoint you when you make this case your own."

"Not mine, but *ours*," she corrected. "We will work it out together, and we will let no one else interfere. We will think of none but—ourselves. But our enemies will learn from what we do that we mean to run our office in our own way. Is it not so?"

Leaning forward, his face burning, his hands clasped, he did not answer; and she nodded and repeated her question, "Then, tell me. How are we—the District Attorney—to have this man released? The process?"

"You are afraid I will back down if you wait," he charged. "But I will explain what you ask. First of all, the District Attorney has in his possession an indictment against Parker which filled in by him becomes a legal document."

"We've arranged about that," she returned. "You are to write 'Nol. Pros.' on the back of the indictment, sign it and send it to a judge. That is not exactly the formal way of doing it—to quote confidentially the District Attorney—but it comes within the prerogatives of the office. Am I not right?"

"Yes." Then his face grew more grave. "But an embezzlement is a serious thing to treat so summarily. There would be—talk, if one of my enemies were to hear of it."

"We are dealing with a false charge of embezzlement, not the crime itself," she responded. "Moreover, *we* are not afraid of what they say, remember. We will send for the indictment at once. Your office is open? Yes? Then we will write an order to your clerk to deliver it to the messenger."

She was on her feet as she spoke, and beside a mahogany desk, pulling out unmarked writing paper and testing a pen on the blotter. "You men take up such a lot of room when you write that I suppose my desk will be hopelessly small," she said to him over her shoulder. "But, understand you, it is not every one who would be allowed to use it. Keep your eyes strictly on your work; this is my holy of holies. I am not willing to surrender its secrets yet, even to—you."

He took the chair she placed for him. But, as he picked up the pen and poised it over the paper, a renewed sense of the gravity of her proposal made him half turn. He was about to say he must think it over. Then he felt that she was leaning over the back of the chair, with her head close to his. His resolution weakened.

"I am waiting," she said. "I am anxious to see how the District Attorney writes—professionally. It is *very* different from this?" In an instant she had drawn a letter from her bosom, and held it before him. He recognized it as one of his notes to her, her movement told him from where she had taken it. His pen touched the paper. He had written the order to his assistant, slipped it into an envelope, sealed and addressed it, almost before he was conscious of the act.

A minute later she delivered the envelope to a messenger at the door. Then she turned to him.

"Now, I will reward you!" she cried gaily. She seated herself at the piano. Good music affected him as did good wine; it bore him out of his sterner self and soothed him. Half an hour passed, and he had thought only of her, when she ran to the door, and brought to him an official envelope. It bore his name. "May I?" she said, inserting the tip of one finger beneath the flap of the envelope.

"Yes," he answered, satisfied to watch her. She sat down beside him, and, unfolding the enclosure, read it through.

When she looked up from the indictment she saw about his mouth those lines of decision which she most feared. "Prisoner!" she cried quickly, and rose, her head thrown back, one hand resting on the table by her side, the other extended toward him in gesture of command. "Prisoner, stand up to receive your sentence!"

Instinct, habit, training fought against the thralldom of her presence and voice. But she had pronounced the words most

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potent to deepen the spell upon him, and he got up, exulting in his obedience, and took his former seat at the desk. She spread the paper upon the desk, and placed the pen in his hand, closing his fingers around it with a lingering pressure.

"The District Attorney will fill in the indictment with the necessary information upon the case," she said—she pointed to the document before him, and he wrote down the legal facts in the case of Parker. Then he looked up. She was smiling, yet there was a light in the depths of her eyes that made him start to rise, eagerness in his.

But she pressed him down with a hand on his shoulder. "There is a man—my ideal—he has not finished his part," she reminded him. "I am waiting."

He folded the paper, and across the back of it wrote the name and number of the case, and, below this, the usual order made by the court in entering a "Nolle Prosequi" for the dismissal of the case. He signed it "Richard Hardy—District Attorney"; and, with the last stroke of the pen, sprang to his feet.

She snatched away the paper from the desk, and retreated so swiftly that he found the table between them before he could reach her. "That is not fair!" she objected.

"What have I not done which you wished?" he cried.

She met his gaze unswervingly; and then it came to him that he loved her for herself, for something apart from her beauty and the allurement of her manner. "Forgive me," he begged, and moved around the table, and tried to take her hand. But she gave a great start, and slipped away from him. He could not comprehend the fright in her face; fear had seemed a stranger to her before, and for a moment he wondered if it could be that she mistrusted him. So, puzzled and hurt, his pride came to his rescue, and he said gravely, "I am sorry for whatever I have done to offend you. Give me the indictment, I will deliver it myself. I will come again. May I? To tell you that—we—have succeeded?"

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was so low that he hardly distinguished the word. She was not looking at him. And so he left her.

A week later he saw the indictment countersigned by the presiding judge in court, and duly recorded. The case against Henry Parker was legally as if it had never been. But he did not go at once to her. He had made one mistake by pressing his claim prematurely; he trusted that what he had done for her would plead his cause. He knew that she knew that it was love for her, not conviction of the truth of what she declared which had made him do this.

Two days after the quashing of the indictment, reaching his office about noon, he found on his desk a letter from her. Its opening words made his heart leap. He pressed it to his lips before he read its closing lines. Then the hand holding the letter dropped and he was staring at the wall, seeing nothing.

"And now," she wrote, "it must be good-bye—and for always. I am going away—at once. I cannot explain what I have done. I hope that you may never understand it—all. If you ever do understand it, try to forgive a woman whose excuse is that she misjudged you, and did not realize the wrong she did until it was too late to undo it."

At first he thought this was a jest. He read it again and again. But in the light of the final lines he was only made more sure that this was her farewell to him. He tried to explain to himself in a dull way, and was confounded by a lack of motive. He lay back in his chair, the letter loose in his hand. And then, on his desk addressed to him he noticed a small box. He picked it up with shaking fingers and tore away its wrappings. A slip of paper lay on top. On it he read:

"From one you saved because you are a man. And from another who will owe to you all that she calls happiness.

"HENRY PARKER."

On a bed of cotton wool in the box rested a plain gold locket, worn and dulled. Within it, facing a tiny photograph of a man whom he recognized as Parker, was the portrait of a woman—a woman with smiling mouth and serene eyes. It seemed to him that she was saying, *"Prisoner, stand up to receive your sentence!"*

Churchill Williams.

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FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ.*

IN one respect the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz* — Henri-Georges-Stephan-Adolphe de Blowitz—remind us of the eighteenth-century novel of adventure. Every now and then in *Humphrey Clinker* or *Tom Jones* or *Gil Blas* the main story of the hero's exploits is interrupted for a time, the hero politely effaces himself, while the mysterious stranger with whom he has been draining a bottle of wine or a tankard of ale in the tap-room of the wayside inn, regales the reader to the extent of two or three chapters with the story of his unhappy life. And so it is with M. de Blowitz. Every now and then he will pause in his narration of the march of great events and introduce a veiled lady whose career has been connected with the court intrigues of some European capital. These digressions enable him to applaud himself enthusiastically. He likes to tell how he came to the lady's assistance when she was in dire need and how much she owed to his influence with the great men of Europe. At every turn these Memoirs show him to be the man that he was—inordinately vain, at times even childishly so, swelled almost to bursting with the sense of his own importance, considering himself not as a mere journalist but as an arbiter in the affairs of nations.

To a certain extent what he wishes you to believe about himself is true. He did accomplish great things in journalism, and he undoubtedly had the ears of some of the most influential statesmen and diplomats of his time. But this, we think, was less due to his personality, which must have been far from agreeable, or to his honesty on which he insists so much, than to the fact that the newspaper that he served was from 1870 until the publication of the fraudulent Pigott letters in 1887, the most powerful and the best credited newspaper in the world. Those were the glorious years in the history of the London *Times*. Under the editorship of John Delane the honesty and reliability of its columns were unquestioned. England was then standing aloof from Continental affairs, and the pages of the *Times* offered a Continental statesman a medium such as he could not find in the press of his own country. That, we think, is the reason that such men as Thiers, Bismarck, Gambetta, and the Duke Decazes, were ready to give de Blowitz the interviews they refused other journalists and enabled him to fill his Memoirs with so much of the hitherto unwritten history of his time.

While, as a journalist, de Blowitz's greatest feat was the publication in 1878 of the Treaty of Berlin before it had been signed, his own explanation of how he secured this famous "beat" does not tend to enhance the achievement, and the chapter describing it is not equal for dramatic reading to that dealing with the French war scare of 1875. De Blowitz's account of this historical episode shows the German nation, and above all the Emperor and Von Moltke in an unenviable light. Indeed, we are told that had not Bismarck, to his lasting credit, disclosed to the civilized world through the columns of the London *Times* the plans of the military party at Berlin, the history of Germany would have been stained with the record of the most brutal and unprovoked attack upon a weakened nation of modern times. In 1875 when Marshal MacMahon was President and the Duke Decazes was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs the National Assembly voted the creation of the Fourth Battalion, an act which was regarded with apprehension in Germany. In that country Bismarck had almost absolute freedom in all questions not pertaining to the army, but the Emperor with Moltke by his side had shown that he was resolved to be the sole master in military matters. Therefore, it was Moltke who was consulted as to German action in regard to the creation of the famous Fourth Battalion. Moltke's advice was for an immediate war upon France. Without warning, without

**Memoirs of M. de Blowitz.* New York: Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.

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provocation, the German armies were to invade France, before that country had time to prepare herself for the conflict, crush instantly all opposition, press on to Paris, invest the capital, and take up a position on the plateau of Avron, where they could overlook Paris and if necessary destroy it. Then Germany would dictate a treaty reducing France to absolute subjection for years. Picardy and Champagne would go the way that Alsace and Lorraine had gone in 1871. The treaty would insist upon a permanently reduced French army, impose a war indemnity of 10,000,000 (10 milliards) of francs, payable in twenty annuities, without any clause allowing payment to be made in advance, with annual interest at five per cent. German garrisons would be kept in all the principal French towns until the full amount should have been paid.

Moltke and the military party at Berlin saw nothing infamous in this colossal scheme of aggression. They regarded with anxiety the marvellous swiftness with which the French were carrying on the reorganisation of their army and they argued that war was inevitable and that it should be waged before France was sufficiently on her feet to make the issue of the struggle doubtful. Bismarck, on the other hand, according to de Blowitz, believed that an attack so unprovoked would be a weal of dishonour across the face of Germany in the pages of history. According to de Blowitz had he had his way in 1871 the terms of peace would have been much less severe. A good part of Alsace and Lorraine and the cities of Metz and Belfort (the latter city was finally ceded to France upon the payment of an additional billion francs) would have remained with France. But he had been overruled then, and in 1875 he knew that nothing that he could say would have influence against the plans of the military party. The only way that the war could be averted was by apprising the civilised world of the imminence of the danger. To this end he had the full account of the plans of the German military party, and conclusive supporting proof conveyed to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in turn communicated them to de Blowitz. Published in the London *Times* they roused the indignant protests of Christendom and Moltke was obliged to stay his hand.

In the chapter on Diplomacy in Journalism, de Blowitz tells of a dramatic incident which took place in the autumn of 1875 when the Duke Decazes first learned that Lord Derby had bought two hundred thousand shares of Suez stock, giving England control of the canal. De Blowitz was at the Minister's house watching him play a game of billiards when a secretary entered with a package of letters and telegrams.

Opening the packet, the Duke began to read one of the telegrams. Suddenly he became red, then pale, and wiped his temples, moist with sweat. Then, as if maddened, with an irresistible movement he took the billiard cue, which he had put down, struck it on the rim of the table, broke it across his knee, and threw the bits into the fire. The persons present, it may be imagined, were in a great state of mind.

Suddenly approaching me, his teeth set with anger, he said: "Do you know what I have just heard? Derby has just bought 200,000 Suez shares from Ismail, while every possible effort has been made to conceal from us, not only the negotiations, but even Ismail's intention of selling them.

"It's an infamy! It's England putting her hand on the Isthmus of Suez, and my personal failure has in no way retarded the act. I authorize you to say what you have just seen. I even beg you to say it, and to add that Lord Derby will have to pay for that." And he added, half talking to himself, "Yes, I swear that he shall pay for it!" He then quickly left the room, and I, too, went out.

De Blowitz went home with the intention of sending a report of what he had heard to his paper, but when there began to realise the danger of the situation and ended by destroying his notes. When he next met Decazes the latter thanked him warmly for his discretion and his sacrifice of a journalistic success to a sense of duty.

Bismarck's protest against being held responsible for the severe terms imposed upon France after the struggle of 1870 will not be very readily accepted against the testimony of historians who were in a position to know the facts. The interview which de Blowitz narrates took place in Berlin on July 2, 1878. They discussed the recent Congress and European affairs in general, and finally began to talk of France.

"France," said Bismarck, "is the only country which does not hesitate to spend millions on its slightest caprices!"

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"Yes," I answered; "and yet it is a curious phenomenon, when one takes into consideration the temperament of the French, to see that these people, who appear to be so thoughtless and so turbulent, should be the most economical people in the world, and that, in their country, saving is organised in such a way that it has become a national theory."

"Oh,' interrupted Prince Bismarck, turning toward me, "that is only surprising to those who are in the habit of judging that country by Paris! But there is France and France, the French of Paris and the French of the provinces. The former are immensely vain and amusing, agreeable, wasteful, always ready to knock down the lamp-posts, have revolutions, and declare war. They have nothing to do with economy. The whole world takes money to them and they squander it. But at her side is the other France, the real France, that of the provinces and of the rural districts—the French who work and labour, who are steady and who economise, and who pay for all the giddy actions, all the follies of the other. When the former bring about a revolution, it is the latter who suffer; when the former declare war, it is the latter who fight. And yet the French of the provinces love their native soil, and their greatest sacrifice is to tear themselves away from it in order to make their military service.

"When I was in France, I was very much interested in the common soldiers, and I often chatted with them. They all of them had one great desire, and that was to finish their military service and return to their fields.

"If one only listened to the French peasant, there would never be any war; and yet, when he does fight, he fights well. When he is beaten he is very much cast down, and when he is victorious he is delighted —there can be no doubt about it; but, conqueror or conquered, the one thing he sees clearly is that victory or defeat will bring the battle to a close and he will then be able to return home."

The conversation then reverted to the Congress. The Prince remarked rather severely:

"The Peace of San Stefano was one of the most thoughtless actions of modern history. Ignatieff made a blunder which no true statesman would ever have committed. He took everything that he could get. When an enemy is vanquished, and one has one's foot on his neck, he can be made to give whatever one wants, but one must think of the consequences of the victory as well as the consequences of the defeat. We should not be where we now are if, in 1886, I had acted like Ignatieff, if I had taken territory from Austria. At that time every one was against me. I had said when we started: 'If we should be victorious I shall not annex any Austrian territory, for we must not remain enemies forever. In ten or twelve years' time we must be able to come to an understanding with her.' When we were victorious, every one wanted me to take territory from her. I held my own, though, and since then I have often had cause to congratulate myself that I did so."

At these words I could not help looking the Prince in the face, and he at once read in my eyes the question that was on my lips, for without flinching he said:

"I know what you mean; you are thinking about the last war. But in 1871 I acted in the same way. At that time France was in our hands. Paris was conquered, the Commune was brewing, everything was disorganised; and if I had acted like Ignatieff I should have demanded Picardy and Champagne. Now this never occurred to any one; and when I was urged to take Belfort and Metz I refused, saying, 'No, Belfort is in the hands of the French; it must remain theirs.' And even with regard to Metz, on seeing the despair of poor M. Thiers, I hesitated. But, as you know, at the conclusion of a campaign such as that was, one has to take into consideration the military element, and I was obliged to listen to Moltke, who kept repeating to me at every hour of the day, 'Metz in our hands, or in the hands of the French, means a difference of 100,000 men, more or less, in the army.' I could not impose upon my country the burden of putting 100,000 more men into active service at a given moment."

The chapters devoted to "Alva" and "A Life Struggle" add but little to the value of the book. They are introduced apparently for no other reason than to give de Blowitz an opportunity to paint himself in very amiable colours. But apart from this the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz* is a work of some importance. Some may dispute its reliability: no one will deny its interest.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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II.

MR. WHITE'S "THE FOREST."*

IN Mr. White's book there is a chapter on "Lying Awake at Night," which is likely to surprise a good many of his readers and impress them all. As one who has come to him, not by any short cut, but by way of *The Blazed Trail* and succeeding stories from the same hand, I wish that this chapter might fall under the eye of every person who has a sincere interest in American literature. It is the sort of thing which we have had little of and need very much. It is most significant in its immediate relation because it indicates that a writer who, from the first, has shown himself uncommonly capable in the description of certain vigorous phases of activity is also able to express into his interpretation of life those messages of earth and water and air and sky which effect the consciousness of each of us yet which are so difficult to explain even to ourselves. In Mr. White's previous work there have been signs of this same fine comprehension of nature's silent influences, but not before has he made so plain his sympathy for the spiritual and emotional sensitiveness to nature without some share of which no character, however potential otherwise, is wholly convincing. If you have ever been in the woods before dawn, and "have cast from you the drowsiness of dreams with the warm blanket" you will realise fully what Mr. White means by that "coolness, physical and spiritual" which "bathes you from head to foot." And once again, "all your senses will be keyed to the last vibration" as "the faint, searching woods-perfume of dampness, greets your nostrils." But, whether or not you may hark back to your own experience for this, there will be borne in upon you by these few pages a convincing sense of that mysterious influence compounded of blurred distances and populous silence and dim light—and what else besides?—which the wooded country breathes. Perhaps at this hour the forest more nearly yields its secret than at any other; and surely Mr. White has stood with every faculty alert.

But, if in this chapter he has wholly surrendered himself to the immaterial charm of the woods, on every page of his book he has confessed that for him the presence of the trees holds magic, that brooks are for more than the crossing, hillsides for more than the climbing, pools for more than the fishing. Not all his sage words to the man who would tramp and camp, even when they deal with the bare elements of tin cup and saucepan, beans and bacon, or the relative merits of coat and extra "sweater" convince us that the man who wrote them takes to the woods because of physical lust to cover many miles quickly, or to catch the biggest fish, or even to explore whereof he may relate upon his return. We have had many spurious nature-books; here is a nature-book of quite another kind. It is pervaded with the enthusiasm and understanding of one whom experience has only drawn close to the heart of things. There will be few who read *The Forest* and not wish that they might sit down with its author beside a "friendship fire" and there hear him tell more.

To look at the other side of the book—the side of the camp-kit and personal equipment for a tramp—it is not enough to say that it has its value. There was once a little pocket-volume by a veteran woodsman—rarely to be found now, I surmise—which, to the minds of many who knew, was the only thing of its sort; but with these, as with many others who seek in Mr. White a counselor and guide, *The Forest* is likely hereafter to rank all other volumes on the subject of what to take with you and what not to take with you into the woods, and how, with a fair share of common sense to be most comfortable and to experience the most that is worth experiencing while there. Before all else, in this respect, Mr. White is practical. "The Science of Going Light," as he calls one of his earlier chapters, is the epitome of reasonableness combined with a knowledge of the importance to one on the tramp of being free from every ounce of "duffle" not absolutely needed. His advice is not offered to the camper who plans a two weeks' stay at one spot within shouting distance of a farm house, though even such may profit from what is here; but for all others, despite its author's disclaimer of attempt "to tell it all," it comprehends in small space more than has been put into print anywhere else. So, too, with the delightfully personal chap-

* The Forest. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The Outlook Company

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ter on "Making Camp," and with those chapters not less reminiscent of personal experience, on "Open Water Canoe Travelling," on flies and other wood's pests, on hill-climbing and the usefulness and burden of the "pack," on walking through the woods—each a leaf from the note-book of one who would try to tell you, not how to make the woods fit your particular temper and circumstance, which is out of the queston; but how to start in so that you may gain the largest share of the ease and happiness and helpful exercise, and, mayhap, excitement which nature holds for all who come to her with open mind and hands.

It is with open mind and hands that Mr. White himself yet comes to the forest; with every day he learns more, not only of what the woods themselves have to teach, but also of the amazing woodcraft of those who are the forest's own children—the Indians. He has some things to say of the Ojibway which make up a brief but exceedingly suggestive contribution to our scanty information upon the character, habits and attainments of the Indians of the Canadian line and northward; and he has blended these facts and observations with his personal narrative so that the figures in them become quite as much realities in their way as are his companion, Dick, and the writer himself, and Deuce, the dog friend of many miles of travel. Indeed it is the commingling of adventure, observation, anecdote, and wood lore which gives this book its leisurely and intimate tone and constitutes one of its chief charms. Now, we are on the River, striving with paddle against the current below the Big Falls; now climbing the wild ascents of the Hudson Bay country in search of that mysterious lake whose shores the feet of but one other white man have pressed; now struggling along some rutted and root-tangled trail on the look-out for a good place to pitch our tent; now with every muscle tense in a fight with white water in some rapids or stretch of open lake; or, with straining rod, battling against the big fish whose flaking flesh is to be one of the joys of the camp of the night to come. Verily, there are pages of delight here for the true fisherman; and the spice of underbrush, the dance of flecking shadows from the giant trees and the voices of wind, rapid, or trickling stream to delight every lover of the woods.

However, while it is for these things chiefly that *The Forest* will be read widely, it is for something else—something almost indefinable—that the book is likely to live and be remembered. It has a quality which *The Westerners* had not, neither had *Conjurors House*, nor even *The Blazed Trail* for all its fine robustness and abounding spirit. It is not less vital than those stories, and it has a delicacy and depth as well which they have not. To compare it in detail with what Mr. White has done before would not be reasonable. As fiction his previous books had their distinctive and positive merits. But *The Forest* should at once give its author a front place among the very few Americans who have written with sympathy, intelligence and sense of the woods and its people.

Churchill Williams.

III.

MISS SHOLL'S "THE LAW OF LIFE."*

NO race, or age even, has ever devised and brought to perfection more than one scheme of education, if, indeed, there is more than one. So that if girls are not to receive the same education as their brothers, it goes without saying that they will receive an inferior education, in which domestic science, perhaps, is substituted for the classics. Further, if the education of the two is to be identical it seems unnecessary to duplicate valuable apparatus and still more valuable instructors. So that co-education has been the logical and, to some minds, mainly satisfactory outcome of the increasing demand of women for a college training. Now co-education has always had a hard fight, from the days when Dr. Holmes wrote of the green at Cambridge:

> Pleasant place for boys to play
> Better keep your girls away,

to the last pathetic appeal of *Life* for the old-time "illusions" as the best basis for matrimony, and the chief argument, aside from economy, of those in its favour has always been that it is the best because the

* The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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most natural preparation for life, which is more than matrimony.

The present novel, *The Law of Life,* deals with the problem of co-education from the point of view, it would seem, of the Faculty, and, if it is to be taken seriously, contains some rather staggering evidence against the system. The scene is laid at Hallworth University, which, in every outward detail, is Cornell to the life. Founded after the Civil War, by a self-made American citizen (self-made three times in fact) it is, as he wished, "an institution in which any person may receive instruction in any subject," and the gorge, the loop, the little town of Sparta (Ithaca) at the foot of the hill, the lake, the forest walk, the library, with its long rows of tables, the seminary rooms on a lower floor, the Museum of Casts, must thrill every Cornellian's soul; while no girl, we are sure, that has ever lived at Sage, can read Miss Ravenel's words: "The worst waiters we have at the Hall are students. The girls are always in trepidation lest the soup should be spilled over them"—with the memory of at least one ruined gown. But with externals the resemblance ceases, the people are not Cornell people. No stretch of the imagination could appropriate Dr. Hunt, who, though iron, was a scholar and a gentleman, or the Head of the Women's Hall, or, with the possible exception of Mrs. Joyce, the wife of the Faculty. Still, the author was under no bonds to make the people correspond with the places. A graver charge, however, is that the picture she draws of life at a co-educational university seems essentially untrue. Boys and girls who go to college are too young and too healthy to be overmuch interested in each other. Indifference is the most characteristic feature of their attitude, not by any means confined, as underclass men suppose, to the boys. Besides they have come for a purpose, overmastering with some, strong enough with the majority to make them subordinate everything else to the main business of study. But this book makes the college year an endless succession of receptions and dances and the whole object of life to have a good time. Another element of unreality in the picture is the preponderance of *das ewige weibliche.* The women are drawn with exquisite feeling, Barbara and the Emperor, who, as Waring says, is "many different kinds of a brick," with real dramatic power, but there are too many of them, they are the whole college, student body and faculty alike.

Barbara Dale comes to Hallworth after the death of her uncle, as the ward of Dr. Penfold, the absent-minded professor of mathematics, a man "conceived and born in numbers." At the end of her freshman year she accepts his offer of marriage, though he is twenty-five years her senior, because she pities his loneliness. She tries to understand, to make a place in her husband's house, to fill the emptiness of her days, but the only way of escape from her restlessness and ennui seems closed when her child is born dead. The following year she goes into the social life of the campus, at her husband's request and in charge of the Fellow in Mathematics, Richard Waring, a knight errant of chivalry in its truest sense. They had been much together ever since her coming to the university and now the intellectual liking developed slowly into the "love that is synonymous with pain." Barbara's pity for her husband makes it impossible for her to speak of divorce, he seems helpless as a child in her hands. The struggle is a bitter one, though it was foreordained that Barbara would win because of her unselfishness and sincerity and the clean record of her ancestors. Then is introduced, as the *deus ex machina* for their salvation, "the outrageous John Rebbor," whose gift of three millions to the university in return for a trusteeship is vigorously, even recklessly, opposed by Waring in his magazine, *College and State,* with the result that he is asked to resign. In life they could have conquered and both remained at Hallworth, but the world might have been incredulous and in a book the world must be convinced.

The author has a knack of epigrammatic expression that is very grateful, the high-water mark in this respect being reached when she speaks of "the tragic virginity of those unmarried in the spirit," and to her credit be it said that she never uses it at the expense of women in general. Not all her women are high-minded and charitable, but they none of them sit up and make disparaging remarks about the sex. The greatest tribute to her power, however, is the feeling of revolt with which one reads the book

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and finally puts it down. "He that loveth his life shall lose it," has never been a popular doctrine. We want happiness for ourselves and our friends, and this book is an exposition of the "gospel of dying." But so is life and though we question the faithfulness of some of the book's details we must confess that it is true to this, the supreme law of life.

Bessie du Bois.

IV.

MISS BROWN'S "JUDGMENT."*

THERE can be no sounder theme for fiction than the present manifestation of an eternal human problem. With any approach to skillful treatment, the possession of such a vertebrate subject places a story within the province of respectful criticism; and while Alice Brown's *Judgment* is hardly more than a "novelette" in length, its dignity of purpose and grasp of a vital situation at once rank this slight volume among the slim array of serious contemporary novels.

In the Middle Ages, the familiar aspect of this same situation lay in the loving relation between tender-hearted, sensitive wives and relentless, warrior husbands, men necessarily cruel, whether robber chieftains or patriots. To-day, the characteristic manifestation of this problem lies in the attitude of women, the delicately ethical products of modern philanthropic thought, towards husbands whom they love and who represent every principle which to them is most abhorrent. The "Captain of Industry" whether merely engaged in legitimate, murderous struggle for supremacy, or even when tainted by the shadier sides of competition, is frequently an affectionate and lavish personage in his own home.

Mrs. Edith Wharton throws an extraordinary flash light on this dilemma in "The Quicksand," where a wife of extreme refinement and moral perception endures the lingering torment of her husband's connection with rank yellow journalism. Alice Brown's problem is even subtler. The wife, Helen Markham, lives on a plane of mystical exaltation, in a transport of spiritual expiation for the hurts inflicted by an honourable, unyielding man whom she never ceases to love most sincerely.

The scene opens at a climax in family affairs, when the entire happiness of John Markham's son Kent, and of Kent's betrothed, Rosamond, are in danger of shipwreck from the father's inability to temper justice with mercy. Helen the wife, step-mother to Kent, creature of feeling, vessel of tender emotion, resolves to avert disaster to the young couple and save her husband from the spiritual punishment which must inevitably await him. It is a case of vulgar blackmail. Kent's youth under sharp provocation, has not been blameless. The girl is now dead, but certain compromising letters are held by her mother, a plain New England sewing woman of the type to whom "culture" is meat and drink. The whole complication is rapidly developed in an opening chapter which immediately strikes a high pitch of intensity and interest. Each character stands out, clear and indivdual, yet there is little description, the narrative proceeding mainly by dialogue in which each personality is unmistakably preserved. The visionary, poetical step-mother, the clear-headed, efficient step-daughter, herself a softened image of "old John Markham," Rosamond, a charming and spirited young girl untouched by dread or pain, and the grim figure of Jane Harding with her little packet of poisonous information—each of these utter sentences as unmistakably characteristic as if spoken by different actors on a visible stage.

To follow the plot would be to mortgage the reader's pleasure in the rapid action covering the next three days; and this pleasure is great, not only from the writer's sound observation of motive and character, but because she also possesses a most felicitous manner. There is flavour in her style, as well as pace; but an unusual power of vivid description never beguiles her into side-tracking the breathless forward movement. She has the faculty of ending each chapter with that peculiar quip which whets one's relish for the next, and apparent ease of expression does not tempt her to neglect a real gift of condensation and elimination. A leisurely reader may well regret that the author has not lingered over a theme susceptible of much more extended development. An impatient person, liv-

**Judgment.* By Alice Brown. New York: Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

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ing at high pressure will appreciate a story which plunges without preliminaries into a whirlpool suddenly formed by the rushing together of many separate streams, and a narrative so swift as to imply the writer's confidence that her audience have sufficient intelligence to follow through certain short cuts, without wearily plodding around by the dusty highroad of detailed explanation.

In reading *Judgment* (once for enjoyment, once for criticism) I marked two passages containing strained and affected use of words, thirty-seven to be quoted as examples of just and brilliant description. On reflection, it seems better not to quote at all, as those thirty-seven passages are not isolated epigrams, but form part of a complete unit, which can only suffer by dismemberment, and which as a whole is well worth an evening's attention from any adult reader.

Mary Moss.

V.

CONAN DOYLE'S "THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD."*

IN one of the stories of the earlier series narrating the adventures of the Brigadier Etienne Gerard—the story which told how the Gascon Colonel of Hussars and his friend and enemy the English "Bart" joined forces to hunt down the infamous Marechal Millefleurs—the Brigadier discoursed philosophically about the comparative valour of different nations. Each country liked to think and to boast that its own men possessed more bravery than the men of any other land. This, the Brigadier thought, was false and prejudicial. He had warred in many lands, he had fought against the Russians on the Beresina, the Austrians at Wagram, and the red-coated English in Portugal and Spain, and he felt himself qualified to say authoritatively that the men of all nations were equally brave. "Except" he added with delicious innocence, "that the French have rather more courage than the rest." If we knew nothing more than this of Colonel Etienne Gerard we should still have the foundations on which mentally to build up a fine and amusing character. We could readily deduce his valour, his geniality, his pleasant vanity, his devotion to women, and his unfaltering belief in his own irresistibility where any one of the sex, young or old, was concerned. We should know him as a dashing and valiant soldier, a loyal friend and a humane enemy.

To any one who has followed the work and methods of Conan Doyle carefully the preface of the present volume will be of interest. In it the author gives credit to the sources whence he drew the atmosphere and spirit of his stories. He mentions De Rocca's *Mémoires sur la guerre des Français en Espagne, Souvenirs Militaires du Colonel de Gonneville, Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet, Les Mémoires du Sergeant Bourgoyne,* the *Journal* of Sergeant Fricasse, and the *Recollections* of de Fézenac and of de Ségur and the *Reminiscences* of Marbot. To any one who has read Froissart in connection with *The White Company,* and *Pugilistica* and *Boxiana* in connection with *Rodney Stone* it will be perfectly apparent that if one were to go through the books to which Conan Doyle gives credit in the present volume, one would find at every turn familiar characters, bits of incident, scraps of conversation which have been incorporated in the two books dealing with the adventures of the Brigadier.

The *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* was in the general estimation not quite up to *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* and it is to be doubted that *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* will prove as good as either. On the other hand, the second book about Brigadier Gerard seems to be rather an improvement on the first. There are at least three stories of the new collection as entertaining as "How the Brigadier Slew the Brothers of Ajaccio," which was perhaps the best of the tales in the earlier book. On the other hand, the story of "How the Brigadier Triumphed in England" is much inferior to the earlier one treating of that country and showing how the Brigadier made his escape from Dartmoor Prison and undertook to chastise physically the famous Buxton Bruiser.

In neither the old series nor the new is there a story told with more dash and variety of incident than that of "How the Brigadier Saved the Army." It told of a time when disasters were falling

**The Adventures of Gerard.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Company.

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thick and fast on the French arms in Spain. Napoleon's marshals were at each other's throats. Ney hated Massena, and Massena hated Junot, and Soult hated them all. The English armies under Wellington so long bottled up in Portugal were beginning to assume the offensive, while the country about swarmed with the fiendish guerrillas who murdered those of the invading army who fell into their hands with hideous cruelty and ingenuity. There was one especial scoundrel, a guerrilla chief named Manuelo, "The Smiler," whose exploits filled the French soldiers with horror and dread. At length becoming more and more entangled in his difficulties Massena decided on a retreat. But one of the divisions, an army of fourteen thousand men, was far to the south, and it was necessary to inform this division of the move lest it would be left unsupported in the very heart of the enemy's country. For this purpose a beacon had some time before been prepared at the top of a hill, but this hill had fallen into the possession of the "Smiler" and his band. Two of Massena's trusted officers had already started out in attempts to light the beacon, and neither had returned. So Massena sent for the Brigadier and entrusted to him the desperate task of setting aflame the fire that was to save the isolated army.

It is quite superfluous to say that in accomplishing his purpose, the Brigadier meets many adventures and dares many perils. Trapped almost at the outset by a group of murderous peasants, he escapes by diving headlong into an empty barrel and rolling down hill. Captured again, he is led into the dread presence of the "Smiler," who in exchange for certain information as to the numbers and plans of the French troops gives him the privilege of choosing the manner in which way he shall die. Through the mind of the Brigadier there flashes an inspiration—a glorious inspiration. If he must die it shall be a death that shall go down in history, and an example of heroism that would be a lesson to the army which it will save. "I choose to die just one minute before midnight," he tells his captor. "As for the method, I love a death that all the world can see. Put me on yonder beacon and burn me alive, as saints and martyrs have been burned before me. That is no common end, but one which an Emperor might envy."

Almost all these stories treat of the years when Napoleon's power was waning. From Spain Gerard goes to Russia, shares in the disastrous invasion and performs another of his desperate tasks during the retreat. On the forenoon of Waterloo he has his share of the battle, but long before the fortunes of the day begin to turn he is dispatched by the Emperor with a message to Grouchy. Surrounded by the Prussian Army he hides in the attic of an inn and overhears a plot for the capture and destruction of the Emperor. This plot Gerard foils by his consummate daring and horsemanship. In the last story of the volume, the last that we shall probably ever hear from the Brigadier, there is a touch of pathos which is exceedingly effective. It is six years since the Emperor was sent to the barren rock of St. Helena, and there comes to Gerard at "The Sign of the Great Man"—the café frequented by him and other Napoleonic officers, one Captain Fourneau, who unfolds a plot to liberate the Emperor from his exile and to bring him back to France. The Brig *Black Swan* is fitted out and after a long voyage the Brigadier sets foot on St. Helena. But it is too late. When Gerard finds the Emperor it is his dead face that he looks upon.

And so I tell you in one evening how I bade good-bye to my master, and I take my leave also of you, my kind friends, who have listened so patiently to the long-winded stories of an old broken soldier. Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and England, you have gone with me to all these countries, and you have seen through my dim eyes something of the sparkle and splendor of those great days, and I have brought back to you some shadow of those men whose tread shook the earth. Treasure it in your minds and pass it on to your children, for the memory of a great age is the most precious treasure that a nation can possess. As the tree is nurtured by its own cast leaves so it is these dead men in vanished days which may bring out another blossoming of heroes, of rulers, and of sages. I go to Gascony, but my words stay here in your memory, and long after Etienne Gerard is forgotten a heart may be warmed or a spirit braced by some faint echo of the words that he has spoken. Gentlemen, an old soldier salutes you and bids you farewell.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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THE READING PUBLIC

AS the autumn freshet of new books drew nigh, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Howells, and others fell to discussing the public taste, and as usual in these equinoctial debates the line was neatly drawn between the hostile camps of the Scornful Few and the literary Democrats. "As for this vast new reading public," said Mr. Howells, "it is the vast old reading public with more means in its pocket of satisfying its crude, childish taste. Its head is the same empty head." Mrs. Wharton, heart and soul with the party of hauteur, and a Coriolanus to the plain people, is keener and more destructive. She assails the "mechanical reader," meaning by that the person "who makes it a rule to read," whose head no book can fertilise, who borrows his opinions of literature. "To the mechanical reader, books once read are not like growing things that strike root and intertwine branches, but like fossils ticketed and put away in the drawers of a geologist's cabinet; or rather, like prisoners condemned to life-long solitary imprisonment. In such a mind books never talk to each other." And though in his heart he hates books, the mechanical reader must repress his "bibliocidal impulse" and go on reading for the sake of saying he has done it. "Why should we all be readers? We are not all expected to be musicians; but read we must; and so those who cannot read creatively read mechanically—as though a man who had no aptitude for the violin were to regard the grinding of a barrel organ as an equivalent accomplishment. . . . The man who grinds the barrel-organ does not challenge comparison with Paderewski, but the mechanical reader never doubts his intellectual capacity. As grace gives faith, so zeal for self-improvement is supposed to confer brains."

On the opposing side there is the complacency of numbers and a boundless faith in the average American—the familiar belief that in the long run the people are just about right. "Healthy optimism," we believe is the technical term—land of promise and the goose hangs high, warm hearts and paper collars, beautiful thoughts in frowsy heads, and what is best is also simplest, and "you can't fool the people all the time," and the throbbing pulse of common humanity, and the sterling worth of the man in the street, and the divine right of the thing that gets the votes, for whatever is greatest gets them. It seems as if never a day had passed without a whirl of these rousing sentiments.

Now we too once fought (as a private of course) on the side of the Scornful and harpooned the public with all our might, but somehow or other the old hippotamus never felt it. We too not doubting that we were a first cabin passenger stood proudly among the few and let drive at mechanical readers and writers and critics and multitudes and blamed everybody for not being like somebody, and somebody for not being like us and thought mediocrity would know itself from our description and feel ashamed and perhaps die, and were particularly devastating among fools and could have wept when they did not know it and took us for one of themselves. But the pleasure of it passes and there is never any profit in it to anybody. Of course people are a little exasperating when they talk about books, which seem to go through the mind for the most part like beans through a tube, and so uniform are they and so gregarious, forty feeding as one, that it seems as if Nature turned out men's souls as from a waffle-iron. And it is the more disturbing because we know Nature does nothing of the sort but gives them personal preferences in clothes and food and cigars. Each swears in different language at his toothache and takes a different woman for his wife. Pinch a member of the reading public and you will find that he is real. But his personal taste in books is harder to get at than his secret vices.

But why need one be so bitter about it? Because a reader is inarticulate and cannot prove that green things with twining branches grow in his fertilised head, it does not follow that he is mechanical. And suppose he is mechanical and bears the needless burden of other people's

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tastes and potters away at self-improvement when he has nothing to improve, there is nothing in it so very dreadful. Literary people are forever judging the quality of the mind by the turn of expression. Such sniffs at the banal remark and the empty sentence, such holy wrath at unproductive reading; the minute a poor wretch swallows an epic they look at his tongue for a sign. They expect things of people as readers that they do not expect of them as men. To most men the platitude is as natural as the bark to a dog and if feeling were measured by eloquence there would be no family ties. The dull man is not only entitled to his dull book but is privileged to talk of masterpieces in his dull way, and there is no more reason for railing at him in his relation to books than in his relation to his government, and his God, and his green grocer, and his friends, whom perhaps he bores most frightfully and who therefore have a greater grievance than true literature can complain of. Taking people as they are, considering whom they marry, and what they eat and how they live and what they say and how they say it, we must in common sense conclude that their literary taste is the least thing that is the matter with them. But literary-mindedness sees only the one thing: it would reduce the universe to a coterie, control the birthrate of this sphere and breed only Browning-readers. The question is not literary but biological. It is not a humane view of us ex-barbarians. Give us time and meanwhile thank Heaven that for the present we are at least tailless.

Critics seem often ill at ease in the bad company of this every day world. They find no pleasure in what is merely crude and laughable and have only harsh words for a stage of development. You might as well lampoon a hemisphere. They do not sneer at children with their primers but for the average man with the average book they have no mercy. A wiser view was Sir Walter Scott's on the subject of rattles and gingerbread:—

"I have very little respect, said he, for the dear *publicum* whom I am doomed to amuse like Goody Trash in Bartholomew's Fair with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who read my confessions, were I to say I knew a public worth caring for or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer without pleasing a single reader."

Their real grievance is with the number of people there are in the world, but for our part we believe that were it not for the presence of the unwashed and the half-educated, the formless, queer and incomplete, the unreasonable and absurd, the infinite shapes of the delightful human tadpole, the horizon would not wear so broad a grin. There must be some better tone for criticism than the wailing note of the horrified few. There is only one thing worse, which is that pot-valour of our self-conceit called "healthy optimism."

F. M. Colby.

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RUDYARD KIPLING, POET*

IT is depressing to read some of the criticisms that have been called forth by Rudyard Kipling's latest volume, *The Five Nations*. Genius, in a world that is full of commonplace interests, commonplace human beings and commonplace cleverness, is so rare a thing as to make it wonderful that any one should fail to see and feel it when it blazes forth undimmed. Here is Rudyard Kipling, unique among all living writers, following in the footsteps of no predecessor and defying imitation. The most careless stanza that he pens, the very diamond dust that at any time he chances to let fall, is caught up eagerly by all who speak or read our English tongue, and in the space of a single day it is known throughout the four quarters of the globe. No other poet in his own lifetime ever had whole nations for his audience; and no other poet in modern days ever struck so unerringly a responsive chord in men and women who in all else are separated and indifferent to one another. For Kipling touches and astonishes and thrills alike the plain man in the street, the scholar in his study, the rough, illiterate soldier and the overcultivated æsthete. The magic that can do this thing and that can do it not merely once or twice, but whenever the magician wills it, is not dependent upon tricks of phrasing, or cunning touches of technique. It is the spirit of poetry itself, and the man who has the secret of it is a poet not for his contemporaries only, nor for the hour and the day alone, but for humanity and for all time.

Yet there are minds so little as to be quite unaware of this. They can only feel a sense of irritation and disturbance because something has happened which transcends their ordinary experience, which is greater than conventionality and superbly defiant of those rules which dullards have laid down for other dullards. Hence we find a few pedantic souls using this splendid achievement of a true world-poet simply as a background against which to display their own surpassing pettiness.

To them, Rudyard Kipling is little more than a literary charlatan who has for the time secured a hearing by the eccentricity of his manner and the audacity of his diction. Some of his poems, they say, are comic, though lamentably coarse; others are filled with unreasoning prejudice, with arrogance and scorn. Mr. Kipling has no self-restraint. He is a loud-voiced person. If he denounces, he denounces sweepingly. He does not balance and refine and draw distinctions. He will aim a striking phrase at an entire nation. Moreover, he is so contemporaneous! Right upon the heels of an event comes the poem which records his own impressions of that event. He does not stop to think it over. He resembles the leader-writer for a newspaper, and what is worst of all, he is imperialistic in his feeling. Therefore, let us call him "the daily Kipling" and agree to think of him as just a brilliant journalist who chooses to write in verse instead of prose.

Here, indeed, is a ponderous indictment. What sort of a man would he be who should fulfil the conception which these persons entertain of a genuine poet? Probably a harmless, well-regulated, mouse-like creature, such as Mr. Alfred Austin, one whose processes are as quiet and methodical as those of a conscientious drug-clerk. When such a one decides that some contemporaneous theme is worthy of his notice, he thinks it over in a careful, systematic way and then sits down before his desk, with a pair of carpet-slippers on his feet, a rhyming dictionary at his elbow, and with some tea and toast beside him; and then he measures out his lines and fills them in with carefully assorted words, considering at times a little variation in the cæsura, or a slight elision which will give the verse an air of pleasant spontaneity. After this, he polishes the whole, and touches up his adjectives, and at the end of several more days he has turned out a poem which is a perfect model of decorum and

* The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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of dullness. It will hurt nobody's feelings. It will shock no virtuous old lady. It is commendable, in the sense that a dish of tripe is commendable. It is good for those who like that sort of thing.

But if such must be the norm and standard of a poet, then we shall cheerfully admit that Rudyard Kipling has no title to the name. For he writes while the impression of his theme is still strong upon him, and fresh and vivid, while his heart still leaps with the emotion of the moment, while the thoughts evoked by it are still burning in his brain. His feeling finds swift utterance in words that sting and tingle with the passion which has prompted them; and his language responds instinctively to his mood, phrasing it so unerringly as to make the reader in his turn glow and stir under the spell which feeling and imagination have cast upon him. Does this resemble leader-writing for a newspaper? If so, then all the great lyric poets of antiquity were such as Kipling is, and modern poets have reached the supreme height of their achievement only when they wrote in such a way this. And they have done it very rarely. Only once in Tennyson's whole lifetime was it given him to find the theme and the inspiration both in a single moment, and that was when he struck off at a white heat the rough, but magnificent and immortal lines which will make the wild charge of the British horsemen at Balaklava live beside the heroism of Leonidas and the glorious death of Winkelried. This poem of Tennyson is not the greatest monument to his fame; yet it is the one lyrical outburst by which he stirred the hearts of the whole Anglo-Saxon world, and indeed, of all to whom unshaken courage and the scorn of death appeal. Tennyson attained this only once, while Kipling has attained it many times; and he has done so, precisely because he does not wait, but lets his mood completely master him —heart and brain and soul all swept by one great dominating impulse. Kipling, indeed, so far from being modern and mechanical, represents in reality a reversion to the primitive type of poet—the bard, the skald, the rhapsode—who sang when the echoes of the battle had scarcely died away and when the exulting shouts which greeted some heroic deed were still sounding in his ears.

And most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the range and infinite variety of his language. Whether it be the crude speech of the untaught soldier in his barrack, or the rapid, crackling, resonant rush of modern phrase and sharp colloquialism, or whether it be lofty and majestic diction coloured with something of the Oriental imagery of the Hebrew prophets, it is all the same in being absolutely perfect and inevitable, reaching its mark without an effort and with never a mistake. Pathos, humour, exultation and indignant wrath, or reverence, tenderness, haughtiness and contempt—the whole gamut of the emotions, in fact, is made to sound under the touch of this extraordinary man who uses with swift mastery whatever medium he prefers; so that some of his most wonderful effects are produced in material which the conventional poet would regard as hopeless. Long ago I roughly divided the whole human race into two classes. To the first belong those who feel in *Mandalay,* running through all the common soldier's unlettered speech, expressive and yet at times grotesque, the wonder of the East, its fascination, its perfume and melody and colour, and the mystery of its love which can move even the coarse-grained unromantic British infantryman to a pathos that is infinitely real. To the other class, belong those men and women of whatever rank or station who read those lines and grin and snigger over them in the belief that *Mandalay* is a comic poem. The former class comprises the Enlightened. The other class is made up of those who (perhaps for their ancestral sins) are fated to mumble and gibber and squeak in the fogs of philistinism forever and ever.

As to the book before us—*The Five Nations*—nearly all of its poems are well known, and many of their lines have passed into the common speech as surely as have some of the most famous lines of Shakespeare. Those poems which are new relate in the main to South Africa, and these are perhaps the least memorable of the whole collection. But "The Bell Buoy" and "White Horses" and "The Feet of the Young Men" and "The Truce of the Bear" and "The White Man's Burden" and of course "The Recessional" already belong to the literature which lives not only between the

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covers of books but in the throbbing hearts of men. And even the less notable of these poems—such as "The Islanders"—contain lines which no one but Kipling could have written, as for instance these:

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the pallid nations quake.
So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall leap
Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the wells of sleep.
So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye shall send
Men, not children nor servants, tempered and taught to the end;
Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice.

Or these (in quite another vein) from "Piet":

I do not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still,
What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.
Ah there, Piet!—'is trousies to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled breeze;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose 'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight worse than Piet!

And these from "The Sea and The Hills":

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—
His Sea is no showing the same—his Sea and the same 'neath each showing—
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise, hillmen desire their Hills!

Who cares whether Kipling is right or wrong in his opinions, or whether he is just or unjust in his prejudices, or whether his loves and his hates are reasonable, or whether he is an imperialist? What have these things to do with our judgment of his poetry? Let the little twittering, cheeping, dust-dried pedants of criticism hug such considerations to their shrivelled hearts. What the whole world recognises is the intensity of the feeling, the force and surge and passion and splendour of one who feels to the very depths of his heart and who voices what he feels as no other living man can do. And that is why he is a poet of the poets, a poet of life and action and daring and achievement, one who has no rival, and who stands alone in that supremacy which he has so superbly conquered for himself.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE SUSTAINED EFFORT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

THERE is a popular belief that the distinction between the novel and the short story is something peculiarly subtle and recondite—a sort of higher law which authors transgress at their peril, and which decrees that certain plots shall be treated only in the three-volume form and certain others compressed within the compass of a score of pages. And the fact that we all have met with instances of such transgression—novels so attenuated that they are obviously nothing more than short stories in disguise; short stories so overcrowded with detail that the author has plainly squandered material for a more sustained effort—gives a specious colour to the theory. Just what this distinction is, has never been satisfactorily stated. It is certainly not a question of simplicity of plot. Every reviewer knows that it is often harder to

* *Falk.* By Joseph Conrad. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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give a brief and adequate summary of a magazine story than of a volume by Zola. Nor is it a question of space or time or the number of characters. A story may be limited to one man and one woman; it may be confined within the walls of a single house or room; it may begin and end within the period of a day and night; and none the less be a novel. And another may present a crowded stage, with the action stretching over months and years, and the scene shifting back and forth between two continents—and yet be nothing more nor less than a short story. Yet of course it must be granted that in a certain class of cases, at the two extremes, space and time do enter in as factors. A story that records a family's annals unto the third and fourth generation naturally requires more pages than the episode of an hour, just as a panorama of a Roman triumph requires more square feet of surface than a miniature portrait. No one would think of expanding Poe's *Descent into the Maelstrom* into the dimensions of a novel, or of compressing the Rougon-Macquart Series, or any part of it, within the limits of a magazine article. But within these extremes, it is safe to say that a larger proportion of the plots of successful novels and short stories owe their actual length not to any sense of the inherent fitness of things, but to the characteristic mood and point of view of the individual author. The French definition of fiction as life seen through the medium of a temperament applies equally well to the long story and the short. One writer sees life in simple, elemental terms, and reproduces it with a few clear, definite pen-strokes, of etching-like simplicity and monochrome. Another writer, looking upon the same scenes, is not satisfied until he becomes a part of them himself, until he touches elbows, with the jostling throngs, the clashing instincts, the noise and clamour that go to make up work-a-day humanity—and the hours of the day seem all too short, in which to crowd his multitude of details into a single picture. War, for instance, and its lessons, may be the subject of the picture, and he may choose, as Browning did in *The Day We French Stormed Ratisbon,* to take his stand a mile or two away, with the armies in the distance moving like single units, human pawns in the big game of nations, and in the foreground one or two figures, clear-cut, solitary, refusing to be forgotten. Or he may take his point of view so near that the battle can no longer be seen, because of the fighting, men jesting and cursing, and groaning and dying—and everywhere bullets spitting up little clouds of dust—and then we have a prose epic such as *La Débâcle.* The whole question is one of temperament, and fortunate is the author who can judge correctly of his own powers, the right angle of distance, the precise length of stride, so to speak, best suited not only to his theme but to himself.

In the whole range of contemporary fiction, it would be difficult to find a better example of how largely the length of a story is dependent upon this question of individual temperament, than is furnished by Joseph Conrad, a writer second only to Rudyard Kipling in his sheer mastery of forceful English and virile audacity of style, second to none in unique, exotic flavour and oftentimes grotesque tragedy of his themes. Yet in everything he has written, Mr. Conrad has set his own pace, fallen into his own particular stride, so to speak, ignoring all precedents regarding any sort of relation between subject and space, crumpling up a world-wide theme into the limits of a few pages, stretching out some transitory incident into the bulk of a portly volume—and yet the very last thing which any critic has thought of questioning is, whether his stories are any of them too long or too short. Take for instance, his *Nigger of the Narcissus*—one of the many English stories whose titles have suffered an unfortunate sea change during their passage into an American edition. Let any other writer submit a synopsis of the plot to his publisher, and if that publisher knows his business he will tell the author frankly that there is barely enough plot in it for a Saturday supplement, to say nothing of a book. Yet Mr. Conrad wove out of it a magic volume, full of the life and breadth and

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* *A Deal in Wheat.* By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

* *The Edge of Things.* By Elia W. Peattie. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

* *Tomorrow's Tangle.* By Geraldine Bonner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

* *The House on the Sands.* By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane.

* *A Sequence in Hearts.* By Mary Moss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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infinite variety of the sea; and in the centre of the picture the inert figure of a sickly, malingering negro stands out, as clear-cut as a carved ebony idol against a background of ivory, mysterious, ominous, the embodiment of fate. Or again, take *The Heart of Blackness,* one of the shortest stories that Mr. Conrad has written, and at the same time containing the biggest, most suggestive of all his themes. It is nothing less than a presentment of the clashing of two continents, a symbolic picture of the inborn antagonism of two races, the white and the black. It pictures the subtle disintegration of the white man's moral stamina, under the stress of the darkness, the isolation, the promiscuity of the African jungle, the loss of dignity and courage and self-respect through daily contact with the native man and the native woman. The whole thing is a matter of a few score pages, and yet such is its strength, coupled with a certain indescribable trick of verbal foreshortening, that it gives the impression of measureless time and distance. We feel that we have spent years in his company, roaming through the murky atmosphere of physical and moral darkness—and still beyond stretch unexplored vistas, measureless, forbidding, unspeakable. Mr. Conrad's new volume, which has served as an excuse for this digression upon what the present writer regards as his most remarkable contribution to fiction, is a collection of three tales neither long nor short, which represent the author's middle distance, so to speak, and take their title from the first of the three, *Falk.* They have nothing like the power of his last year's volume, yet they all bear the stamp of his characteristic and rather grim queerness. *To-morrow,* for instance, pictures a father who has disinherited his son, driven him from home and later repented of his act. Through long, lonely years he has comforted himself with the belief that the son will some time, return, perhaps to-morrow—and he has brooded upon this hope until it has become a fixed idea, an obsession, that the son will come to-morrow. At last the son does come, but since things in this material, work-a-day world necessarily happen in the present and not in the future, the father's clouded brain refuses to recognise him, because he has come to-day, when he should have come to-morrow—the morrow which must always remain in the future. Equally simple in structure is *Amy Foster,* the story of a mute, inglorious tragedy. It pictures the fate of a young Slavonic emigrant, driven together with hundreds of his kind on board an ocean liner, to toss for days in a watery prison, and then be cast by night upon the English coast, the sole survivor of a whole ship's company. Ignorant of his whereabouts, speaking an outlandish tongue, hounded, penniless and hungry, from door to door, a terror to women and children, who think him a madman, he dies at last in destitution, like a homeless dog, having awakened a passing compassion in just one heart, that of the Amy Foster of the title. But the finest story in the collection is that of *Falk.* On the surface it gives promise of pure comedy —a grotesque wooing of a Dutch girl, phlegmatic, florid and opulent of physique, by a thin, taciturn Scandinavian pilot, on board her uncle's vessel, in the harbour of a Chinese river port. But Falk is a man haunted by the memory of a revolting deed; he shows it in his face, sombre, taciturn, sinister, and in his manner, his trick of periodically covering his features with both hands, and then drawing them downwards with a slow, shuddering movement, as though to wipe away the vision of a waking nightmare. The truth is, that once under the dire distress of shipwreck and starvation it had become evident that human flesh alone stood between a whole ship's crew and death. In the face of this horror they had not drawn lots, they had fallen upon each other like wild beasts, and Falk, in whom the lust of life was strongest, had been the sole survivor. For six years this memory has haunted him; and now his suffering is doubled, because he has at last found a woman "generous of form, Olympian and simple, indeed the syren to fascinate the dark navigator" that he is, and he is confronted by the question, can any woman knowingly wed a man who has been guilty of cannibalism?

If Mr. Conrad is an example of an author who always knows his own distance, and gauges his stride accordingly, the late Frank Norris is a good example of an author who lacked that knowledge. Mr. Norris took himself and his work with great seriousness; his ideal in fiction was

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a lofty one, and he was steadily, persistently, indomitably, working towards it—indeed, in the opinion of many of those who best know his work, he had already crossed the threshold of achievement. Yet, whatever place is ultimately assigned him in the history of American letters, this at least is sure—that he was first and last an artist who depended upon bold lines and sweeping brush strokes, and that he could not be true to himself if hampered by a narrow canvas. To look to Frank Norris for short stories is as incongruous as to set a Rodin to carving cherry pits, or a Verestchagin to tinting lantern slides. Yet it does not follow that the recently published collection entitled *A Deal in Wheat* were not worth preservation. On the contrary, they are full of the keenest interest to all students of contemporary letters. No one but Norris could have written them; every page breathes forth the uncrushable vitality of the man. But to call them short stories is to misname them. They impress one as fragments, rather splendid fragments too, trials of the author's strength, before he launched forth upon a really serious work. Take, for instance, the opening story, which gives the title to the volume. It was palpably written for practice, a sort of five-finger exercise in preparation for Mr. Norris's last volume, *The Pit*—and from this point of view it is brimful of interest. But taken as a story, it is at once too long and too short. Mr. Norris attempted in it to cover altogether too much ground; he might with advantage have stopped some pages sooner than he did—and yet, at the end there remains a sense of incompleteness. In the whole collection, there is just one story that stands out, unique and forceful—"A Memorandum of Sudden Death"—and in this the effect is achieved at the expense of probability. It is a good illustration of the length to which his occasional accesses of riotous romanticism would carry the author of *Moran of the Lady Letty*. This "memorandum" is a fragment of a journal supposed to be written by a wounded soldier, one of a small band of troopers who have been surrounded and followed, day after day, by a band of hostile Indians, through desolate miles of sand and sage, until the final attack is made. Granting that a United States trooper, with one or two bullets in him, and his comrades lying dead and dying around him, could go on recording passing events with the accuracy, the minuteness, the astonishing atmosphere, of this story, one must admit that this is Mr. Norris's nearest approach to the artistic unity of an ideal short story.

A good example of how much may be done with a modest one or two talents is afforded by Elia W. Peattie's unpretentious little volume, *The Edge of Things*. The author is in no sense a long-distance writer; she is best at ease in the simple, short story—and she knows it. And so, in undertaking a more sustained effort, she has frankly adopted the short story form, developing her plot through a series of more or less connected pictures, each complete in itself, yet each forming an essential part of the whole. Her style is simple, too; she is not prodigal of words and phrases; and yet it is a question whether even Norris has pictured with more compelling power the desolation of the Southwestern desert lands, and the morbid influence they have upon men who try to live too long in these regions which are literally the "edge of things." The central theme is not without interest, it concerns a young fellow from the East, who goes out there full of brave plans for building up a golden fortune from his sheep ranch. And then, after a time, luck goes against him, and his sheep die, and his funds run low, and the horror of the desert seizes him, and he thinks he is going mad, like many another poor fellow whose fate he hears of. But from this he is saved by a simple air-castle that he weaves during his hours of loneliness. In the old adobe house, to which he has temporarily fallen heir, he finds a woman's glove; and later, scratched on the wall, a verse in a woman's writing. And from these trifles he reconstructs a personality, and fills the place with the companionship of an imaginary form and face. And for the sake of rounding out the story, the girl whom he has constructed in his day-dreams turns out to be a real person after all. But the value of the book is not in the story, but in the atmosphere, the wonderful sense that you have of loneliness and isolation and endless monotony.

Another book which is worth mentioning here quite briefly, even at the risk of

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seeming to attach to it more importance than it deserves, is *Tomorrow's Tangle,* by Geraldine Bonner. Of the story there is not much to be said; there are many better and many worse, appearing every month. But it has a prologue which deserves to be cited when any mention is made of the Arizona Desert in fiction. One does not soon forget the picture of the endless waste of desolate lands, the one emigrant wagon, a typical "prairie schooner," crawling painfully along the trail, the horses almost spent; and beneath the canvas cover of that tent, the twofold mystery of life and death being enacted—a year-old child gasping out its last breath almost at the same moment that its new-born sister's first cry strikes the air. As to the further details, how the Mormon husband sells his new-born child and its ailing mother to a kind-hearted, shiftless miner—this was all in the early days of the California gold fever—how the miner fell in love with the woman, who passed for his wife as long as they both lived, and how the daughter, grown to womanhood, is befriended by the man who unknown to her is her own father—all this leads up to the series of tangles indicated in the title. And this is precisely the part of the book which will be forgotten long before the memory of that grim opening chapter has begun to fade.

When Charles Marriott's first novel, *The Column,* appeared, it was a question in the minds of conservative readers whether he was not on the whole rather overrated; and his subsequent work has tended to strengthen that impression. Yet it is not easy to point out, off-hand, just why a book like *The House on the Sand* falls short of what might reasonably be expected of its author. It is a curious and morbid study of an experiment in platonic affection. Or rather, that is what the reader is led to expect it to be. When you have finished it, however, and stop to think it over, you realise how very far away you have been led from the starting-point. Here are a man and woman, both nurtured upon inflammatory socialistic literature, and drawn together by their common contempt for worldly conventions, but otherwise a strangely ill-assorted pair. Christopher Lanyon is a woman-hater, an egoist who "by carefully shunning female society had achieved a condemnatory theory of womankind, consistent because based upon and corroborated by profound ignorance of the sex." Audrey Thurston, at the age of twenty, was "a large-eyed, black-haired, lanky, and flat-chested girl, mentally and physically hungry, less a woman than an eager brain and an underfed and overgrown body." These two, the immature woman, the ascetic man, finding that their ideas of life, their scorn of sentiment and love and sex, harmonised admirably, agreed to pass their lives together, on a strictly platonic basis, scorning even a formal marriage, and for a time they lived "in a fine moral glow, caused by friction with public opinion." But at the time when the story opens the moral glow has faded. Audrey has reached the point where she knows that the dream of a platonic intimacy is impossible, that she is a woman, capable of giving a woman's love to the right man, when he comes, and that Lanyon is not that man. Lanyon, too, has changed, and the change is of a kind which, while not impossible, does violence to one's sense of probability. It is not the outgrowth of his recorded acts, it does not have the logical relation of cause and consequence, it seems to be a deliberate intervention of fate, out of pure malice, for the purpose of confusing the direct issue, the question of platonic affection. It does not follow that because an ascete, a dreamer, a votary of socialism, loses his interest in his fellow men and settles down, well-housed and well-fed, to a life of selfish comfort, that he will forthwith break down in intellect and end as a victim of erotic mania. But granting Mr. Marriott's right to lose sight of his main theme, and to follow out the exceptional rather than the normal case, there is no denying the haunting power of the picture of their life together—the man with a morbid passion daily growing upon him, the girl learning daily to shrink from him, to evade him, to dread the crisis which the morrow may bring forth. In the midst of this morbid and untenable situation it happens that the right man does come into Audrey's life, and precipitates the inevitable tragedy with which the book closes. There are many side issues in the story—politics, international relations, and socialism; but it is not this part of the volume which

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haunts one afterwards, like an oppressive nightmare. It is rather the image of a helpless girl, lying at night sleepless and trembling, listening to uneasy steps passing to and fro before her door, and realising her only protection is "the frail barrier of a madman's declining self-respect."

A Sequence in Hearts, the most ambitious piece of fiction that Mary Moss has yet produced, is one of those books which a reviewer is apt to find rather exasperating, because of the evidence it gives that the author might have done something very much better. In the present instance, there is no question of the author's ability to delineate character, feminine character especially. The book is full of delicate half-tones, subtle discriminating touches, of the sort that Mr. Howells is fond of characterising as "little miracles of observation." Her different personages stand out in clear relief, distinct and unmistakable; and equally clear is the existing situation, the curious and intricate tangle of affections which she has chosen to study and straighten out. If the title and the story convey any lesson it is this: that if, in dealing the cards of the game of life, we could be sure that the hearts would always fall in well-assorted pairs, instead of awkward sequences of three or five or some other luckless odd number, many a heartache would be avoided, and many a matrimonial difference stop short of the divorce courts. The only serious trouble with Mary Moss's presentment of this lesson is that the story lacks form, it has too many loose ends. First, there is Violet Dunham, vain, and pretty, and artificial, a sort of potential Selma White, without the latter's invincible self-assurance. After a few weeks' acquaintance, she wins the love of Killian Orth, a man nearly a score of years her senior, and worthy of a better fate. Friends of them both would have been better pleased had he chosen Marian Genge, the girl with a tragic face, who "plays Chopin to young men in the dusk," and is silently eating her heart out for Killian's sake. Then there is Archie Leighton, who is secretly pining away because he cannot win Marian, and is quite unconscious of the fact that he is the ideal of Violet Dunham's younger sister, Jane. One wonders whether Jane in her turn is not the object of some hopeless passion, the ideal of some man so wrapped up in his own woes that he never once guesses that he himself is loved by some fair unknown, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The whole situation reminds one of nothing so much as a row of bricks, all ready to tumble down in succession, at the least sudden movement, the first indiscreet whisper. Of course such situations do exist in real life; and Miss Moss has depicted the present one with genuine skill. But when it comes to straightening out such a tangle, there is so little room for originality. If men and women will persist in falling in love with the wrong persons, then they must go on being miserable, or else die, or else change their minds. There are no further alternatives. Mary Moss's characters do not die, and with one exception they do not change their minds; so it is fair to conclude that they go on being miserable, to the end of the chapter. And after all that is probably as true to life as any ending that she could have devised.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

ON the strength of his *Ulysses* alone Mr. Stephen Phillips would not rank high either as a poet or as a dramatist. Deduct what we owe to Homer, Vergil, Dante, the stage manager and the sacred memories of our freshman year, and there remains only a fraction due to Mr. Phillips as creator. But the play is in harmony with the spirit of the masterpieces he has read and if his aim was to prove that high, familiar themes could be successfully treated in blank verse on the modern English stage, he has proved it. The lines are traditionally poetical and though from the very nature of the case there can be no dramatic interest in the plot there is curiosity as to what the author will do with his material. It is stately, elemental, picturesque, and uninspired, the sort of play that it is virtuous to write and virtuous also to enjoy. Gods and demigods are simple creatures with very few ideas and no nervous system, and it is creditable to our corrupt and complicated modern sense that we can like them in English blank verse. An ancient Greek hero treated in the classic manner has, as a stage person, an exceedingly narrow range of emotion and thought. Anything superhuman is generally less than human on the stage, and on seeing this play we felt as homesick for the sight of a human being as Ulysses did for his "gaunt Ithaca." The finest passages, by the way, are precisely those in which Ulysses longed for earthly things, as if in that at least the author were at one with him. In the main the limits of the subject exclude our sympathy, and Mr. Phillips keeps within the limits.

> "Hermes, this world
> Begins to grip my heart with gradual cold!
> O how shall I descend in flesh and blood
> Unready and unripe?"

That is the way we feel about it. But there is poetical phrasing and some dramatic skill, a rare partnership, and there is no other good minor poet on our stage, or even poetoid, and Homer is a safe perch for any bard in pin feathers. Episodes from a great epic, dramatically arranged, told with dignity and accompanied by some admirable tableaux of Hades and Olympus—it does not at all imply the resurrection of the English stage, but it is one of the few things that have a claim to be taken somewhat seriously. As produced in New York it suffered from the noisiness and restlessness of the caste who played it as if the audience were a little deaf and very obtuse. Mr. Tyrone Power made an impressive but somewhat monotonous Ulysses, sighing constantly in very deep bass, and the booms of his beautiful but polyphlœsbœan voice needed a little shading. It is a pity that so well-endowed an actor as he should not have learned the blessings of diversity.

The reviews of *The Man from Blankley's* prepared one for a different sort of a play. The satire is not subtle but on the contrary very broad and obvious. It is satire of the thoroughly English and relentless sort, no stiletto work but the steady play of a good, big club. When reviewers like a thing they empty straightway all the pockets of their vocabulary, and in this case they implied a certain fineness and delicacy. The author of *Vice Versa* and *The Tinted Venus* has other qualities just as good but these do not belong to him. As a picture of a vulgar middle class English family and the barbarities of their social life it is as true as Thackeray's Osbornes. It is more amusing than the satire of Dickens and the characters are far more plausible, but it has the Dickens quality of universal and immediate appeal. Apparently no

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one in the audience missed a single point, and this was accomplished without straining or over-emphasis, owing in large measure to the cleverness and good taste of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his excellent company.

We pass reluctantly to the needless horrors of *Hedda Gabler,* in which a woman without motives or reasons, representing no known temperament, class, condition or country, holds the centre of the stage for the purpose of showing one of the peculiar forms that criminal abnormality might assume. It differs from the rest of Ibsen's plays in lacking any philosophic suggestiveness and shows his great dramatic energy applied successfully to the single object of making you squirm. Mrs. Fiske played it with all the unwomanliness she could muster, and made it inconceivable that the adoring husband and infatuated lover could remain in her company two minutes. The author hardly meant that Hedda, hateful as she was, should be outwardly so forbidding. Mrs. Fiske capped Ibsen's criminal with a shrew, speaking always in tart, snappy sentences, of which a third could be heard only on the stage. Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are alike in their total indifference to the other persons of the play. Husbands, fathers, lovers, children are mere worms. Mrs. Campbell is too preoccupied even to glance at the object of her affection, and Mrs. Fiske's sharp rising inflection makes you feel in your pocket to see if you forgot to mail those letters. It is a mere mannerism but it often obscures the intelligence of her acting and is a fruitful source of misunderstanding between her audience and herself. Hedda Gabler is a part that requires anything but tenderness but it does not call for a continuous tone of petty severity—a tone that might almost go with a box on the ear.

In *Her Own Way,* Mr. Clyde Fitch adopts the simple and ancient plan of sending the true lover off to the wars and leaving the wicked rival behind, then baffling the villain and bringing the true lover back to life. Nor does he take the least pains to give the villain a fighting chance, for the lady never wavers and is not misled. Hence there is staleness and certainty throughout, mitigated only by some stretches of good dialogue. A children's birthday party on the stage and a leading lady remarkable for good looks and incapacity were thrown in in case the dramatic interest gave out. Mr. Fitch seldom puts all his eggs in one basket. But the thinnest play of the month was *Mrs. Deering's Divorce,* having nothing in it that the mind could grasp at the time or remember afterwards, except a well-played burlesque of a new woman, and it is hard to support life on that. Nothing of any interest fell to Mrs. Langtry's share.

In Hope's little story of *Captain Dieppe* many bewildering adventures are crowded into a single night but he has space enough at his disposal to explain them. In the play the task of explaining falls heavily on the patient shoulders of John Drew, who as the Captain not only has to do these remarkable and complicated things but to make it clear just what they are and why they are remarkable. He does not make it clear in spite of several long and rapid speeches. In fact the story is only half dramatised. Part of it is told pleasantly in Hope's own lines, and the rest tossed over to John Drew, who is left struggling vainly to expound his splendid but unintelligible abilities.

F. M. Colby.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

By an Old National Observer.

IT has been reported of him that he used the blue pencil remorselessly. It is certainly true that the sight of anything written was apt to set him at the work of alteration, and it was the same with his own work as with that of his newest contributor. When he worked for other editors he sent back proofs which it cost as much to correct as it had done to set, and one has known a paper to be huddled to press in a desperate hurry because it was guessed that he would send a telegram demanding a revise. When the end of the world had come for some of us and the *N. O.* had passed out of his hands, there was a dinner at Solferino's. When he rose to make his speech, he leaned forward over the table and looked deliberately around the room. Then he said that he did not see a single man with whose "copy" he had not taken great liberties, and that he did not propose to make any apology, because he was perfectly sure that his work had always justified it.

This was as true as any broad statement could be. Sometimes an article or story would be printed without a change. When this happened two or three times in succession, you were more than a little distressed if he altered you. One of his men used to stick the cuttings from the *N. O.* into an album, carefully recording the original versions of mutilated stories or articles. When he had been contributing for a couple of years, he was invited to add to the long list of books made up of stuff originally contributed to the *N. O.* When he was preparing the book for the press he carefully stuck to the Henley version; and now, ten years later ("I feel chilly, and grow old"), he is surer than ever that he was a prudent man.

There are editors who, though they love you well, and have plently of use for your work, deem it discreet never by any chance to praise you to your face, while, of course, they reserve to themselves the privilege of condemnation. Mr. Henley was always a busy man, and he was often prostrate with the severest physical pain. Yet you quickly arrived at an infallible way of judging whether your stuff was good; or, as you may have been inclined to think, below the level of your best. If it was good, you quickly received a letter of enthusiastic praise. Here is one such written in 1892, when the *N. O.* was still published in Edinburgh, to a man whom he had never met:—

"A line—which should have been written last week—to say that I think better of so-and-so—taken in every way—than of anything you've done. Also, that I hear naught but praise of it all round; which, indeed, is no more than its due. The other thing is very good too. You shall have a proof *quam primum*. Not yet, for I am very full of matter. The worst of it is that you cannot now afford to go back, but must make up your mind to do better and even better. That this will be your luck I do most heartily rejoice to believe.—Yours very sincerely,

W. E. H."

It seemed to the recipient then, as it seems to him now, that this letter was a most amazing exhibition of generosity. Also from the point of view of the writer and of the proprietor of the journal he conducted, the sending of such a letter was very good policy, because the man to whom it came one happy morning, in a grey, remote little town, where nobody (as it seemed to him) cared for art or letters, was at once desperately resolved to do yet better, and, indeed, never to let it be known in Thistle Street, Edinburgh, that he could occasionally do very much worse.

In a little bundle of letters addressed to one of his contributors there are many hardly less generous. For instance, a very short review of a book by a French writer who was then altogether unknown.

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Somehow or other his English *confrère* felt that this was a book he should read, and he said so in writing to Mr. Henley. He need not have troubled to write. By the first post next morning the book reached him, and when he had read it and spoken of it in a subsequent letter, Mr. Henley wrote in a postscript (he was given to these): "In great haste. But I add that I hoped the book would be suggestive as well as useful. It is odd that in such-and-such a thing you anticipate (in a sense) his story of the three blackguards: a thing which (I can't help thinking) should help you." This was a curious case in which a young man in a remote part of England was writing stories which (as the book in question showed) might have been turned into French and signed with the name of a man of whom he had never heard, and who probably had never heard of him. In another case Mr. Henley was misled by such a coincidence into an injustice. A story had been written by one of his men in October, and published in the *N. O.* early in November, and a few weeks later another story, by another author, appeared in a widely-circulated journal. Mr. Henley wrote to the member of his staff, indignantly pointing out that there were strange resemblances, and that he had been robbed. There was certainly a remarkable likeness between the two, but there could have been no robbery, because, from the circumstance of its publication, it was absolutely certain that the story which had been written earliest was given to the world later than the other.

Once he had accepted your service, he was intensely eager that you should do the best it was in you to do. In the letters which have been referred to, there are repeated references to certain proposed journeyings into foreign parts. "Is it to be Japan?" he wrote once in one of those hurried postscripts; and again, "I think that if I'd known I should have advised you to go to Spain. You see, you're at the age when observation is instinctive; so that the more you are by way of laying up experience, that becomes a part of yourself, and may presently be expressed in terms of art, the better is your chance in future years, and the more admirable the equipment you bring to the real business of life. Not that I think you have done any harm by refusing to go; on the contrary, you are full of these visions, and it is probably as well, now that you have a certain outlet, that you should work the vein and make what you can of the ore. Of course I speak not altogether disinterestedly, for I like your work, and I want the best you can give; but I feel bound to put the two courses before you in justice to both of us." In a postscript he writes, "Avoid all newspaper offices. They are short cuts to the Pit." Here is a hurried little note, which was written much later to a man who wanted to produce a certain book, but saw no way of doing so unless he obtained a commission. "A" is a literary agent; "B" a publisher. "All right. Tell A to tell B that I like the idea of the book, and strongly advise him to consider it. Also, that if he be so 'disposed' I'll talk of it when next we meet. No more possible to-night."

These last two letters are characteristic in every word. It is to be supposed that he thought that one had been misguided in refusing to go wandering and abiding in a rather dull village. Yet when he must needs turn round and declare just as emphatically that you had done entirely right. The praise is like him, and so are the two postscripts.

Although a great many of his men eventually became journalists—there are at least six attached to one London newspaper—he hated the profession, and never failed to express himself on the subject with all the force that was in him. "I think it right, on the face of things, to dissuade you very strongly from entertaining the idea of going into a newspaper office, where you never have any spare time, and where whatever you have in you is precious soon washed, and mangled, and clear-starched, and ironed out of you."

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

American Book Company:

Le Petit Robinson de Paris ou Le Triomphe de L'Industrie. Par Madame Eugéne Foa. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary. By Louise de Bonneville.

A text-book recommended by the Committee of Twelve for college preparatory work. Foa's "Le Petit Robinson de Paris" is one of the best dog stories in literature.

Stories of Great Artists. By Olive Browne Horne and Kathrine Lois Scobey.

A book intended for third reader grades which offers stories of the lives of the great artists. A number of reproductions of the best paintings of all times accompany the text.

Primary Arithmetic. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D.

The author, president of the New York State Normal College, has added to his series of Arithmetics, a volume which provides a thorough course in the rudiments, covering the first three years in school.

General Zoology. Practical, Systematic, and Comparative. Being a Revision and Rearrangement of Orton's Comparative Zoology. By Charles Wright Dodge, M.S.

A book for high schools and for undergraduate work in colleges, presenting the established facts and principles of zoology.

Appleton and Company:

The History of Johnny Quæ Genus. The Little Foundling of the Late Doctor Syntax. A Poem by the Author of The Three Tours. With twenty-four coloured illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson.

A new edition of a work which was first published by R. Ackermann in the year 1822.

Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).

A new novel by the author of "A Double Thread" and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Like its predecessors, the story is an English one, but it lacks the snap of the earlier books.

Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. Roslyn Edition.

This volume contains chronologies of Bryant's life and poems, and a bibliography of his writings, by Henry C. Sturges, also a memoir of his life by the late Richard Henry Stoddard. A photograph of Bryant, taken by Sarony in 1873, is used as a frontispiece.

Admiral Porter. By James Russell Soley.

A new volume in the series entitled "Great Commanders." Mr. Soley writes with the knowledge which he gained while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and he has endeavoured to make the biography as thorough as possible.

Jorrocks's Haunts and Jollities. By R. S. Surtees.

Being the hunting, shooting, racing, driving, sailing, eating, eccentric and extravagant exploits of that renowned sporting citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks, of St. Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street. This issue, with coloured illustrations by Henry Alken, is founded on the edition published by Mr. Ackermann in the year 1843.

Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt. By R. S. Surtees.

A companion volume to the above. The original edition was published by Bradbury and Evans in the year 1854. The illustrations are by John Leech.

Barnes and Company:

His Little World. The Story of Hunch Badeau. By Samuel Merwin.

Mr. Merwin is the author of "The Road to Frontenac and joint-author of Calumet K. The present book is a tale of one Hunch Badeau, in command of a square-nosed schooner which carried cargo on the Great Lakes.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Gold From Life's Rainbows. By James Hampton Lee.

A collection of "short stories and sweet songs," with a bright blue cover and brighter yellow illustrations.

Hagar. A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts. By Rollin J. Wells.

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This is exactly what the title describes it to be.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

A Reverie and Other Verses and Prose. By John Alfred Woods.

A collection of verse with several chapters in prose on "Old Masters and Modern Painters," "Realism," "Modern Art," "Schopenhauer-Pessimism," and "Chopin and Poe."

Clark:

A History of the Mississippi Valley. By John R. Spears, in collaboration with A. H. Clark.

This history covers the period from the discovery of the Mississippi Valley to the end of its foreign domination. It is a "narrative of the founding of an Empire, shorn of current myth, and enlivened by the thrilling adventures and discoverers, pioneers, frontiersmen, Indian fighters, and home makers." The volume contains many illustrations of historic places, maps, and portraits.

Crowell and Company:

Romances of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks.

A new book by the author of "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days." It contains nine separate stories, each based on history. Some of the characters which Miss Brooks weaves into her romances are John Alden, Priscilla, Major André, and a number of Puritans, Quakers, and Cavaliers less well known, which, however, aid in giving a truly Colonial background.

The Warriors. By Anna R. Brown Lindsay.

A religious book in which the author aims to "show the intimate relation of Christianity and the Church to every field of activity, small or great."

Things Fundamental. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

A series of doctrinal discourses by the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle.

Fairy Legends of the French Provinces. Translated by Mrs. M. Cary.

These fairy stories for children have been translated from folk-lore originating in France, and follow the original as closely as possible. The book is illustrated.

Æsop's Fables. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden.

About three hundred and fifty of these Fables have been collected for this volume which, like the above, belongs to the "Children's Favourite Classics." The text has been chiefly derived from the early English versions of Sir Roger L'Estrange (1694), and Dr. Samuel Croxall (1727).

Bible Stories for Children. By Sarah E. Dawes.

Twenty-four of the best known stories from the Old and New Testament, told in a manner to instruct and entertain children. There are nine illustrations in the book, reproduced from famous paintings.

A Little Booke of Poet's Parleys. Being a set of conversations between Sundry pairs of poets assenting or anon dissenting in conveying to one another their minds on various subjects. Selected and Ranged in Dialogue Form by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke and Accompanied with Designs by Marion L. Peabody.

In this unique little volume may be found twenty-six sets of conversations which have been arranged from the works of the poets in question. The American group is represented by Lanier, Whitman, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant.

The Mislaid Uncle. By Evelyn Raymond.

A story for children. The little heroine travels as a human express parcel three thousand miles across the continent, and her adventures afford sufficient material to hold the child reader's attention.

The Little Forresters. By Clarence Hawkes.

A story of field and woods by the author of "Master Frisky." He has given the animals in this little book for children speaking parts, and he pictures the woods as they see it. Mr. Hawkes is totally blind.

Sheba. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A tale of tenement life. The author is in thorough sympathy with the little street urchins, and in writing this story about them she appeals to the young and old reader alike. Jacob A. Riis is quoted as having praised the story.

Jim Crow's Language Lessons, and Other Stories of Birds and Animals. By Julian Darrow Cowles.

Stories of birds and animals adapted for young people, some of which have appeared in the "Youth's Companion," the "New York Observer," "Happy Hours," and other periodicals.

Twilight Tales Told to Tiny Tots. By Anita D. Rosecrans.

This belongs to a new series of books for children, entitled the "Twentieth Century Juveniles." These "twilight tales" should be blessings to the mothers whose little ones are continually clamouring for a "story."

How the Two Ends Met. By Mary F. Leonard.

The story of a city square, one corner of which is occupied by the wealthy and another by the butcher, the baker, and the candelstick maker. It is written for juveniles.

The Truth About Santa Claus. By Charlotte M. Vaile.

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After reading the title it is perhaps unnecessary to add that this is a child's Christmas story.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Golden Fetich. By Eden Phillpotts.

A story which leads the hero to experience many exciting adventures in the heart of Africa, where he goes to seek the treasure to which the "Golden Fetich" points the way. Mr. Phillpotts's best-known and most highly praised book has been, thus far, "The Children of the Mist."

The Young Woman in Modern Life. By Beverley Warner, D.D.

Recognising woman's influence in the world, Dr. Warner points out in simple terms some of the problems which confront her in the life of to-day. He feels, that whether she votes or does not vote, that with her lies the weal and woe of to-morrow. His advice, in many cases, might well be heeded.

The Black Shilling. By Amelia E. Barr.

A story of witchcraft days in New England by the author of "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." It was an old tradition of those days that the persons who sold themselves to the devil received from him the "Black Shilling."

Honor D'Everel. By Barbara Yechton.

Any one who has once read "We Ten" and "Young Mrs. Teddy," will not fail to read Miss Krause's new book. A love of humanity is breathed on every page. The scenes of the story are laid in St. Croix, where the author was born.

Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham.

A strong novel. "Barbe" is the daughter of a lighthouse keeper on Grand Bayou, and through her rescue of a shipwrecked mariner a change comes into her life. Mr. Oxenham's "Flowers of the Dust" has been especially commended.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Light That Failed. By Rudyard Kipling.

The present edition is published as Mr. Kipling finally gave the story to the publishers. The dramatic version will, however, accept the happy ending of the first edition published in 1891. The book is illustrated with scenes from the play as rendered by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

In Old Alabama. By Anne Hobson.

"Miss Mouse, the little black merchant," is the narrator of these chronicles of negro life in a small southern town, and the publishers say that "it is perhaps the most accurate delineation of negro character since 'Uncle Remus.'"

A Deal in Wheat. By Frank Norris.

A collection of short stories dealing with the new and old West, some of which appeared as long ago as 1901. Admirers of Mr. Norris will welcome this posthumous volume. The book is reviewed in this number.

Toilers of the Home. By Lillian Pettengill.

A book which might be considered a companion volume to "The Woman Who Toils." In the present instance the story is the record of a college woman's experience as a domestic servant, and as the author has some strong convictions on the "servant problem," her book should prove helpful as well as entertaining.

A Child's Letters to Her Husband. By Helen Watterson Moody.

Of the making of epistolary books there seems to be no end. The present volume contains letters which are supposed to be written by a small child to her imaginary husband, for of course almost all little girls indulge in such imaginary possessions. The letters in this case are amusing as well as refreshing.

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. With Introduction by W. J. Rolfe.

The third volume in a series, the purpose of which is described in the title. In addition to a chapter on the Pronunciation of Names, the author shows how to study the following plays: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Antony and Cleopatra," "King John," "The Winter's Tale," and "Love's Labour's Lost."

The Quatrains of Abu'L-Ala. A Rediscovered Forerunner of Omar Khayyam. Selected and Translated by Ameen F. Rihani.

We refer our readers to a mention of this book made in the Chronicle and Comment of the October Bookman.

The Responsibilities of the Novelist and Other Literary Essays. By Frank Norris.

A collection of essays on such subjects as "The True Reward of the Novelist," "The Novel with a 'Purpose'," "The Great American Novelist," "New York as a Literary Centre," "Fiction Writing as a Business," and "The 'Volunteer Manuscript'." At the end of the book one may find a bibliography, giving a complete list of all the essays, articles, letters, poems, and books written by the late Mr. Norris.

Eaton and Mains:

Algonquin Indian Tales. Collected by Egerton R. Young.

This collection of Indian stories has been made by a man who for a long time lived in the heart of the Indian country in the far West, and the tales which he tells have been gathered at first hand.

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Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Red Poocher. By Seumas MacManus.

The stories in this book are supposed to be told by an Irish gamekeeper. He describes four different ways in which a clever poacher (poocher) contrived to "shoot over" the same Irish estate four times in almost annual succession. Mr. MacManus is a well known young Irishman, the author of books of prose and poetry relating to Ireland and her people.

Typical Elders and Deacons. By James M. Campbell, D.D.

A collection of sketches in which the writer "cannot refrain from embracing the present opportunity of giving expression to his personal thankfulness for the priceless friendships and invaluable services of the elders and deacons with whom it has been his privilege to be associated in the work of the Lord."

The Being With the Upturned Face. By Clarence Lathbury.

Eleven chapters of essays ranging from "The Touch of the Infinite" to "The Descent of Love." Mr. Lathbury is the brother of Mary A. Lathbury, the writer of hymns.

Ginn and Company:

Ways of the Six-Footed. By Anna Botsford Comstock.

The author of this little book is a lecturer in Cornell University Extension. She has also written a number of other "nature" books intended to instruct the young.

Insect Folk. By Margaret W. Morley.

A book for young people which tells, in the simplest manner, about the insects. Illustrations accompany the text.

Harper and Brothers:

The Change of Heart. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

A book of short stories, six in all, with love for their motive.

Innocent Industries; or, Kindergarten Tales for Industrious Infants. R. H. Russell.

A book intended to amuse the little ones, containing big pictures and little verse.

Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

A play written by Maeterlinck, the scenes of which are laid at Pisa, Italy, at the end of the fifteenth century. A critical review of this work may be found in The Bookman for February, 1903, under the title "Maeterlinck and the Forbidden Play."

The Heart of Hyacinth. By Onoto Watanna.

A love story of Japan which comes to us beautifully bound in lavender cloth with elaborate illustrations by Kiyokichi Sanco. Admirers of "A Japanese Nightingale," by the same author, will undoubtedly find the same charm in the new story.

The Fairies' Circus. By Melville Cain. (Imprint R. H. Russell.)

An attractively illustrated book for the little ones.

Judgment. By Alice Brown.

A new novel by the author of "Meadow Grass," "The Mannerings," and a number of other books. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

A Candle of Understanding. By Elizabeth Bisland.

A love story which begins when the hero and heroine are children. The scenes shift from Mississippi to New York.

Letters Home. By William Dean Howells.

A new novel by the "Dean of American Literature." The story is told in the form of letters which are written home by a group of people who are in New York for different reasons. The book, therefore, should be classified under "New York in Fiction."

The Stories of Peter and Ellen. By Gertrude Smith.

A book suitable for little readers. The type is large, the words are small, and the illustrations are in colours by E. Mars and M. H. Squire.

History of the German Struggle for Liberty. By Poultney Bigelow. Volume III.

The third and last volume of Mr. Bigelow's story of the German revolt from the rule of Napoleon. In this volume the history covers the period from 1815 to 1848. A portrait of William the Great is used as the frontispiece, and a number of other illustrations are scattered through the text.

Flodden Field. A Tragedy. By Alfred Austin.

A three-act tragedy in blank verse by England's poet laureate. The battle of Flodden, fought between James IV. of Scotland and an English army under the Earl of Surrey, have furnished the scenes for this play.

Two Prisoners. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Page's story, intended primarily for young readers, first appeared in "Harper's Young People," some years ago. The story in its present form has been rewritten and amplified, and the illustrations in colour are by Virginia Keep.

The Harvesters. By Aubrey Lanston. (Imprint R. H. Russell.)

An English novel of the early part of the nineteenth century. There are some

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pretty unpleasant characters in it with much suffering for the heroine, and the trail of the melodramatic over it all.

A Kidnapped Colony. By Mary Raymond Shipman.

A bright little story of a young American who captured the Governorship of an English colony and ruled there for a time in place of the real Governor. The theme smacks of Richard Harding Davis, but one is not likely to quarrel with Mrs. Andrews because of this.

The Dutch Founding of New York. By Thomas A. Janvier.

A picturesque account of the history of the little colony of Dutch, "half-smothered between the two English Virginias." Mr. Janvier is identified with the literature of New York.

Richard-Land. By Robert W. Chambers.

In this charming story for children Mr. Chambers may be seen in a new light. The illustrations in colour are by Mr. Reginald Birch.

Jeffersonian Society:

Jeffersonian Democracy. By John R. Dunlap.

A book which is the result of thirty years' study and observation of political, economic, and industrial conditions in the United States, written with the hope of "putting the Democratic Party back upon the broad highway of Jeffersonian principles and precedents." Each volume contains a mailing card, giving an opportunity to readers of the book to enroll themselves as members of the Jeffersonian Societies.

Lane:

El Dorado. A Tragedy. By Ridgely Torrence.

A drama in blank verse. The play is in five acts, the first scene of which takes place in the Viceregal Palace in the City of Mexico. Mr. Torrence is one of the young writers in New York whose work shows a seriousness of purpose.

Where Love Is. By William J. Locke.

No one need wonder what this story is about, because it is obviously a love story and the title clearly says so. Among Mr. Locke's best known novels are: "Derelicts," "The White Dove," and "The Usurper."

A Book of Country Houses. By Ernest Newton.

Mr. Newton, an architect, presents here nineteen examples, illustrated on sixty-two plates, of country houses. The book is an imported one.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Memoirs of a Child. By Annie Steger Winston.

In these Memoirs the author writes of the child with a certain aloofness and stiffness which seem inappropriate when writing of the child world.

An Irish Cousin. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross.

A new edition of a book which was originally published in 1889. The authors' names were then given as "Geilles Herring" and Martin Ross. "An Irish Cousin" is the story of Irish country life.

Macmillan Company:

Highways and Byways in South Wales. By. A. G. Bradley.

A new illustrated volume belonging to the "Highways and Byways" Series. In preparing this work, Mr. Bradley spent six months in South Wales. The illustrations, and they are many, are by Frederick L. Griggs.

The Literary Sense. By E. Nesbit.

This is a novel, although it would be hard to guess this from the title. "E. Nesbit," who in private life is Edith Nesbit Bland, is best known through her stories for children, although she has written several novels. The present volume contains a collection of short stories which deal with lovers' meetings, partings, misunderstandings, and the usual reconciliations.

Supervision and Education in Charity. By Jeffrey Richardson Brackett, Ph.D.

A volume belonging to the series entitled American Philanthropy of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Herbert S. Brown. The author holds a number of positions in connection with the various departments of charities. He is also lecturer in Johns Hopkins University on Public Aid, Charity, and Correction.

McTodd. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

"McTodd" follows close upon the publication of "Thompson's Progress." McTodd appeared as the engineer in "Captain Kettle," and was popular enough to warrant his creator in making him the hero of his new story. A review is printed elsewhere in this number.

Mary of Magdala. By Paul Heyse. Translated by William Winter.

An historical and romantic drama which has been presented in New York and in many of the other large cities in the United States by Mrs. Fiske and her company. It was not known that Mr. Winter translated the play, until it was put on again at the Manhattan Theatre in September. The original version is in prose, while the translator has freely adapted it into English verse.

The Care of a House. By T. M. Clark.

A volume of suggestions to householders, housekeepers, landlords, tenants, and others, for the economical and efficient care of dwelling houses. Mr. Clark is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and of the Society of Arts in London.

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Trapper Jim. By Edwyn Sandys.

A story telling about all kinds of outdoor life which ought to appeal to every boy reader. Mr. Sandys has for many years been well known as a writer and a painter of outdoor subjects, especially hunting, fishing, and landscapes.

South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719-1776. By W. Roy Smith, Ph.D.

A history of South Carolina divided under the following headings: The Proprietary Period, Land System, Land Frauds, Quit Rents, Government, The Executive, The Legislature, The Judiciary, Colonial Agents, Militia and Defense, Financial History, The Downfall of Royal Government.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition Revised and Enlarged. Under the Supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Volume I., A-C.

The first edition of this dictionary appeared in 1816, and since that time it has held its place as a complete and trustworthy authority on the facts and lives of the painters and engravers with whom it deals.

The Land of Heather. By Clifton Johnson.

An illustrated volume belonging to the series in which "Among English Hedgerows," "Along French Byways," and "New England and Its Neighbours" have already appeared. Mr. Johnson first became known as a photographer, and now that he has become a tourist he, naturally, illustrates his own books. In "The Land of Heather" Mr. Johnson describes the people and scenes of Scotland.

A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald. By Daniel P. Rhodes.

A book of especial interest to tourists. Mr. Rhodes, who is the son of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian, takes his readers to the popular and beautiful resort in Switzerland, and he gives the sort of information that is not to be found in guide books.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger.

This "life" of George Crabbe, the English poet, belongs to Macmillan's series of English Men of Letters.

In the Seven Woods. By W. B. Yeats.

A collection of poems "chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age," and a play entitled "On Baile's Strand." Several of Mr. Yeats's plays were presented last summer at the Carnegie Lyceum under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society of New York.

Blount of Breckenhow. By Beulah Marie Dix.

The scene of this novel is laid in England in the years 1642-45. James Blount, whose father belonged to the gentry, and his mother to the yeomanry, enters the King's army as a private trooper. He wins a commission, but he is not recognised socially, while he falls in love with a girl who is won by his captain and only friend. A photograph of Miss Dix appeared in The Bookman for October.

The Beaten Path. By Richard L. Makin.

A story of modern life as it is seen in the workaday world. The action takes place in a large manufacturing town in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Makin works out the industrial problem in an interesting way.

The Physical Geography of New York State. By Ralph S. Tarr.

The articles in this volume first appeared in the Bulletin of The American Geographical Society, where they ran through twelve numbers. The present volume has been brought up to date, and a chapter on Climate, by E. T. Turner, has been included.

Byron's Shorter Poems. Selected and Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Ralph Hartt Bowles, A.M.

Macaulay's Essays on Johnson. Edited with Notes nd an Introduction by William Schuyler, A.M.

Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography. By Washington Irving. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Gilbert Sykes Blakely, A.M.

The above little volumes belong to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics, which are edited for use in secondary schools.

Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By John Smith Harrison.

An attempt to explain the nature of the influence of Platonism upon English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The essay was presented as a dissertation for the doctorate in Columbia University and is brought out by the Columbia University Press, of which the Macmillan Company are the agents.

Robert Morris. Patriot and Financier. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D.

This biography was founded principally upon the Robert Morris papers, recently acquired by the Library of Congress from the General John Meredith Read estate. The portrait of Morris, used as frontispiece, is the reproduction of the Rosenthal etching of the Gilbert Stuart portrait, in possession of members of the family. A photograph of Mr. Oberholtzer appeared in the September Bookman.

The English Heroic Play. By Lewis Nathaniel Chase.

A critical description of the rhymed tragedy of the Restoration, which was originally prepared as an essay in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University.

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The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Christmas Books, etc.

Sketches and Travels in London.

Catherine.

Three new volumes in the Dent Edition of Thackeray, edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock.

Familiar Letters of Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ. By James Howell. Three volumes.

Pippa Passes and Other Dramatic Poems. By Robert Browning.

Verba Christi. The Sayings of Jesus Christ.

The above books belong to the Temple Classics, and they make an attractive addition to one's Pocket Library.

The Black Chanter. By Nimmo Christie. A collection of Highland stories.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Falk. By Joseph Conrad.

In a way a companion volume to "Youth." Further notice of "Falk" appears elsewhere in this number.

The Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle.

The second series of stories dealing with the exploits and Gasconades of the dashing, vain, but very lovable soldier of the great Napoleon. These new stories tell of the Brigadier in Russia, Spain, England, and France; show how he saved the Emperor's life during the flight from the field of Waterloo, and how six years later he looked for the last time upon the face of his master. This book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

In Babel. By George Ade.

The stories and sketches in Mr. Ade's new book have been rewritten from certain daily contributions to the Chicago "Record-Herald." The Babel of the title is Chicago, and the stories touch upon life on the lake front as well as among the Irish and Italian emigrants in the squalid quarters of the city.

Sea Scamps. By Henry C. Rowland.

A story of adventures upon the seas about the Philippines, China, and Japan. The men, who are soldiers of fortune, find themselves smuggling opium, carrying a shipload of outlawed hemp, capturing a cargo of contraband rifles and ammunition. They also have a conflict with marauding Malays, and are captured by inland tribes. This book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Following the Frontier. By Roger Pocock.

A story written in the first person, giving the account of various adventures which befall a young Englishman who emigrates to the Northwest.

Encyclopædia of Household Economy. By Emily Holt.

Housekeepers should treasure this book, as it gives considerable information on the care of a house and how to keep it clean in the simplest and best way. There are also chapters on the Lawn and Garden, Plumbing and Sanitation, Sick-Room and Nursing, the Family Sewing, etc.

Wally Wanderoon and His Story-Telling Machine. By Joel Chandler Harris.

A new book by the popular creator of "Uncle Remus." Karl Moseley has done the illustrating.

Letters from a Chinese Official. Being an Eastern View of Western Civilisation.

A small book which was originally written for the English rather than the American public. In an introduction to the American edition, the author of the "Letters" tells why they should appeal strongly to American readers.

The Way of the Sea. By Norman Duncan.

A collection of tales of the sea by the author of "The Soul of the Street." Lovers of the sea in fiction will want to include this book among their collection of sea stories. A review appears elsewhere in the current issue.

Barlasch of the Guard. By Henry Seton Merriman.

Mr. Merriman tells a story of the days when the ebbing tide of Napoleon's fortunes swept Europe with desolation. "Papa Barlasch of the Guard, Italy, Egypt, the Danube," is a veteran in the Little Corporal's service.

Silver Linings. By Nina Rhoades.

A story for young girls which the author dedicates to Helen Keller. There are many dark clouds in the life of the heroine, but the old saying is verified in the end.

The Master Rogue. By David Graham Phillips.

A new novel by the author of "Golden Fleece." The present story is the study of a man who has become a slave of wealth. As he goes on step by step to the coveted goal—money, friends, and family slip away from him, but he goes on to the bitter end.

The Long Night. By Stanley J. Weyman.

A new, historical romance by the author of "A Gentleman of France," and "Under the Red Robe." It is described as "a stirring tale of love, war, and witchcraft in old Geneva, during the days of the alchemists and religious reformers."

Love, the Fiddler. By Lloyd Osbourne.

A collection of love stories, five in number, all of them interesting to those

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readers who like to read about what "all the world loves."

The Rose of Joy. By Mary Findlater.

A novel in which the heroine marries unhappily. The husband is utterly selfish and worthless, and has been married before. When the first wife puts in an appearance the second wife turns to art for consolation, and proceeds to paint her great masterpiece, "The Rose of Joy."

The Heart of Japan. By Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

Mr. Brownell gives glimpses of life and nature in Japan far from the beaten track which the ordinary traveller knows about. He is a member of the Japan Society of London. The book is illustrated.

Kings and Queens. By Florence Wilkinson.

An illustrated book for young readers containing the prose and poetry of "Beulah, Belinda, John, and David." Miss Wilkinson has gained considerable reputation as a novelist and poet.

Comedies in Miniature. By Margaret Cameron.

A collection of plays and monologues which have been played by amateur actors in various parts of the country. Two of them have been acted by Mr. Sargent's school in New York, and of these plays Mr. Sargent says: "Theatrically and dramatically I can say that I believe her plays are most unusual and valuable."

McClure's Children's Annual for 1904. Edited by T. W. H. Crosland.

A book with a number of illustrations and prose and poetry to delight the very young. The coloured plates were engraved and printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, of London.

Putnam's Sons:

Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors. By Elbert Hubbard.

An illustrated book by the proprietor of the Roycroft Press. The homes "visited" are those of William Morris, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Burns, John Milton, Samuel Johnson, Thomas B. Macaulay, Lord Byron, Joseph Addison, Robert Southey, Samuel T. Coleridge, and Benjamin Disraeli.

Little Journeys to the House of Great Musicians. By Elbert Hubbard.

A companion volume to the above. The musicians in question are Mozart, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Handel, Chopin, Liszt, Verdi, Paganini, Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven.

Ireland Under English Rule. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. Two Volumes.

A work which is purely historical. Its purpose is to show to Englishmen and Irishmen alike the important work done by Ireland in the Middle Ages in behalf of culture, education, and Christianity. It shows, further, that Ireland's decline began when the English gained control of the country and took away her liberty.

Christopher Columbus. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume II.

The second volume in the elaborate and massive work which Mr. Thacher is preparing on Christopher Columbus, his life, his work, and his remains as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. The present volume contains a frontispiece, in colour, showing the coat-of-arms as adopted by Columbus in January, 1502.

Revell and Company:

That Betty. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A slight little story written in the first person, presumably by a serving woman in a rich family, while "that Betty" is lady's maid to Miss Frances.

The Edge of Things. By Elia W. Peattie.

A strong novel of western life where love plays a prominent part. The story opens as the Commencement exercises close, where before the man at the edge of things "nothing remained—except everything." A review appears elsewhere in this number.

Honor Dalton. By Frances Campbell.

An optimistic novel of to-day which tells of the romance of a man and a woman, one of whom cannot be bought, nor the other conquered by misfortune.

The Country Boy. By Forrest Crissey.

A collection of sketches of a typical American country boy, with attractive illustrations by Griselda Marshall McClure. Some of these sketches appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," the "Woman's Home Companion," and the "Chicago Evening Post."

Eleanor Lee. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A novel of married life in which the heroine struggles to redeem from sin the husband that she loves. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a daguerreotype of Mrs. Sangster when she was a young girl.

The Bondage of Ballinger. By Roswell Field.

The story of a bibliomaniac by the brother of Eugene Fields brother. Ballinger is an old book-lover, who, like the drunkard, will sacrifice anything to buy what he craves the most. An edition de luxe of two hundred copies has been issued in advance of the regular edition.

Pott and Company:

In the Tail of the Peacock. By Isabel Savory.

The news that France, allowed a free hand by the rest of Europe, is soon to

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undertake the conquest of Morocco and the introduction of European ideas in a country which has retained until now the atmosphere and the customs of the days of Haroum Alraschid, gives this volume a particular timeliness. The curious title is taken from the Moorish proverb which reads "The Earth is a peacock: Morocco is the tail of it."

Galileo. His Life and Work. By J. J. Fahie.

A history of one of the earliest and greatest of the experimental philosophers of the modern world which covers a period from 1564 to 1642. The volume contains a list of the principal works used in its preparation and a bibliography.

Scribners:

Cruising Among the Caribbees. By Charles Augustus Stoddard.

This book first appeared in 1895. The book has been revised and brought up to date by adding chapters on the description of St. Pierre, the Island of Jamaica, and the new territory of Porto Rico. Mr. Stoddard is editor of the New York "Observer." He spent parts of the winters of 1902 and 1903 in the West Indies, revisiting most of the islands described in this volume.

The Development of the Drama. By Brander Matthews.

Professor Matthews divides his book into ten chapters as follows: "The Art of the Dramatist," "Greek Tragedy," "Greek and Roman Comedy," "The Mediæval Drama," "The Drama in Spain," "The Drama in England," "The Drama in France," "The Drama in the Eighteenth Century," "The Drama in the Nineteenth Century," and "The Future of the Drama," which appeared in the pages of The Bookman. In his preface, Professor Matthews says: "Such criticism as there may be in the following pages is not so much philosophical or even æsthetic as it is technical; it is concerned less with the poetry which illumines the masterpieces of the great dramatists than it is with the sheer craftsmanship of the most skillful playwrights."

In the War With Mexico. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A book for boys which tells of a midshipman's adventures on ship and shore, during the time of the war with Mexico. Grant, Lee, McClellan, Beauregard, and Kearney figure in the tale.

Through Three Campaigns. By G. A. Henty.

A war story for young readers by the late Mr. Henty, the well-known and prolific writer of books for boys and girls.

With the Allies to Pekin. By G. A. Henty.

A tale of the campaign which ended with the relief of the Pekin Legations.

In the Grip of the Mullah. By Capt. F. S. Brereton.

Captain Brereton's stories for boys are well known in England. Boys should enjoy this "tale of adventure in Somaliland."

Foes of the Red Cockade. By Capt. F. S. Brereton.

A story of the French Revolution of interest to boy readers. These two books by Captain Brereton are the first, we believe, to appear from his pen in this country.

The Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

A new edition of Mr. Lodge's history which is now published in one large volume instead of in two smaller ones, as with the earlier edition. The present volume contains 178 illustrations.

Vacation Days in Greece. By Rufus B. Richardson.

A series of sketches by the former director of the American School of Archæology at Athens. The book should be of interest to the traveller as well as to the student.

Richard Savage. A Romance of Real Life. By Charles Whitehead.

An important volume belonging to the Caxton Thin Paper Reprints of Famous Novels. The introduction to this novel bears the date, 1842.

Dante's Divine Comedy. The Book and Its Story. By Leigh Hunt.

A small imported volume which gives a chapter on "Dante's Life and Genius," and three chapters on "The Story of the Poem." Dante is to be presented on the New York stage this season.

Christopher Marlowe.

Ben Jonson. Three volumes.

The above books are imported ones, appearing in uniform bindings. "Christopher Marlowe" is edited by Havelock Ellis, with an Introduction by J. A. Symonds, and "Ben Jonson" is edited with Introduction and Notes by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford.

The Cavalier in Exile. Being the Lives of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. By Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

This book, also imported, belongs to Newnes's Pocket Classics and is uniform with Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust."

Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol. By Karl Baedecker.

This handbook for travellers needs no introduction. The fact that it is a "Baedeker" is sufficient. It contains sixty-five maps, fourteen plans, and eleven panoramas, and is in its twentieth edition. (Imported.)

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Cuchulain of Muirthemne: The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats says of this book that it "is the best book that has come out of Ireland in my time. Perhaps I should say that it is the best book that has ever come out of Ireland; for the stories which it tells are a chief part of Ireland's gift to the imagination of the world—and it tells them perfectly for the first time." (Imported.)

Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish. By Lady Gregory.

Another contribution to Irish literature, which is also imported.

Madame de Montespan. By H. Noel Williams.

In studying the life of Madame de Montespan, Mr. Williams says that we are studying not her alone, but the whole society of which she was the representative. She was "something more than the mistress of le Grand Monarque, the mother of legitimate princes and princesses, the woman whose blood flows today in the veins of half the Royal Houses in Europe; she was the symbol of her age, the spirit of seventeenth-century France incarnate." The volume is a handsome one, illustrated with sixteen photogravures. (Imported.)

The Shakespeare Country Illustrated. By John Leyland.

Lovers of Shakespeare would do well to own this book. It first appeared in the "Country Life" Library and met with considerable success. In addition to the illustrations which accompany the text, there are notes, in the form of appendices, upon the Washington and Franklin countries frequently visited from Stratford. (Imported.)

Scribner's Sons:

The Bar Sinister. By Richard Harding Davis.

Between handsome covers and with illustrations in colour this little story, which was printed first last year, appears as one of the holiday gift books. If you have read this story, whatever we may say will be superfluous. If you have not, our advice is to get the book as soon as you possibly can.

Silver, Burdett:

The Rational Method in Reading. By Edward G. Ward.

The Rational Method in Spelling. By Edward G. Ward.

The above are text-books, the first intended for the Fifth Reader, and the second to be used in the third and fourth years.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Congressman's Wife. By John D. Barry.

A story of American politics by the author of "A Daughter of Thespis." Mr. Barry says in his preface that he has not aimed primarily to depict conditions in American politics, as he feels that has already been done far better than he could do it. He has, however, shown the contrast between the standards a man may follow in public life or in business and those he maintains at home.

The Career of Mrs. Osborne. By Helene Milecete.

A novel which the publishers class as an extravaganza. It tells in an amusing manner of the adventures of two young women who take an apartment in London under the fictitious chaperonage of "Mrs. Osborne."

Stokes and Company:

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two volumes.

An important work, containing portraits and facsimile letters, and other letters from and to Prince Bismarck besides the ones which passed between him and William I.

Rips and Raps. By L. de V. Matthewman. Pictures by T. Fleming.

Accompanying the pictures in this little book are raps such as the following: "The difference between vice and virtue depends largely on the vice—and the vicious." "There would not be so many fools were there not so many imitators."

Taylor and Company:

Two Years Ago. By Charles Kingsley. Two volumes.

Two new volumes in the Library Edition of the Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley, with an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. The October Bookman contained an article on Kingsley's "Westward-ho!"

Big Jack and Other True Stories of Horses. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

A collection of short stories for juvenile readers who love horses and who like to read about them. "Big Jack' is a horse with wonderfully beautiful brown eyes.

Little Comrade: The Story of a Cat, and Other Animal Stories. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

A companion volume to the above.

Warne and Company:

The Tale of Peter Rabbit. By Beatrix Potter.

The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin. By Beatrix Potter.

Little books for little people. Coloured

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illustrations accompanying the text in both volumes.

The Handy World Atlas and Gazetteer.

The above title admirably describes this little book. It ought to be of practical value to any one who possesses a copy.

The Work of Botticelli.

A volume containing a number of reproductions of Botticelli's work, accompanied by a sketch written by Richard Davey, and a list of the principal works of the great painter. The book is brought out in London by George Newnes in his "Art Library."

What the Toys Did! A Dream. Told in Verses. By E. L. Shute.

These toys did all sorts of wonderful things in "Freddy's" dream, as one can see by looking at the coloured illustrations in this book and by reading the verses.

The Little Folks' Picture Natural History. By Edward Step, F.L.S.

A large book with over two hundred coloured figures and numerous illustrations in the text. From this book the little people may get their first glimpses of the animal world.

Wessels Company:

Royal Palaces and Their Memories. By Sarah A. Tooley.

An imported, illustrated book. The author began this work some four years ago, and her aim has been to tell the story of the royal palaces from the human rather than from the antiquarian or architectural standpoint. The palaces selected have a living as well as a past interest, and they are: Windsor, St. James, Hampton Court, Kensington, and Buckingham.

Wycil and Company:

The Mis-Rule of Three. By Florence Warden.

A new novel by the author of "The House on the Marsh" and other books similarly sensational. Judging from the chapter headings and illustrations, the sensations are not lacking in the present story.

Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured:

Handbook of First Aid to the Injured. By Bowditch Morton, M.D.

A new edition of a book which was prepared at the request of the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured. The present revision has been made by Ellsworth Eliot, Jr., M.D., and Louis Faugeres Bishop, M.D. The book contains twenty-seven illustrations.

Boston.

Bacon and Company:

Rational Home Gymnastics. By Hartvig Nissen.

A new and enlarged edition of an illustrated book by a well known director of physical training in various schools and colleges. The little volume contains practical directions for the use of persons who wish to take exercise in their own homes. The illustrations of exercises for women have been contributed by Baroness Rose Posse.

Dana, Estes and Company:

Florestane the Troubadour. By Julia de Wolf Addison.

A mediæval romance of Southern France which introduces, among its characters, Dante, Cimabue, Sordello, and other celebrated men. With this romantic background one can imagine that exciting episodes are not lacking.

Ginn and Company:

A Latin Grammar. By William Gardner Hale and Carl Darling Buck.

A grammar which aims to be a working text-book, adapted to the needs of high school education. Of it the publishers say: "This new Latin grammar is the work of specialists and embodies the results of many years of independent study in their respective fields.

New Latin Grammar. For Schools and Colleges. Founded on Comparative Grammar. Edited by J. B. Greenough, G. L. Kittredge, A. A. Howard, and Benjamin L. D'Ooge.

A revised edition of a grammar which appeared first in 1888. This revision was planned and begun in the lifetime of Professor, and has been carried out in accordance with his ideas.

Griffith-Stillings Press:

Campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, 1862-1863. Volume III.

The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts are bringing out these volumes, which contain a history of the campaigns as indicated in the title.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Overture. By Joseph Russell Taylor.

A book of poems, containing a long one, "Penelope in Love," and a number of shorter ones. Some of the poems have appeared in the "Atlantic," "Scribner's," the "Century," and "Harper's."

Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life. By Clara Louise Burnham.

Jewel will probably be described many times over as a feminine "little Lord Fauntleroy." As in "The Right Princess," the influence of Christian Science figures largely in this story.

The Clerk of the Woods. By Bradford Torrey.

The chapters in this volume were written each week for simultaneous publication in the "Transcript" of Boston and the "Mail and Express" of New York.

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They give an account of events out-of-doors, as witnessed by a natural-historical observer. The chronicle begins with May, which to the bird-gazer is a "short month," and ends with April.

Witnesses of the Light. Being the William Belden Lectures for 1903. By Washington Gladden.

These lectures were delivered at Harvard University last spring by the Rev. Washington Gladden. In their published form they present a series of biographical studies of six historical figures, Dante, Michelangelo, Fichte, Victor Hugo, Wagner, and Ruskin. These studies are accompanied by portraits.

Good-Bye, Proud World. By Ellen Olney Kirk.

A novel whose heroine is a newspaper woman in New York. She inherits a little property, says good-bye to the world, and goes to a Connecticut village to rest. There she meets the Man, an author, and then the real story begins.

Essays on Great Writers. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr.

In these essays, Mr. Sedgwick deals mainly with such men of letters as Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Montaigne, and Cervantes. Mr. Sedgwick spent last winter and spring in Italy, and contributed various articles to the magazines on Pope Leo.

Aids to the Study of Dante. By Charles Allen Dinsmore.

"The Teachings of Dante," Mr. Dinsmore's earlier book, has gone through four editions in this country. The present book gives in a convenient form Dante's famous letter to Can Grande Boccaccio's narrative of Dante's life, information from the chief authorities like Scartazzini, Comparetti, Charles Eliot Norton, Dean Church, Gaspary, and Lowell. The illustrations include tables and diagrams. The book is designed for the general public as well as for college classes.

My Own Story. With Recollections of Noted Persons. By John Townsend Trowbridge.

J. T. Trowbridge, the veteran writer for boys and girls, and the author of novels and books of poems, has written the story of his life. His reminiscences of Walt Whitman, Father Taylor, Emerson, Alcott, Longfellow, and other men of letters are very interesting. He also gives intimate portraits of some of the men of the past who were connected with "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Youth's Companion," etc.

Long Will. By Florence Converse.

Miss Converse's new book, a romance of the fourteenth century, is utterly unlike her previous novels: "Diana Victrix" and "The Burden of Christopher." The former portrayed life in the north and south, while the latter concerned itself with the conflict between capital and labour. The present book has for its theme the Peasants' Revolt.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A new story by an author whose popularity is widespread. The present book has the quiet charm of the country about it, and the characters are every-day, homely people.

Gawayne and the Green Knight. By Charlton Miner Lewis.

A fairy tale told in verse. The story is divided into four cantos.

Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White.

A love story, with the scenes laid in Mount Desert, New York, Boston, and Cambridge. The heroine is a woman with advanced ideas in regard to the higher education for her own sex, but this does not prevent her from falling in love with a man whose opinions are directly opposed to her own.

The Pine Grove House. By Ruth Hall.

The writer of several historical novels has departed from this well-worn track and in her present novel she tells the story of a group of people belonging to the present time. Pine Grove House, say the publishers, is not far from New York City.

The Young Ice Whalers. By Winthrop Packard.

A book for boys. It tells of the adventures of wild beasts, wild men, and wild weather, in Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean, and on the shore of Alaska. The author has himself sailed on whaling ships, and he is familiar with the sea and land of which he writes. The book is illustrated.

A Reader's History of American Literature. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton.

The articles in this book are based upon a course of lectures which were delivered at the Lowell Institute of Boston in January of last year. There are a number of photographs and facsimiles in the volume.

Lee and Shepard:

The Frolicsome Four. By Edith L. and Ariadne Gilbert.

A story for young readers. The "frolicsome four" are two brothers and two sisters.

Joy Bells. A Quinnebasset Story. By Sophie May.

Another story for boys and girls. It is a new "Quinnebasset" book in which some of the old characters reappear.

Little Betty Blew. By Annie M. Barnes.

The story of a little girl's experiences

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and adventures in "Indian Land" about two hundred years ago.

The Hermit. By Charles Clark Munn.

A story of the wilderness which the publishers describe as "a genuine old-fashioned love story of the kind that every one likes." Mr. Munn is the author of "Uncle Terry."

Winifred's Neighbours. By Nina Rhoades.

A story for little girls by the author of "The Little Girl Next Door."

Following the Ball. By A. T. Dudley.

By the title it is easy to guess that this is a book for boys. The scene is laid in Exeter, and of the story the head coach of the Harvard Football Team for 1903 writes: "I am glad enough to find one book with real football in it."

The New Thought Simplified. By Henry Wood.

Mr. Wood explains the principles of the New Thought, and tells how through it and because of it one is enabled to gain harmony and health.

Little, Brown and Company:

Blake Redding. A Boy of To-day. By Natalie Rice Clark.

The boys of to-day will like this story. It is good.

Ursula's Freshman. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A book which belongs to the class of story hard to classify. It is neither a juvenile nor a novel. It is in its teens, so to speak. The heroine is a hot-headed young girl transplanted from the Iowa prairies to a conventional life in New York. The plucky "freshman" who earns his way through Yale is the hero.

The Golden Windows. By Laura E. Richards.

A book of fables for old and young, each of which teaches a lesson as well as a moral. But perhaps we had better keep that dark.

Adventures of an Army Nurse. Edited from the Diary and Correspondence of Mary Phinney, Baroness von Olnhausen. By James Phinney Munroe.

The subject of these Memoirs is a New England woman who served as a hospital nurse in the Civil War and the Franco-German War.

The Giant's Ruby, and Other Fairy Tales. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett.

A book of fairy tales with illustrations by Katherine Pyle. Miss Blodgett is also the author of "At the Queen's Mercy," "Fairy Tales," and "In Poppy Land."

Gay. By Evelyn Whitaker.

A new story by the author of the "Miss Toosey" books. Gay is a small boy, and judging from the illustrations a lovable one.

Camp Fidelity Girls. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

A story of four school girls who, because of illness at home, spend their vacation at "Camp Fidelity," an old farmhouse where the girls put in a pleasant summer.

Jack, the Fire Dog. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

Mrs. Wesselhoeft has written a number of animal stories for young people, and in her new book about the fire dog (fire dogs are invariably called "Jack") she has chosen a theme which will surely prove entertaining to boys and girls.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Sally. Mrs. Tubbs. By Margaret Sidney.

A little book which might be classed with the "Mrs. Wiggs" type of story. "Sally" is a washerwoman who attains the coveted title of a married woman by wedding a weak-minded little man. Like Mrs. Wiggs, Sally is also cheerful and courageous.

Message and Melody. By Richard Burton.

A book of verse by a well-known man of letters and author of several books of prose and poetry. The present volume contains a number of short poems touching upon a diversity of subjects.

Page and Company:

A Book of Girls. By Lilian Bell.

A small volume containing four stories of girls and for girls by an author whose books have amused and entertained many readers.

Old New England Churches. By Mary C. Crawford.

The present volume, which belongs to the "Little Pilgrimages Series," aims to give the story side of those old meeting-houses and ministers whose names and aspects are more or less familiar to the general reader. The book is illustrated.

Among the Men Who Have Written Famous Books. Second Series. By Edward F. Harkins.

This book is uniform with the above. Among the authors who have written famous (?) books, according to the author, may be mentioned George Ade, Irving Bacheller, John D. Barry, Arlo Bates, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Thomas Dixon, Jr., George Barr McCutcheon, Charles Major, Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Horace Lorimer, Jack London, Henry Harland, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and a few others.

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Chicago.

Dramatic Publishing Company:

Modern Monologues. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

These monologues have been given from time to time by Miss Cooke, a young lady well known in Chicago's society and university circles. The monologues are sufficiently varied in scope to be of use to the most versatile public reader.

McClurg and Company:

The Castle of Twilight. By Margaret Horton Potter.

A novel which has an atmosphere of the cloister about it. In a foreword the author says: "Wistfully I deliver up to you my simple story, knowing that the first suggestion of 'historical novel' will bring before you an image of dreary woodenness and increasing courage. Yet if you will have the graciousness but to unlock my castle door you will find within only two or three quiet folk who will distress you with no battles nor strange oaths."

Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena. With General Baron Gourgaud. Together with the Journal Kept by Gourgaud on Their Journey from Waterloo to St. Helena. Translated, and with Notes, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer.

We refer our readers to the review of this book which is printed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

Marriage in Epigram. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton.

A companion volume to "Love in Epigram," "Woman in Epigram," and "Men in Epigram." The present book contains "stings, flings, facts, and fancies from the 'Thought of Ages.'"

Famous Assassinations. By Francis Johnson.

Mr. Johnson gives the history of the thirty-one assassinations which have become famous in history, beginning with Philip of Macedon, 336 B.C., and concluding with Alexander of Servia, A.D., 1903. The story of these assassinations, we understand, has never before been told in a connected form.

Songs from the Hearts of Women. By Nicholas Smith.

One hundred famous hymns are reprinted in this book, and accompanying each hymn the author has something to say of the writer of it. "My design in compiling this volume," says Mr. Smith, "is to bring together in one small and attractive volume some of the finest hymns which have come from the hearts of women." The period covered by the hymn-writers is two hundred years, from Madame Guyon to Mary A. Lathbury.

The Spinner Family. By Alice Jean Patterson.

A simple account of the habits and characteristics of many of the common spiders. The book has been prepared from notes gathered from the author's own observation and study.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Mills of Man. By Philip Payne.

A story of to-day in which a woman of forty and a railroad magnate play important parts. "This world grinds coarse," says this railroad magnate, "but it grinds, I guess."

Philadelphia.

Lippincott:

A Sequence in Hearts. By Mary Moss.

The first novel of a writer whose contributions to these pages have been more or less frequent. Miss Moss has written a modern story which is clever, satirical, and full of humour. A further mention of the book will be found elsewhere, and Miss Moss's photograph may be found in the Chronicle and Comment of this issue.

A Passage Perilous. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Miss Carey can be depended on every year to turn out at least one good, healthy story of young womanhood. The present book tells of a young girl who left her husband at the church door and who finds out before very long that he carried her heart away with him.

A Narrative of Medicine in America. By James Gregory Mumford, M.D.

Dr. Mumford is assistant visiting surgeon to the Massachusetts General Hospital and instructor in surgery in the Harvard Medical School. "This book," he says, "is not a systematic history; it is a narrative of medicine and doctors. My object has been to take some of the conspicuous American physicians of each era in their proper sequence, to tell the story of their lives and their doings, and thus to illustrate the whole by a series of pictures, as it were."

Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year Book. 5664. September 22, 1903, to September 9, 1904. Edited by Cyrus Adler.

A new feature in the Jewish Year Book for 5664 is the series of biographical sketches of Rabbis and Cantors in the United States. This series was compiled, according to the preface, because of the interest attached to the education and literary activities of the spiritual guides of American Jewry.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

To-morrow's Tangle. By Geraldine Bonner.

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A dramatic novel with the scenes laid in San Francisco. Miss Bonner has spent much of her life in California, her first literary employment being in connection with the San Francisco "Argonaut."

She That Hesitates. By Harris Dickson.

In his dedication to "She That Hesitates"—and what woman doesn't?—Mr. Dickson very prettily puts it thus: "To Her—and to all women who have wavered since time began; to those we praise for their fortitude and virtue, to those we love for their weakness and their hesitation." Mr. Dickson will be remembered especially as the author of "The Black Wolf's Breed."

San Francisco.

California Promotion Committee:

California Addresses. By President Roosevelt.

The California Promotion Committee have collected together the addresses which the President delivered during his tour of that State in May of this year. The book is illustrated.

Elder and Company:

Book of Nature. By Johnny Jones. Spelling by His Mother.

The little verses in this pamphlet refer to the flea, the cow, the elephant, the mosquito, and about thirty other insects and animals. The drawings are in pen and ink, and the poems are somewhat as follows:

"I'm very fond of little doves,
I love to hear them coo,
It's such a peaceful kind of sound
And sort of mournful, too."

Mercury Press:

The City of Is and Other Poems. By Frederick Milton Willis.

A book of poems which the author dedicates to California, a State which he describes as the "Western Greece."

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Character Reading. By Mrs. Symes.

A small volume which tells how one can read character by the shape of the face and head, by the lines of the mouth, and by the nose.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

A fantastic tale of a wonderful elephant, whose doings should interest the young reader. The illustrations are in keeping with the text.

Dayton, Ohio.

United Brethren Publishing House:

The Criminal Classes, Causes and Cures. By D. R. Miller, D.D.

The author of this book has been Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, and Superintendent of the Girls' Industrial Home, at Delaware, Ohio, and therefore brings his own experience to bear upon the subject of which he writes.

Ithaca.

Andrus and Church:

John Chambers. By Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

A biographical sketch of one of the popular preachers of the nineteenth century in Philadelphia who for many years was in charge of the First Independent Church in that city.

Washington.

Government Printing Office:

A List of Lincolniana in the Library of Congress. By George Thomas Ritchie.

A catalogue giving a list of the writings of Abraham Lincoln and a list of the writings relating to him.

A Calendar of John Paul Jones Manuscripts in the Library Congress. Compiled under the Direction of Charmes Henry Lincoln, Ph.D.

This calendar contains 883 entries, which are arranged chronologically.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New book in order of demand as sold between August and September, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

3. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Consoli-

New York, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wings of Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Red Triangle. Morrison. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Maid of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Wings of the Morning. Tracey. (E. J. Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Training of Wild Animals. Bostock. (Century.) $1.00 net.

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Atlanta, Ga.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watana. (Harper.) $2.00.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Henry Holt.) $1.50.
5. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Prince of Sinners. Oppenheim. (Little & Brown.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Vagabond. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Manuscript in a Red Box. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Filagree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Consolidated Retail Bookseller.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50

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Kansas City, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
2. Brewster's Millions. Greave. (Stowe.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Gayarres History of La. (Hansell & Bro.) $10.00 net.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Shadow of Victory. Reed. (Putman.) $1.20.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
2. Such Things as Dreams are Made of. Miller. (Lawrence.) $1.00.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Yellow Crayon. Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Out for Coin. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75 cents.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Manuscript in the Red Box. (Lane.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Murray.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Bartasch of the Guards. Merriman. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Heinemann.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Parish of Two. McVickar-Collins. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

From the bove lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	161
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50..	144
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	120
4. Gordon Keith. Page . (Scribner.) $1.50.	115
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	104
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	95

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